

June 30, 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

THE £1000 first prize of our April, 1964, diet contest is being spent now — on a trip to Europe. Winner Leonie Gane "put £800 straight into Commonwealth bonds until recently when I decided to go away."

Leonie, of Marriwinni, Qld., left her job in Canberra as a laboratory technician and is now on the high seas.

She used £200 of the contest money to help support herself during the months she took to write two novels.

"I did a bit of barmaid-ing between times and wrapped newspapers for five hours a week," said Leonie, 20.

"I haven't had any luck with the first two attempts but I intend to write another."

Leonie has lost even more weight since the diet contest when she reduced from 10st. 12lb. to 8st. 7lb.

"Now I'm 8st. 4lb.—I've



• Leonie Gane

been dragging it down to get ready for the ship."

Leonie never quite forgets the dieting drama she went through. But she is constantly, and happily, aware of how dieting has changed her life.

"I planned my costume ahead for the ship costume ball. It's to be a bikini, with a yellow paper wig to my knees."

"I could never have gone as Lady Godiva BEFORE!"

OUR COVER

• The kookaburras may look severe — "but just after I'd taken the picture they started laughing," reports Mrs. D. Self. She photographed the birds in her home town, Warwick, Qld.

It's still only a print!

WHEN a photo-copying machine was installed recently in a Sydney shoe repair shop, the public didn't know what to make of it at first.

"People would just fish out letters and things from their pockets to try it, because it was new," one of the shoe repairmen said.

"So far we've seen people copy birth certificates, divorce papers, advertisements, and wills."

"Even material comes out on it! The chap who installed it copied a piece of cleaning rag."

"Look at it. We're going to frame it and sell it. That's abstract art!"

★ ★ ★
A FRIEND of ours got tired of an estate agent's assurances that houses were "only minutes from transport." At the fifth such proposition — "two minutes from the bus" — she surveyed him with cool blue eyes and said, "Oh, good. You walk it and I'll time you."

It took him exactly 13 minutes.

• After this issue of the paper went to press, Betty Keep left for a holiday abroad. She will resume her Dress Sense when she returns next month.

A HAIRSTYLE?



MOD LOOK by London hairstylist Vidal Sassoon, shown by Jane Jones, a John Cavanagh model. Sassoon believes that hair should be "architecturally cut." Well, so do we. But perhaps the architecture needn't be quite so functional-modern . . . ?

A designing husband

"A woman should dress to please her man—after all, he has to be seen with her," says this Sydney artist.

By JENNY IRVINE

Color pictures by staff photographer BARRY CULLEN.

BRUCE GORDON, 27, likes what his wife wears. He designs and chooses all her clothes.

"We were married last August and since then Bruce has had all the say where my clothes are concerned," said his wife, Lyn, 22. "It's marvellous."

Bruce will sketch several designs, and the one she likes best she has made by her dressmaker.

"When we began renovating our flat he designed me a gorgeous summer suit—hostess skirt combination from the furnishing fabric we had used as a bedspread. Somehow it wasn't right on the bed, but now I'm thrilled with it."

Lyn, who teaches English and French at Parramatta High School, N.S.W., met Bruce when they were both teaching at Inverell, N.S.W.

"I seem to wear more subtle color combinations now," she said, "and I'll consider an outfit that I might once have thought too daring."

Bruce designs for many of Lyn's friends as well. But designing clothes is just one of many spare-time activities. Bruce, who teaches art at St. Mary's High School, is:

- Giving free weekend lessons to former pupils to help them retain their interest in art.
- Designing "inexpensive" decors for friends—"for fun."
- Renovating and redecorating their Darling Point flat.



ARTIST Bruce Gordon and his wife, Lyn, in their flat at Darling Point, N.S.W. Left, Lyn in one of the more way-out styles he likes her to try; below, one of his more conventional designs.

so high) when this vision arrived at the door.

"It was a tiny man about 5ft. tall, in his late 60s, dressed in brilliant colored clothes, with his hands swamped in rings.

"Schuberth had come from the fuss and glitter of the Mayfair Hotel to find us living in complete shambles. The six of us were sitting on the floor amidst newspapers, half-finished paintings, and the smell of fish."

Bruce can remember little of the collection.

"Unfortunately I seemed to spend most of the evening worrying about my dinner suit, which I had hurriedly borrowed from a much smaller friend," he said.

An ordeal

"I spent the entire night breathing in. There I was at the supper table trying to make conversation in bits of French, Spanish, and Italian with the then Miss World—she was from Argentina and spoke no English—while simultaneously holding my breath . . . it was quite an ordeal."

Bruce later visited Schuberth's atelier and boutique in Rome. However, he refused Schuberth's offer of a job.

"It wasn't my idea of a career," he said.

Bruce has very definite views on fashion.

"Clothing should follow a basic line and evolve from the body," he said. "If a woman has a good figure the line of the dress should enhance it. For other women, it should minimise figure faults and play up attributes."

He doesn't think women should slim drastically.

"Women should never forget that they have a bust and hips. To seek after the



body of a physically immature adolescent is quite ridiculous," he said. "A woman should choose clothes which will give her ease of movement. Besides, drapery and soft fabrics add to her natural grace."

"It's a mistake to wear 'military' styles and 'boyish' fashions. Women must remember that these are designed for mannequins with small breasts, narrow hips, and no buttocks."

He believes hemlines high

above the knee are another mistake, but thinks the current Mod look is fun—for young women only.

Asked about men's frills and ruffles, he said:

"If women are going to complain that men's clothes are becoming effeminate, they should remember that while they are wearing boots, trousers, bowler-type hats, and a dozen other masculine-inspired fashions it's only natural that the boys will become confused."

• Preparing for an exhibition of his paintings.

"My 'style' has been developing slowly over the last ten years," he said. "A two-year trip to Europe and the East both refreshed and confused me, but I think my work is at last starting to sort itself out."

Bruce left for Europe after completing a four-year art course at Sydney Technical College and teaching for two years in N.S.W.

Overseas he did a great deal of sketching and painting. "But I had to earn a living, so I joined a London theatrical studio," he said.

"We made monsters for the horror film 'The Day of the Triffids.' They were crazy—made from sponge rubber and plaster of Paris."

He also did restaurant decor, painted backdrops, and made theatre props.

• Italian designer Schuberth . . . "About 5ft. tall and fantastically eccentric," said Bruce Gordon.

"I'm always drawing figures, and this is probably how I first became interested in designing clothes," he said.

But it was famous Italian couturier Emilio Schuberth who made him aware of fashion designing.

Bruce met Schuberth in London, where the designer was presenting his current collection.

"A mutual friend had seen a few fashion sketches I had done," Bruce said. "They were really just scribbles, but he showed them to Schuberth."

Schuberth must have liked the "scribbles," for he called round to see Bruce, invited him to be his personal guest at his collection showing, and offered him a job in his atelier in Rome.

The "calling round" was unexpected.

"I was quite unprepared," Bruce said. "I was sharing a flat with five other fellows, all artists, living on fish and chips (we couldn't afford anything else, the rent was



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1965

NEXT WEEK

★ Our 16-page lift-out is a bonanza for home-builders, with its

- 68 -

HOME PLANS

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★ Oyster-lovers say they must be eaten straight from the shell—**BUT** we've some very special recipes for some very special dishes!

And:

● New Zealand readers only:

You'll find included your copy of the great 48-page lift-out by America's top dressmaking teacher, BRIDGET MAGINN, who'll tour New Zealand soon (see page 10).

Good news about Jenny

● The Perry family, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., have received a reply to the cables and letters they sent to Hong Kong asking for news of the little Chinese girl, Jenny Cheung, who had lived with them for three years.

JENNY'S father, Mr. Cheung Cheuk To, has sent a letter, which is reproduced below.

"Jenny will not be coming back to us," said Mr. Gordon Perry after the letter arrived, putting his arm around his wife. She was foster mother to Jenny since Jenny was abandoned by her own mother when she was two months old.

"But today we are happy for the first time since Jenny left," he said. "At last we know she's safe and sound."

The last time the Perry family saw Jenny (as related recently in *The Australian Women's Weekly*), she was being carried, asleep, aboard an aircraft to begin a new and uncertain life in Hong Kong.

Her father had been deported and had suddenly

decided to take Jenny with him.

(Mr. Cheung, now 28, came to Australia as a student on a temporary visa in 1958 and was later permitted to stay until January, 1962. He recently failed to get a deportation order cancelled.)

"There was nothing we could do," Mrs. Perry said. "At the airport, Jenny's father assured us he was

—By

KERRY YATES

doing the right thing and that his mother would have never forgiven him if he had left Jenny in Australia."

The Perrys anxiously waited for news of Jenny.

"When we read newspaper reports that she was terribly unhappy in Hong Kong—we just had to write and offer to bring her back if her father would allow it," said Mr. Perry.

"We sent three cables and two letters."

"We were very relieved to get Mr. Cheung's letter," added Mrs. Perry.

"I know it's typed by Mr. Cheung because I recognise the word 'noddy'—his word for naughty."



CHEUNG Cheuk To,
32, Haven street, 4th floor,
Causeway Bay,
HONG KONG.

11th June, 1965.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Perry:

I am so sorry that I am so late to write to you, because Jenny and me still not settle down yet. Jenny is very noddy in this moment, and now, she started to try some rice and some Chinese food. But I found out she is not very interested about the food.

I have received all letters from you. Many thanks your offer to take Jenny back. But I think you understand that I love Jenny very much, and I must take care of her and give the truth father's love to her. That is why I take Jenny back with me.

As a father to his daughter, I think it is not only give "True Love" to her but is also a father's "Duty" too.

I hope one day, I will back to Australia with Jenny and she will educate in Australia.

With my best wishes to you all,

Yours faithfully,

...Cheung...T.T....



JENNY, pictured just before she left Australia.



MRS. PERRY (above) with Mr. Cheung's letter. On learning that Jenny isn't taking to her new food, she said, "I'm going to send a big parcel of her favorite foods. She loves best cornflakes and baby's tinned chicken dinners—so I'll send her both those things for sure."

AT LEFT is Mr. Cheung's letter. His picture is inset at top left. Mrs. Perry said he had always sent her money for Jenny during her stay with the Perrys. "We always found him a very kind man. Now that we have his letter, at least we know that Jenny is starting to settle down."

The millionairess who works



WORLD'S most elegant tycoon, Mme Rochas, makes a business phone call wearing a Chanel suit—and a crown.



MILLIONAIRESS Rochas in the sitting-room of her apartment on Paris' Left Bank.

BUSINESSMEN who try to match wits with Mme Rochas agree with the thousands of French husbands who say, rather wryly, that the new law only legalises the powerful influence wives have always had, anyway.

Madame is 42.

A mixture of charm, flair, strong nerves, and hard work has enabled her to multiply tenfold the perfume empire she inherited from her first husband, Marcel, who died in 1955.

Her firm now outsells its rivals in France, and is one of the world's top half-dozen perfume companies.

Turnover is generally believed to be in the region of £A4,000,000. It may be



MME ROCHAS with a bottle of her perfume.

● Beautiful and elegant, a millionairess and a business tycoon, Madame Helene Rochas is one woman General de Gaulle's Cabinet did not have in mind when deciding recently to raise the legal status of women of France.

more, but Madame Rochas knows just when to keep her mouth shut.

But in addition she was recently voted the most elegant woman in Paris by a jury formed of couturiers, socialites, stage folk, and millionaires.

Madame Rochas first met the famous couturier, Marcel Rochas, in the Paris underground railway. She was 18, had studied ballet and wanted to be an actress.

Rochas hired her as a mannequin and then married her the same year.

She admits now that he "created" her, transforming her Pygmalion-wise from a shy young woman into a confident, impeccably dressed leader of society.

Her luxury flat is on the Left Bank.

The Prime Minister's residence is a stone's throw away. The Greek multi-millionaire shipping magnate, Stavros Niarchos, lives across the street.

Madame's dining-room is Louis XV in inspiration, and rare Chinese porcelain fights for space with *objets d'art*.

A double-faced pendulum clock, made at the time of the French Revolution, hangs

between this room and a lounge adorned with valuable paintings—including a Renoir and a Goya.

The library, like the other rooms, has a huge floral arrangement. Eggs of amethyst and jade lie casually on a table.

Mme Rochas' eyes are blue and almost match her bed's brocaded blue silk and

By
ALAN TILLIER

blue canopy. A large Empire swing-mirror in the bedroom reflects the curtains and furniture, also blue.

Somewhere in the cupboards are Madame's ten fur coats.

She buys her clothes from either Chanel—"what workmanship"—or Guy Laroche.

Her views on the controversial Courreges look were hardly printable. "The ruin of fashion," said the most elegant Parisienne, and one glimpsed the tigress which, many say, dwells inside the slim figure.

Outside in her 18th-century courtyard is a choice of cars—a Rolls-Royce and a special Mini-Cooper S in mauve and black.

Each morning Madame Rochas is driven to her

headquarters, off the Champs-Elysees, where she is *le president* to 400 employees.

Two of her three top-sellers are perfumes—Madame Rochas and *Femme*. The other is *Moustache*, a range of lotions for men. (By the way, she herself sprays her clothes, not her skin, with scent.)

Her perfume factory is near Paris and she is building another near Rome.

Although a tireless member of top Parisian society, she never wastes an opportunity to do business.

For instance, flying with a bunch of socialites to Africa, and again to Moscow recently, she gave bottles of her perfume to passengers.

She entertains a lot and guests include Marlene Dietrich, Juliette Greco, Francoise Sagan.

She is divorced from her second husband, Andre Bernheim, a theatre producer. Her only child is Sophie Rochas, 20.

And this is how she defines elegance:

"An elegant woman is one for whom heads do not immediately turn. There should be nothing aggressive. Details—shoes, handbag, and so on—should be studied with this in view."



SOFT wool in a huge check for another Chanel suit. Mme Rochas, 42, inherited the scent business from her first husband.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1965

Annette's in top gear

Blue sports car to celebrate starring role in Ifield film

ANNETTE ANDRE left her Sydney home three years ago with the hope of seeing her name high on the credit list of a big movie. In November that ambition becomes reality.

For Annette is currently starring opposite Frank Ifield in *Up Jumped a Swagman*, a heavily budgeted, wide-screen color musical that marks Frank's entry into the film world and Annette's biggest career boost to date.

"I'm really thrilled with being in the picture," Annette told me. "It's a wonderful part, and I was so excited when they told me that I went out and bought a brand-new sports car to celebrate."

Tiny, slim, and blonde, 26-year-old Annette has battled hard for her big break.

A highly promising ballet dancer in Sydney, she made her movie debut at the age of eight in a documentary film on the ballet. Then came a period when she played in a small theatre company.

"I left Australia because the show-business scene looked wider and more open to newcomers here," she said.

"Originally, I came to London for a part in the musical *Vanity Fair*, but on the way over I stopped in Rome and did a small part in *Cleopatra*. It wasn't much, but it was fun."

But after basking in the Italian sunshine for six months Annette had had enough, so she headed for London and some lean times before the breaks came.

"It was tough at first," she recalled, "but then it always is when you're new and trying to break in. I didn't fare too badly, because out of the

three years I've been here, the longest I've been out of work was 2½ months."

Television gave her initial breaks with parts in successful series like *The Saint*, and *Danger Man*.

"You name it, and the chances are I've done it. I've lost count of the series I've been in. Sometimes they weren't large parts, but in one of them I was spotted, and given a big film part in *This Is My Street*, which led directly to Frank's picture."

In *Swagman* Annette plays Patsy, a pert cashier at her father's cafe who falls for Frank. Unfortunately, he doesn't return the loving glances.

**From
BRIAN GIBSON,
London**

"He has an image of an ideal girl, played by Suzy Kendall," said Annette. "He sees her face staring at him from advertisements, but in the end he gets me."

"It's a bit like life really, isn't it?"

Although they had met at parties here and in Australia this is the first time that Frank and Annette have worked together.

"Frank is wonderful," said Annette, "so kind and thoughtful, and his personality seems to affect everyone on the picture. It's the happiest unit I've ever worked on."

Up Jumped a Swagman has Frank Ifield playing a happy-go-lucky Australian singer who arrives in London hoping to crash the pop scene. How it ends is far from the usual rags-to-riches story, and the neat story line includes plenty of laughs and some original touches from its young director, 26-year-old Chris Miles, brother of actress Sarah.

There are none of the big

production numbers that marked the spectacular Cliff Richard musicals, but there are plenty of dancing sequences which stem, so Frank told me, "directly from the plot itself."

"We didn't want to have the big glossy Hollywood-style numbers," he said, "so we are incorporating dance sequences into the story."

"The same with the songs. They come from situations, and aren't just an excuse to put in pop numbers."

Annette doesn't sing in the film, although she'd dearly love to have a go.

"It's something I've not done so far in London," she said. "I did want to dance with Frank, but there doesn't seem any chance of that."

The film is keeping everyone busy. Frank told me, "I'm living, eating, and sleeping this picture. It's my first big one and I'm anxious for it to be a success. There are some wonderful people connected with it and we're all working hard to make it good."

Annette is so rushed, the large Knightsbridge apartment she shares with two other girls doesn't see much of her.

"I'm up at seven every morning to go to the studios, and I don't get home much before eight in the evening, when I go out for a meal or visit friends. We always have plenty to talk about, because few of my friends are in the business. On weekends I like to get out and play golf, and I also enjoy driving."

Pride and joy

Annette's new car is the current joy of her life, and on the day she took it to the studios a crowd of envious technicians gathered round to admire its lines.

"It's not the first car I've had," she said, "but it's certainly the fastest and the most expensive. It's a luxury I wanted, and I can afford it at the moment."

Indeed, Annette looks like being able to afford plenty of luxuries. Her work is attracting offers in show business, and her career is bound to gain from the showing of the film later this year.

She would dearly love to star in a West End show, and plays are being discussed at the moment.

Australia and her mother are two aspects of her life that she misses, but neither stands a chance of seeing her in the immediate future.

"I'd love to go home, but it just doesn't seem possible for a while," she said, "and I think I shall be making my home in Britain."

"But I'd love to bring my mother over. She's a honey and writes me every second day. With my busy life I manage one letter a week."



AUSTRALIAN Annette Andre exults in her new sports car in England, where she is filming *Up Jumped a Swagman* opposite Frank Ifield. This is the pretty dancer's first big break since she left Australia three years ago. She got her first parts in Britain in TV.



FRANK IFIELD with the two charmers of his film, Annette (left) and Suzy Kendall.

SHADOWS ON SUNNY WAIKIKI

A FEELING of "imminence of war" was the strongest impression Mrs. Joy Morgan, of Gosford, N.S.W., brought back from a two-week holiday in Honolulu.

Mrs. Morgan's Hawaiian holiday was part of a first prize for a contest conducted in our advertising pages.

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed the holiday," she said. "It was wonderful. But the extensive defence pre-

parations so close at hand make one frightened of the lack of awareness of danger in Australia."

"In Honolulu there are so many fall-out shelters. Our hotel was on Waikiki Beach, but the shelters were a constant reminder."

"In every telephone box there were notices telling you where to go, what to do, and how to protect yourself in the event of an alarm signalling sudden attack."

"I am much more aware of world affairs since I went to Hono-

lulu, and I think we in Australia have to realise that danger lies just over the horizon. In Honolulu Vietnam seems very near."

In spite of these serious impressions, Mrs. Morgan and her 13-year-old daughter, Denise, enjoyed their 14 days at a luxury hotel.

"The Hawaiians are the friendliest people," she said. "They have happy-go-lucky charm."

"Facilities for tourists are uniformly good — but the prices! I'm glad I wasn't paying."



AT LEFT: Miss Susan Griffiths made a charming picture as she posed with her skis outside the Marritz Lodge, where she was staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Griffiths.

ABOVE: Mr. John Macpherson helped Miss Denise Carney adjust her ski straps between runs in Perisher Valley. They were staying at The Jolly Swagman Lodge.



CHAT on the snow slopes at Perisher Valley for (from left) Miss Jane Vickery, Mrs. Len Hattersley, who stayed with her husband at Tarrawonga Lodge, and Miss Marie Conson. The girls were at Gunyah.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

OFFICIAL opening of the snow season took hundreds of enthusiasts to the snow country for their first ski of the year. A few of the lucky ones stayed on, but for the majority it was an all-too-brief weekend of skiing and parties and then back to the city.

DR. and MRS. DICK TOOTH and their children, Robyn and Christopher, spent three days at one of the most delightful lodges in Perisher Valley—Telemark—which has its own sauna bath and a beautiful knotty pine interior and fittings brought out specially from Norway.

OTHERS up for the weekend included Dr. and Mrs. Phil Green and Mr. and Mrs. Henry McPhillamy, who were at Merriment Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Nobel, who spent the weekend at the Snow Revellers' Lodge, the Peter Barbers, who were at Kanbah Lodge, and Diana Maddox and Julie Zerky, who stayed at Crackenback Lodge.

BELIEVE it was a 45-mile drive every day for Simone Dekyvere and Sylvia Baker, who were among the many skiers who travelled from Thredbo to The Chalet, where the snow was deepest. They stayed at Christiana Lodge, Thredbo.

I SPOTTED country girls Pam Austin, of "Wallendibbi," Delegate, and Jill Magennis, of "Jeir," Yass (who stayed at Sasha's Lodge at Thredbo), taking the steep slope from Crackenback Basin down to the first station in a very expert fashion.

INCIDENTALLY, the smartest person I saw on the snow-fields was Mrs. Sid Griff, who teamed slim-fitting black ski-pants with a hip-length white parka and a head-hugging chinchilla hat. With the Ben Griffs, her son and daughter, Robert and Tracy, and Mr. Griff, she spent the weekend at their lodge, Kooroonda, at Thredbo.

AT a bright party at the Australian Golf Club Lodge I saw Mrs. John McMinn looking so glamorous in gold lame pants and bootees and a top of leopard printed silk. She was with Mr. McMinn, and others at the lodge included Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kirby, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Lowry, and Mr. and Mrs. Noel O'Brien.

PRESIDENT of the Ski Council, Mr. Donald McLurcan, and Mrs. McLurcan, were at their lodge, Dynella, and had Mr. and Mrs. Tony Furse as houseguests.

AND from Narrandera came Dr. and Mrs. John O'Loan with their four children, Margaret, Philip, Michael, and Christopher, for a five-day break at Marritz Lodge. Their youngest daughter, Anne, who is just one, was left at home with her grandparents.

By MOLLIE LYONS



AT LEFT: Miss Dianne Wise and Mr. David Buzzacott, who have just announced their engagement. Miss Wise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wise, of St. Ives. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Buzzacott, of Rose Bay.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Bradney after their marriage at St. Luke's Church, Moaman. The bride was Miss Margaret Morton, daughter of Mr. P. H. Morton, Minister for Local Government and Highways, and Mrs. Morton.



ABOVE: Miss Gillian Hucks and Mr. Ken Osborne, who stayed at the Sundek Hotel, were among holidaymakers in the snow for the season's opening.

OPENING OF SNOW SEASON



ENTHUSIASTIC skiers Miss Jill Sandral and Mr. Roger Pyden adjusted the straps on their skis before lining up for the towbar to take them up to the top of Perisher for a brisk run down the slopes in the early morning sun.



ABOVE: Before they set off for the chairlift to The Chalet, Mr. and Mrs. John Rankine (at left) and Dr. and Mrs. John Excell enjoyed a refreshing drink on the veranda of Scoyocraftavia Lodge, where they stayed at Thredbo.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Russell North Ash (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Saffer had a bright time at a traditional fondue party held at the Marritz Lodge.

ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Albert Pfeifer helped their children, Sandy and Bill, build a snowman outside Telemark Lodge, where they spent the weekend.

AT RIGHT: Threesome Mr. John Fox (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Furse pause after an exhilarating run down the slopes at Perisher Valley.

SWIMMING-
POOL IN
THE SNOW
see page 11

Add Good Health
to the rich flavour
of Your Cooking



When the recipe says 'milk'—MAKE it with Bonlac Non-Fat Milk!

A rich, fluffy layer cake . . . a tantalizing strawberry dessert . . . spicy flavoured, savoury pie—mmm . . . all scrumptious treats that would delight the whole family.

Just a bit **too** rich and fattening, you say? They **won't** be if you cook with Bonlac—the popular, easy-to-use Non-fat Milk. Bonlac can keep all your cooking big on flavour, low on calories and **completely fat free!** Bonlac gives you nearly **50% more protein** than full cream milk—**without the fat!**

So, when the recipe says 'milk', make it with Bonlac Non-fat milk and watch your family glow with robust good health!

NON-FAT SALAD DRESSING

1 tablesp. salt 3 tablesp. sugar 1½ tablesp. flour
1 tablesp. mustard 1 egg ½ cup water
1 cup 'Bonlac' 4 tablesp. vinegar

Mix in order named. Stir over hot water until thick and creamy. Add butter. On cooling, mixture will be very thick; thin with extra fluid 'Bonlac'.

'TEA-TIME' SCONES

2 level cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon icing sugar, 1 oz. butter, 1 heaped tablespoon 'BONLAC', 1 cup water.
Sift flour, 'BONLAC' powder, salt and icing sugar together. Lightly rub butter into the mixture. Mix thoroughly to a soft dough with water. Knead on floured board—press out ½" thick and cut into floured shapes. Bake on a greased or floured tray in a hot oven, 450°-475°, for 8-12 minutes.



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2 LB. REFILL PACK MAKES 16 PINTS FOR LESS THAN 3d A PINT!

AVAILABLE IN 3½ LB. AND 14 OZ. CANS



Says a reporter at Carnarvon:

I ORBITED WITH GEMINI IV

By ISABELLE COFFEY

● America's latest Gemini twins are safe in their homes, but after three days' association with them in space it is taking me a long time before I can fire my own mental retro rockets and come down to earth.

IN the world of journalism my position is that of country correspondent, but I was one of three reporters allowed into the tracking station at Carnarvon, Western Australia, during the flight which was such an important stage in America's progress toward the moon.

The tracking station is four miles east of the town, in low hills, where wildlife roams and cockatoos screech.

Here America talked with its astronauts on each of the four nights of the flight. We were allowed in the station from the second night on.

There was only a big glass window separating us from the control-room.

Without the window there I could have reached out and touched the console at which the doctors sat, and only a few yards away was the Communicator, Ed Fendell, leaning casually back in a big, comfortable chair.

Felt strain

We could hear the communications system relaying messages and information to the chain of tracking stations around the earth as the astronauts passed over them.

A few minutes before the spacecraft was due to "come over the hill"—an apt expression, meaning to appear over the horizon—the flight controllers' air of nonchalance was swept away.

I felt a knotting in my stomach as I waited tense and expectant for the first voice from the capsule, so far away, so minute, tearing around the earth at five miles per second.

In my mind's eye I could see the antennae of the scanners outside searching the horizon to the west, then the marvellously accurate radar lock on to the capsule and keep it till it disappeared over the opposite horizon out of range, which is about 32,000 miles.

"Gemini IV. Gemini IV. Do you read me?"

The call is repeated, and then the voice of the command pilot, Major James McDivitt: "This is Gemini IV. I read you fine."

I breathe my relief. Ed White is asleep beside McDivitt 120 miles up in the sky, and Ed Fendell just a few yards from where I sit.

They swap information and chat like two buddies taking a walk together, while at the medical console the doctors check the information on heartbeats, blood pressure, and respiration coming through, inked graphlike on to a large chart.

All kinds of information relevant to the spacecraft's journey are flashed into computers and relayed to consoles monitored by flight control officers.

A brief eight minutes and the capsule is over the east coast of Australia. Another pass successfully over.

This happened seven or eight times a night. The astronauts kept in touch with all the local news of the tracking stations, which helped them keep alert.

Carnarvon's bad weather was one topic discussed each time round. The astronauts said they could see nothing but storm clouds for days.

We asked Ed Fendell if he would relay a question to the astronauts for us during a pass that wasn't busy.

It was on Monday, after the rain ceased and the sky cleared, that one of us had a brainwave. "Ask how much of the continent of Australia they can see, and what it looks like, and how clear the colors are."

At sunset on Monday, the first pass of the night for Carnarvon, McDivitt reported that he could see the coast of Australia for the first time.

"What can you see?" asked Fendell.

"Just a minute," said Mc-

Divitt, "till we come in a little closer."

We waited for our own question to be answered.

"Damn!" said McDivitt. "Now the sun's shining in the window and I can't see a thing."

However, our disappointment changed to jubilation when we found we were going to be allowed in the station during the capsule's re-entry and splashdown.

The blackout

We heard over the relay system the countdown to the firing of the capsule's retro rockets and waited the interminable time it took for the four-minute "blackout" to pass. During that period there is no communication to or from the spacecraft as it plunges through the atmosphere, the outer skin burning hot at 3000deg.

At last the pilot's voice: "We are both fine."

The parachutes opened and the spacecraft dropped down to the water on the other side of the world.

My tenseness and the tiredness from lack of sleep in the past few days dropped away like a wrap now that the astronauts were safe.

But, as I said, it is taking me a long time to come down out of orbit.

STITCH IT WITH BRIDGET

BRIDGET MAGINN ("Stitch It With Bridget"), whose dressmaking classes are famous across the United States, has arrived for a lecture tour sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, Butterick Patterns, and Singer Sewing Machines.

SYDNEY: Lectures will be given at Farmer and Co. Ltd. from July 12-16 inclusive, and fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily.

The afternoon lectures will be of special interest to domestic science students from secondary schools and high schools. Times are: Lectures: 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily in Rose Room Restaurant. Parades: 1.15 p.m. Fabric Dept., 1st Floor. Bookings: Free tickets for entire series of lectures available from July 7. No phone calls or written reservations. Tickets can be obtained from Pattern Dept., 1st floor. Miss Maginn will also give a series of five television lectures. Details will be announced later.

NEW ZEALAND: Miss Maginn will lecture in three cities in New Zealand from August 23 to September 10. Fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily. WELLINGTON: D.I.C., August 23-27 inclusive. Lectures, 3 p.m. daily, Colonnade Room. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. FABRICS DEPT. CHRISTCHURCH: D.I.C., August 30-September 3 inclusive. Lectures, 10 a.m. daily, Restaurant. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. BOOKING OFFICE. AUCKLAND: Milne and Choyce, September 6-10 inclusive. Lectures, 10.30 a.m. daily, Skyroom. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. Ground Floor Booking Office. Next week's issue will contain a 48-page lift-out booklet—see page 4.

Swimming when it snows!

● High in the Australian snowfields, more than 5800 feet above sea level, guests at the Marritz Ski Lodge, in Perisher Valley, N.S.W., have the answer when blizzards mar the prospects of a day's skiing.

Instead of huddling around a blazing fire to play cards or talk, they can don swimsuits and dive into a glamor indoor pool.

The pool is the realisation of an ambition of host Austrian-born Fritz Feiersinger and his Australian wife, Margo, to provide something different for guests when bad weather keeps them indoors. As well, they have built a modern sauna bath, complete with rest-room, overlooking the pool.

—Snow pictures here and on pages 8 and 9 by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



HOST Fritz Feiersinger (seated right) and his wife, Margo, watch guests in the swimming-pool at the Marritz Ski Lodge in Perisher Valley, N.S.W.



CONTRAST (left) between the skiing outfit worn by Julie Griffiths and the bikini which her sister Susan wore for a quick dip. The pool is kept at 86 degrees in winter. The floor of the room containing it is heated.

SUSAN GRIFFITHS smiles at her mother, Mrs. Robert Griffiths. Looking on are staff members Hans Weikl and Iris Land (at left), Julie Griffiths, and, outside, Dr. and Mrs. F. Lord and their niece, Susan Silvan.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1965

NOTHING LIKE 'BRI-NYLON'



WHY?

Because there's nothing like the partnership in quality between the people who make the yarn, Fibremakers Ltd., and the leading Australian manufacturers who fashion garments like these, in 'BRI-NYLON'. No maker can use the 'BRI-NYLON' name until his product has been tested and approved by Fibremakers . . . for colour, fabric, making, durability and easy care. So be sure it is 'BRI-NYLON'. It pays. Look for the BRI before you buy!

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Give your dentures the special care they need — with denture brushes by Addis. Your family chemist will recommend the one that's best for you.

Addis



MRS. ANTAL DORATI

A family con brio

"IT seems I have been 'backstop' of my family all my life. I married when I was 18, you know," says Klara Dorati. "Anyway, they are such darlings, it gives me great pleasure."

To borrow from the musical language that fills their lives, the Doratis are a family trio "con brio" (with spirit).

Good looking and good friends, there is a warm bond of shared interests and laughter between them.

This is immediately apparent even in the brief meetings, usually for meals, which were all they managed during their stay in Melbourne.

Dr. Dorati, Chief Conductor of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, began his concert season in Melbourne and will also conduct in Sydney, Adelaide, and Geelong.

He admits that knowing Tonina would be here as designer of sets and costumes for the Sutherland/Williamson opera season was an added impetus to accept the ABC's invitation.

There was a sentimental reason, too. The last time the three Doratis were together in Melbourne was in 1940, when Tonina was born in the Mercy Hospital.

Dr. Dorati was then conductor of the visiting Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo.

By BERENICE CRAIG

This time, the jobs of father and daughter are monopolising most of their time.

Dr. Dorati has become used to this, in a career spent travelling the world.

Tonina's assignment, a tremendous feather in the cap of one so young, is her biggest to date, although she has an international reputation as a designer for opera, theatre, and ballet.

Her official working day is nine-to-five, but she is often at her drawing-board until the early hours, with seven operas to prepare for a brief 14-week season.

So Mrs. Dorati, back in their Melbourne hotel, must see there are no fretting details on the home front.

Only too happy to chat about her husband and daughter, she is reluctant to talk about herself.

But a sense of fun lights up her unusual, blue-brown flecked eyes when she says that "Toni," as she calls Dr. Dorati, usually the most patient and understanding of men, can become a roaring lion over irritating trifles.

Therefore, she can't afford to lose her own temper.

There is also a rueful grin when she speaks of the mammoth packing-up task she faced in London and Rome—and of how all her own suits somehow got left behind in the 31 trunks she had to store in London.

Their lives are spent between a London hotel, their permanent apartment in the old quarter of Rome, and a holiday villa on the Wolfgangsee, in Austria.

Although the Doratis are American citizens, Dr. and Mrs. Dorati were born in Hungary. She was studying music when they met.

The music that brought them together also provoked a disagreement that very nearly ended their romance before it began.

"My husband was coaching at the Budapest Opera and, needing money as all young men do, gave a course of lectures on opera, which I joined.

"He asked for someone who could read music to turn over the pages of a score he was playing for us. I could read music a little, so I volunteered.

"But I had never seen an orchestral score before. I made an awful mess of it. He was very impatient.

"I became offended and

went home to tell my mother that he was a rude beast and I wasn't going back.

"However, soon afterwards he just 'happened' to find himself outside our house in Budapest with the same musical score under his arm.

"He came in, apologised, and offered to teach me to read the score. He has been trying ever since."

Both husband and daughter are perfectionists, with enormous powers of concentration, says Mrs. Dorati.

Self-defence

"We were in Austria when Tonina began to work on these operas.

"The villa was full of friends and everyone was having a wonderful time, but she could shut herself away in the tower-room on the second floor and work, appearing only for meals.

"My husband is like this, too. Much of his composing is done on long plane flights.

"He says he developed this quality in self-defence when he was young, at home in Budapest. His father taught violin, his mother piano, and his sister studied singing, all in a four-room flat.

"Often there would be a piano lesson in one room, a violin playing in the other,

and he would be studying somewhere in the middle."

Music is a shared family delight. Tonina's favorite relaxation is going to concerts. Dr. Dorati loves opera, and could help Tonina when she began work on Rossini's rarely performed *Semiramide*, which will have its Australian premiere in Melbourne.

"Tonina didn't know the opera and there are no recordings," said Mrs. Dorati. "When we were in Austria, her father would play it over and over for her, and they would talk about it for hours."

This year, the Doratis will miss their Austrian holiday.

"My husband has taken on more engagements than usual, but I cannot quarrel with two of them.

"He will attend the Menuhin Festival at Gstaad on August 18, when his new string octet will be played, with Menuhin as first violin.

"Later, at the Besancon Festival in France, he will conduct the orchestra in the world premiere of his newest composition, *Seven Pieces for Orchestra*."

Mrs. Dorati is hoping the family can be together again in Rome for Christmas. Tonina's Yorkshire terrier Circe, will be waiting.

"They are both crazy about that dog," she said.



FAMOUS father and daughter: "A warm bond of shared interests, laughter."

● *A countrywoman thinks deeply and asks why the . . .*

WOOL RESERVE PRICE SCHEME?

● Ever since Captain Waterhouse arrived in Sydney in 1797 with merino sheep from the Cape — sheep he sold to Macarthur, Marsden, and Cox — Australia has lived on the sheep's back.

RECOGNISING what wool has meant to Australia's economy — it is still responsible for 37 percent of the national export income — it is imperative that everyone, not only woolgrowers, be aware of the dangers facing the industry.

Consider the wool industry in England at the beginning of the last century.

For hundreds of years this had been England's most important trade. It is believed that woolsacks were placed in the House of Lords in the time of Edward III to remind the peers of the importance of England's staple trade — and, of course, the Woolsack is still the traditional seat of the Lord Chancellor.

In 1828, the House of Lords appointed a select committee to report on the cause of the depression in wool values. English sheep farmers could no longer meet the competition of cheap foreign wools and, with the declining prosperity, there came a serious decline in the quality of wool produced.

British wool fell from 2/6 lb. in 1815 to 1/6 in 1820. The Government then stepped in. The Peel Cabinet applied a duty of 33 1-3rd percent on home price to wool imports, but this did not influence the trend because the quality of wool had declined.

Manufacturers wanted the best and they found they could buy from German producers — despite duty at 1/1lb. In 1825, the duty on foreign wool was removed, but the damage had been done.

Wool prices continued to fall to less than 9d. in 1827, and the industry never recovered. Government interference at a critical stage had accelerated the decline.

With synthetic fibres, isn't the wool industry in Australia facing a similar problem?

By Mrs. L. Mac. Smith, O.B.E.

MRS. MAC. SMITH'S home was "Boree Cabonne," Boreore, N.S.W., for 49 years. After her husband's death, she went to live in Orange, but still has her interest in "Boree Cabonne," where her three sons work the property.

wool is bought in with money from Australian woolgrowers and taxpayers?

Fortunately for the country, individual growers refused to be stampeded and rejected at a referendum that wool marketing scheme.

Now once again, the planners have been busy and have brought forth the reserve price scheme, in spite of the finding by the Philp Committee, set up to go into the question of wool marketing, that Australia's auction system was the best marketing system for wool.

The report issued by the Wool Board on this reserve price scheme left the majority of growers none the wiser as to what would happen to their wool. One thing plain was that the Authority was to be all-powerful. Now who will that Authority be?

Seven men, only two of them need to be woolgrowers. Here is an attempt to set up a dictatorial bureaucracy.

The Chairman of the Australian Wool Board, Sir William Gunn, from time to time has made statements on the method under which the proposed reserve price scheme will operate. But this information — interspersed at present with his political aspirations — has left growers none the wiser.

Perhaps the issue is being confused. It would be interesting to know from where come the funds to cover the costs of Sir William Gunn's publicity campaign.

If woolgrowers wish to study the workings

some bottom limit to their wool price for the ensuing season. The following season, if the Authority happens to be selling, they will get a lower price than they otherwise would have got.

During the intervening 12 months, they will be paying for storage charges, administration, and interest.

And what these expenses could be might be judged from the contributors' charge of 7½ percent on wool sold during the season 1950-51 under the Wool (Reserve Prices) Fund Act.

When the growers rejected the scheme, 74 percent was returned to them. One quarter percent of all the proceeds of wool sold at that time, when prices were high, amounted to a considerable sum of money.

This was the cost of just taking the money and returning it — rather, part of it.

It has been stated that the levy on wool to finance the scheme, for research and for promotion, will not exceed 3 percent.

If the Government thought it needed 7½ percent in 1950 to finance the scheme alone, no wonder graziers are anxious about funds for research and promotion if the scheme comes into operation.

Surely research must come before promotion! The wool is there, improve its quality by research, and when you have the perfect article — then promote it.

Growers should insist that a greater proportion of the wool levy goes in research and not as at present in promotion which, according to statements by Sir William Gunn and the Managing Director of the International Wool Secretariat, Mr. W. J. Vines, has not had the results expected.

It must be clearly understood that it is not wool that is in danger, but the wool industry.

It needs help, and apparently the Government thinks the way to do this is by supporting and supplying the greater part of the finance necessary for the reserve price scheme from taxpayers' funds.

If the scheme got into difficulties, the Government would be forced to step in and take control, which, of course, would amount to nationalisation of the industry.

And would any Australian stand for the nationalisation of the main commodity of their country?

cotton trade, and at present, cotton exports are about 40 percent less than last year.

The repercussions following this marketing scheme have brought about a situation when the current cotton legislation is costing more than one-third the value of the entire cotton crop.

In South American republics, where wool was nationalised, there existed a stockpile of one million bales. One of the main factors for the depressed state of the wool market this year was throwing this million bales on the world's market.

By interfering with the traditional free movement of wool through the auction selling system, which the reserve price scheme would do, Australia could find herself holding large wool stockpiles which could lead to the wool industry being in the same position as the United States cotton industry is today.

Worse still, Australia could face an economic crisis similar to that in the South American republics.

Surely there is no better way to play into the hands of synthetic production than by withdrawing wool from the free channels of trade.

Woolbuyers are not going to be dictated to, and if wool is not available textile mills may easily change over to man-made fibres.

The referendum on the reserve price is to be held later in the year and any grower who has 10 or more bales will have a vote.

This will mean that a majority of growers who produce only one-third of the clip could outvote the minority who produce two-thirds. It means that men whose main income doesn't come from wool will have the power to control the industry.

Someone has said, "We don't need, and cannot afford, artificial measures such as the Wool Board's reserve price marketing scheme, and its lavish, ineffective, and largely unnecessary promotion program."

How true this is, and no one realises this better than the wives and daughters of growers. Working together with their menfolk as they do — and used to balancing their budgets — they are very much aware of the state of the industry.

They know that in their present position, no grower, large or small, can afford to take the chance of having the wool marketing system interfered with.

Many remember 1950 and the resentment felt toward the grower because times were good and homesteads were improved, and conveniences, which were in nearly every city homes, were looked on as luxuries because a woman living in the country was getting them.

Time to produce better wool

Now is the time for growers to produce more and better wool, and it is to this end that every encouragement should be given the industry by the Government.

The Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Trade and Industry, Mr. McEwen, warned the annual conference of the Graziers' Association of New South Wales last March that woolgrowers could not look to the Government for action to keep costs down and must find some other means of making the industry successful.

It could be assumed from this that Mr. McEwen was referring to the latest proposal to bring in a reserve price scheme.

It must be remembered that it was Mr. McEwen, who in 1950, with unwarranted haste, introduced the Bill which was passed by the Menzies Government and became the Wool (Reserve Prices) Fund Act, in anticipation of a wool stabilisation scheme being introduced at that stage.

Mr. McEwen has been reported as stating that a reserve price scheme would result in a rise in price of Australian wool of "several pence per lb."

How does he know?

Doesn't this remain to be proved?

Fifteen years ago, growers were faced with the danger — that ever-growing army of planners — which is so evident today.

Then, when wool prices were high, the public, whose thinking was fed by Government-encouraged theorists and economists, looked on the grower as the wicked wolf who had brought about inflation.

Could anyone explain how money coming into a country from outside — which constitutes real wealth — could bring about inflation?

Money from the sale of wool always has been real wealth. But will it be so in the future if the planners get their way and

and results of a floor price scheme within the auction system, they must refer to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics report.

The Australian Wool Board asked for this report, which was not favorable to the floor price system, pointing out that losses could be more likely than benefits.

Could this be the reason that this report was not released until eight months later, and then because the BAE suggested that the report handed to the Wool Board eight months earlier should be released?

What does this reserve price offer?

Even the Wool Board has emphasised that possible benefits will be very small.

The board's recommendations are based on three general and unproven assertions:—

1. That a very substantial improvement in the present auction system will result from the scheme and other proposals.
2. That a "significant improvement in the financial return to woolgrowers" will be achieved.
3. That a reserve price scheme will achieve a "degree of stability in wool prices."

No evidence is produced to show that the scheme can have any significant influence in any of these spheres, but there is evidence to show that it cannot produce stability in the price of wool.

How could it?

Wool will be bought in and then sold, perhaps 12 months later, in what the Authority hopes would be a rising market.

Hasn't New Zealand, with its floor price for wool, just set up a committee to study instability of wool prices?

Now what else will growers be offered?

After studying the report of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which all growers should do, one writer has come to the conclusion that they can count on only one thing.

At their expense, the floor price will set

Provide challenge to grower

One writer has suggested that if the reserve price scheme is in reality a subsidy to try to save the wool industry, why not use this money to provide a challenge to the grower to help himself, his industry, and the whole economy, by allowing the first 25 percent on 33 1-3rd percent of the growers' income from wool to be free of income tax?

This would surely encourage growers to increase production and wool quality.

Anyone with any knowledge of the United States cotton-marketing scheme will view with concern any move to introduce a wool-marketing scheme in Australia.

By next August, nearly a full year's cotton grown in the United States will be held by the U.S. Government.

Interest and storage charges alone on this stockpile will amount to more than 100 million dollars (£A45 million) for the year.

Meantime, the United States, which used to be one of the world's largest cotton exporters, has lost heavily in the world

And they haven't forgotten the Wool (Reserve Prices) Fund Act with the establishment of a scheme for reserve prices for wool, for which they paid.

All this, and the growers rejected the plan.

Today, the same situation has arisen. Everything is in readiness for the reserve price scheme. Sir William Gunn has stated that it will be in operation by July 1, 1966.

Might this statement be a little premature? The referendum has still to be held and it is more than likely history will repeat itself and the scheme be rejected.

Neither growers nor their wives cry and wring their hands in despair when prices are against them.

They fight — and fight tenaciously — against drought, flood, fire, and low wool prices. They never did — and never will — want their industry under the thumb of any government.

Now is the time for all woolgrowers, as individuals, to rise in protest and keep their liberty and independence by voting No.



Just fluff it on...and suddenly, softly you're blushing!

'BLUSH-ON' by Revlon

What *is* this make-up miracle called 'Blush-On'? It's Revlon's ingenious new "blushing powder" — a breath of fresh young color you fluff on with its own soft-as-sable complexion brush. All at once it dawns on you — you've

never looked so deliciously alive! Use it over make-up (or even by itself). Suddenly you look untense, untired, untwined — terrific! Try 'Blush-On' now in *new* refillable compacts or regular size.



Peyton Place's Mia is colossal, says Bette Davis

By NAN MUSCROVE

● *Peyton Place's* Mia Farrow, who has hit the headlines recently as Frank Sinatra's new love, is the hope of the TV industry, says that *grande dame* of films, Bette Davis.

MIA FARROW plays Allison Mackenzie, the illegitimate daughter of Constance Mackenzie (Dorothy Malone) and Elliot, Carson (Tim O'Connor), in *Peyton Place*.

In real life she is the daughter of film director the late John Farrow and actress Maureen O'Sullivan. Bette Davis has known her since she was a baby.

"She holds all the promise and hope of the industry. She's honest, on and off the screen, and this comes across," Miss Davis said.

"I hadn't seen Mia since she was an 11-year-old. Then one day before *Peyton Place* went on the air, I saw this vision of beauty on the set at 20th Century-Fox, where I was making a picture.

"When she walked up to me and said, 'Remember me, I'm Mia Farrow,' I almost fainted."

Like practically everyone else in the world who lives in the track of the beam from a TV channel, Bette Davis is a *Peyton Place* fan.

"I haven't missed a single episode, and don't intend to," she said. "Especially since Mia's 'Allison' is, in a word, colossal.

"Mia, like the character she portrays, has that inner warmth which is often times born of tragedy.

"Mia hasn't always had a happy life. She has already lost a father and a brother, both of whom she adored. As painful as such things are, they are a part of living. Out of them comes strength which shows up on TV.

"Most of all, Mia's a lady.

That's a scarce commodity these days, too."

Mia really is worth watching in *Peyton Place* (TCN9, Mondays, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.). She has quite a tough time in her TV life, battling on with one turgid situation after another.

Even with this celluloid experience she seems too beautiful, too freshly minted, at 19, for Frank Sinatra, 49. But she says she loves him, that he is her man.

Television

EVERYONE a Customer, ATN7's late-night documentary, was first-class viewing for people who can sit back calmly and consider how they and their family should be buried.

It dealt with the cost of burial and cremation, gave viewers a frank look behind many closed doors.

All the facts were placed before viewers: where, how, how much, in an exhaustive and informative 45 minutes. Everything anyone wanted to know and see, and, indeed, more than one wanted to know at times, was told.

Miss Anne Deveson, who wrote the script and was the *Seven Days* reporter, is to be congratulated on her no-stone-unturned documentary.

She dealt with all types of funerals — paupers, stillborn babies, the new type in landscaped lawn cemeteries, grand obsequies in tombs, cremations.

Viewers were even taken behind the screen at the Northern Suburbs Crematorium, where many gruesome folk tales were proved to be fallacious.

NINA AND FREDERIK FOR TCN9

DANISH folksingers Nina and Frederik will be the guest stars on Bobby Limb's *Sound of Music* on TCN9 at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, June 25.

This beguiling young couple will sing two lullabies — *Hush Little Babies* and *Sweet Little Lullaby* — and, as a change of pace, a calypso, *When Woman Say, "No!"*

Those lullabies should be well sung — with them in Sydney were son Nicolas, 3½, daughter Kirsia, 18 months.



MIA FARROW: The hope of (U.S.) TV.

As a child I was inclined to run past what was known locally as the haunted house with a ghastly feeling that something was about to catch me. I am afraid *Everyone a Customer* gave me that old feeling.

At the end Miss Deveson reiterated the types of funerals and the prices involved. Very good reporting.

Service for punters

HORSE-RACING is a closed book to me, one of those things that I have never been able to get with, but I had a bit of racing fun adventuring round the dial one Saturday morning.

It was 10 a.m. and horses, horses, all the way on TCN9.

I listened to Ken Howard, because I like his blitz-hacker method of delivering the facts, got involved with Clarence the Clocker and Pam as they doled out their quota of tips for the day.

I struck oil when an incredible character called Richard Stirling appeared to give, so help me, what the stars have to say about horses to win that day.

It is about the same as picking winners with a pin, but probably more fun.

It's not very definite, merely hints on how the stars may help you go home with a bag of gold.

It goes something like: "People born September 28 are lucky today," and "combinations of red, green, and acid yellow are 'The Colors.'" A more definite bit went something like: "Aquarians should choose a horse today reminding them of England."

It wasn't much good to me, as I didn't know the runners or the jockeys' silks, but I had a look the next Saturday to see if Mr. Stirling had got results.

As he said, what would remind you more of England than Royal Standard?

Somehow I think I'll have to depend on the Melbourne Cup office sweep to double my money.

I DIDN'T think I would ever see something as startling as an obscenity in one of my favorite ABC-TV shows, *Z-Cars*.

No word was uttered — a man simply spat.

It happened when Inspector Barlow (Stratford Johns) called at Walton Jail to tell a criminal, Jack Carter (Patrick Troughton), how he had fouled up his own future by a robbery organised from inside.

Carter's wife, Barlow told him, following recriminations over the job, had punctured Carter's best friend's kidney with a dart. This meant that Carter would be friendless and wifeless for at least two years after the end of his sentence.

He deserved congratulations, said Inspector Barlow at his nastiest best.

Carter didn't say a word. He sat very still. He was a mean-faced man, pallid. He drew back one side of his mouth showing dirty, black-rooted teeth and spat, sharply, expertly at Barlow's feet.

It struck me as far more effective dramatically than the sort of obscenity that makes headlines.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, after we had had a bad snow storm, "Winter is nice if it's Christmas, or your child has a sled. But have you ever slipped and fallen on an icy pavement? Or had your car slide off an icy road? Snow in a city is white as it falls, then it turns into a dirty black slush. So if you live in a place where it never snows, be grateful."

Mamma's moral: It must be wonderful to live in the tropics. They raise cane to make rum, then drink rum and raise Cain.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: The Trustee Companies

By MARY BROKER

● After moving around somewhat aimlessly for a few weeks, the share market once again showed a pronounced downward movement last week, following forecasts of big increases in taxation.

COUPLED with further falls in overseas reserves, plus the continuation of the drought, this news has given more qualms to investors.

This situation is, of course, rather drastic for those interested in the stock market only for short-term gains. Not that there is anything wrong with getting in and out of shares quickly, but you need close contact with the market, otherwise results can be horrifying.

But it is precisely at times like these that the long-term investor comes into his own. Share prices are low, and even though they will probably go still lower, the long-term potential of our country is so good that the person who buys shares now and holds on grimly can have no doubt that the value of his portfolio will increase.

For today, therefore, I have chosen a group of companies which, to my mind, resemble the banks and insurance companies in their investment standing — that is, the trustee companies.

You will all know that trustee companies administer estates, watch over the interest of debenture holders, etc., as laid down in trust deeds, and look after the affairs of any individual who so desires. As such, they are essentially service organisations.

Those I mention were founded last century, and have, therefore, had a long time to prove themselves.

As an example of how these companies have grown with Australia, funds controlled by the Permanent Trustee Company of N.S.W. Ltd. have grown from £1.4 million in 1901 to £47.9 million in 1964.

In addition, the company had under its care £111.5 million of company debentures, etc., making a total of £159.4 million.

Trustee companies are notoriously conservative in making up their accounts. For example, the book value of shares held by the Permanent was noted at £321,000 in the last balance sheet, although market value was £518,000.

And freehold premises, valued in 1957 at £175,000,

must surely be worth more than that £175,000 today.

Since the rates of commission chargeable by trustee companies are limited by Act of Parliament, profits show more of a solid, steady growth than any sharp changes.

Nevertheless, net profit of the Permanent has almost doubled over the past five years from £24,000 to £46,000, and earning rate has increased from 15.9 percent to 22.8 percent. Dividend has been 12½ percent for the past three years.

Considering the company's financial strength, the £5 shares paid to 20/- are not overpriced at around 60/- to yield 4.2 percent on dividend. Fifty would cost you about £152, for a dividend of £6/5/- a year.

The oldest established trustee group is The Trustees Executors and Agency Company Limited, which pioneered trustee business in Australia in 1878.

The value of the trust and agency estates handled in 1964 was £68.7 million.

Commission earned last year amounted to £282,000, and net profit of £32,000 was earned, compared with £21,000 in the year to June 30, 1960. Earning rate over the same period has risen from 14.8 percent to 23.1 percent, and dividend has been increased from 11 to 15 percent.

Internally, too, the company's financial situation is very strong. Reserves were swelled by £500,000 in the 1963 financial year due to the revaluation of freehold property, and capital of £140,000 was backed at last balance date by reserves of about £672,000, or almost five times.

Investments in bonds and shares have increased over the past five years from a book value of £96,000 to nearly £140,000.

Shares have a par value of 50/- and comprise 60,000 paid to 30/- and 100,000 paid to 10/-. They are not generally traded in volume, but are well worth picking up as they come along.

Last sale of the 30/- paid was at 87/6 and of the 10/- paid at 38/-. Fifty of the former would cost about £222; 100 of the latter would cost about £193.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 30, 1965

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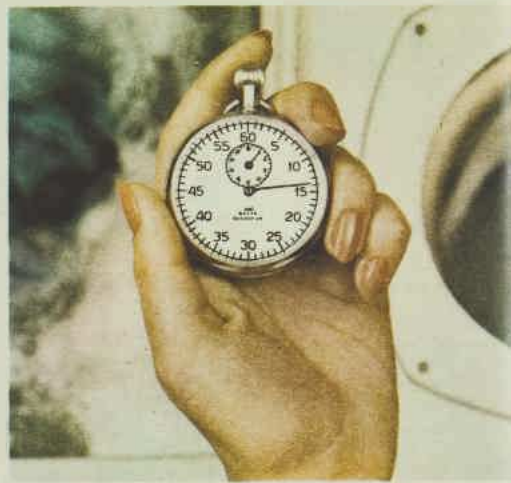
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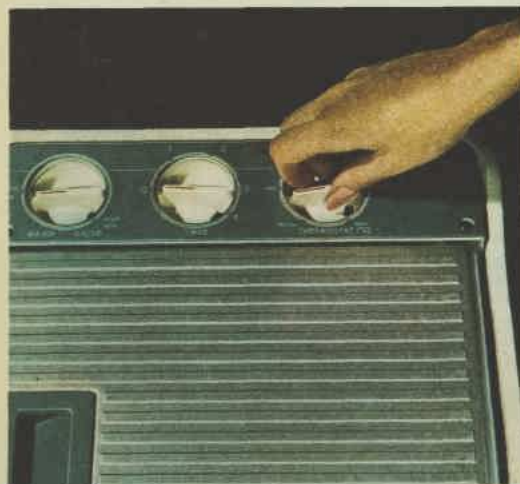
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Television

Dangerman

● TV makes prodigious demands on the minds and craftsmanship of everyone associated with it. Sometimes the result repays them, sometimes it slays them. *Danger Man* repays everyone in the rich dividend of satisfaction.

PATRICK McGOOHAN, star of *Danger Man*, makes tremendous demands on the series, contributes just as much as he demands, and receives the rich dividends of satisfaction and £A2500 a week for his work.

I don't think such good fortune could happen to a nicer man than Patrick McGoohan, the Irishman who stars as John Drake, a security officer in Great Britain.

There should be more like McGoohan. He is one of the few people who have standards they stick to.

When he was first offered the role of Drake, he refused it. It was too violent with a killing a week, too sexy with Drake chasing women with a zest that equalled his quest for spics.

He would take the part, he said, if it had no killing, no heavy sex, and he didn't carry a gun.

A friendly kiss is the limit to his *Danger Man* love-making. McGoohan also refused to be a wisecracker and to drive a big car. Reality is what he strives for — reality and an honorable hero.

He is a lucid talker and a thinker. He believes that every real hero has been moral, and bases his own performances on that belief.

"I want Drake to be in the heroic mould," he said, "which means that he has to be a good man."

A man of high principle

And that is the way the series has turned out. It is the perfect background for everything he abhors — violence, torrid sex, and high life — but Drake moves forward on his job with single-minded purpose, never drawing a gun, never dallying in secluded corners with the fatale-type woman of spy dramas.

McGoohan is good-looking and extremely masculine. He is very good with his fists, with women, with diplomacy, and very good in a tough, cards-on-the-table situation.

McGoohan off-camera is concerned with the happiness of his family, and guards his privacy. He has been married to actress Joan Drummond for 17 years. They have three daughters.

He says he loves his weekly £A2500 because for the first time he is sure of paying the rent, sending his children to school, and eating regularly.

He is not ambitious, and he would not sacrifice a moment with his family or any principle for what he calls "fancy money."

(It is beyond me to imagine what he would call fancy money.)

"I am not ambitious," he says unequivocally. "You can see the ambitious everywhere, surrounded by broken marriages and alimonies."

McGoohan is 37, 6ft. 2in. tall, blue-eyed, is always called Pat. He says he was an actor by chance.

He started his acting career as an assistant stage manager at the Sheffield Repertory Company, where, he says, he swept the stage and made the coffee.

As the star of *Danger Man* he is the highest paid man in British TV and says he would be happy if it ran for ever. I'm sure many viewers agree with him.

— NAN MUSGROVE.



McGOOHAN, as John Drake, in chair-o-plane scene, and (below) with associates. *Danger Man* is on TCN9 Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.; other States later.





is
baby
as
busy
as you?

Maybe not. But when it comes to mealtimes, baby likes service on the dot. That's why you can heave a sigh of joy when the poppet's on Farley's. The best of baby food is also the fastest. Just mix Farley's and water in a feeding dish, then add warm milk. It dissolves smooth and quickly. And doesn't baby love that taste!

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Just for luck—and all that

SPEAKING for myself, "O Ma," I do both things you mentioned—just for luck. If I happen to drop a knife while washing up the dishes, it stays put until somebody picks it up for me. Nothing would induce me to walk under a ladder. I am overjoyed when I accidentally spill sugar, but not salt. When we shift to another home or district, it is never on a Friday. But 13 doesn't scare me at all. I have often found it my lucky number, and often choose it in buying tickets for a raffle.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.

MY husband is from Yugoslavia, and his people say that if you show your money to the growing moon your money will grow. However, if you show it to the waning moon, your money will go with it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. M. Kalanj, North Fitzroy, Vic.

I REMEMBER my mother scrambling for her silver and approaching the window with lowered head, in case she saw the new moon through the glass. After turning the silver over and over in her hand, she would curtsy three times, wishing all the time. Dad used to laugh, but Mum was very serious, and believed that all her wishes came true. They must have, for she always said that all she ever wanted was a lot of children. Well, there were ten of us, and eventually grandchildren and great-grandchildren. I wish on the new moon, too, and my husband laughs—especially when I do the beautiful curtsy, fit for the Queen herself.

£1/1/- to "Dreamer" (name supplied), Woolahra, N.S.W.

EVERY month when my mother saw the new moon she turned her wedding ring round three times and put a new half-pound of tea in her canister. This practice was passed to her from her mother, and now to me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Bennett, South Mackay, Qld.

AFTER we sold our house, the wife of the Scottish buyer called to collect from my husband "the traditional penny that in Scotland the seller of the house always gives the buyer for luck."

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Burns, Yunderup North, W.A.

I THINK, perhaps, superstitions are on the way out. I am unable to get my three teenagers to turn their money on seeing the new moon, something I have always done. When I won't change any clothing that I have accidentally put on inside-out, they think I'm crazy!

£1/1/- to "One Who Turns" (name supplied), West Rockhampton, Qld.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Marriage record?

THE minister who married my husband and me two years ago also married my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, Mum's sister and her husband, my two sisters and their husbands. Can anybody beat this three-generation record?

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Trood, Cobar, N.S.W.

Too old at 27

MY somewhat highly strung three-year-old had been quiet for days. Suddenly he burst out with, "Have the sisters been yet?" I said they had, and he broke down and asked, "When do you have to go?" I found that he'd been told the nuns were around "collecting" for the old people's home, and he thought they'd come to collect me! I'm only 27—so much for my ego.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Dilger, Rosebery, Tas.

Kindred souls

THE Australian Women's Weekly boosts my morale in lots of ways. First there was the reader who said she was afraid to tackle the butcher. I'm scared of butchers, too, so I was glad to know I've got company. Then there was the article about people who plant big trees in small gardens. We made this mistake, but now we don't feel so stupid. Best of all was the woman who used handcuffs to chain her washing machine in an outside laundry. I know just how she felt, as I never go out without thinking someone will walk off with my machine.

£1/1/- to "Fidget" (name supplied), Mentone, Vic.

Surrounded by Martins

WHEN living in another district we were between two neighbors by the name of Martin for more than ten years. We shifted five years ago to our present house and found the neighbors on each side are named Martin. The families here are friendly and happy like the old Martins, but no relation.

£1/1/- to "Fond of Martins" (name supplied), Cairns, North Qld.

Our labels go abroad

READERS may be interested to know we have found a new use for the fascinating labels for schoolbooks featured in recent copies of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Our daughter has several penfriends in Canada who, when writing, always ask for pictures of koalas, kangaroos, and other Australian. Now we make up a package of your labels and send them off to the little girls to share some knowledge of our wonderful country.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary J. Behrens, Norwood, S.A.

THERE SHOULD BE MORE OF IT



• Mr. Robert Fenton, a landscape artist of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., was disgusted by the dreary outlook from his window and planted a tree. Local authorities raised no objection until they discovered that to do so he had uprooted a parking meter.

*There are some characters whose lives transcend
The normal everydayness of the rest,
Whose wild, impulsive actions color lend
To low-abiding lives, devoid of zest —
Thus could one waffle on about a man
Who, looking out his window on the view
And disapproving, hit upon a plan
That never would occur to me or you.*

*Or, shall we say instead, unmetrically:
Meters are fed by fools like me
But only genuine, way-out, artistic types wrench
them up and plant a tree.*

— Dorothy Drain

Ross Campbell writes...

A WOMAN wrote to a newspaper in London with this problem:

"My husband is a shy man," she said, "and whenever he brings flowers home to me he always conceals them under his bowler hat.

"As a result they have to be little flowers like violets or anemones, and they tend to smell of brilliantine.

"What can I do about it?"

The answer, I suppose, is to get him to wear a top hat, which will hold a bunch of roses or carnations.

This woman does not know how lucky she is to have a husband who brings home flowers at all.

As a rule a man gives a woman flowers before marriage. After the ceremony the blooms are few and far between. They are usually bought when she is sick.

I am not a very good flower-provider myself. My wife grows her own. However, I can claim to have brought her flowers always when she was in hospital. The last time was five years ago, and she was very appreciative.

Most flower-givers are young,

LOVE IN BLOOM

single men. They often get so mad about a girl that they will give her flowers even when she is not sick.

These young chaps deserve some sympathy. For one thing, they know next to nothing about flowers.

One I know went into a smart florist's shop. He mumbled nervously that he would like a nice bunch.



A brisk woman in a smock said: "What did you have in mind? We have pelargoniums just in, and there are those antirrhinums in the window. Or would you rather something in the perennial line? Some

pentstemons would make up nicely with a few sprays of calceolips."

"I was wondering—er—if you had any roses," he said. He had heard *Red Roses For a Blue Lady* on the radio.

"Well, yes," said the brisk lady doubtfully. "We have a few Cecile Brunners—it's not the season for them just now—we can do them for half a crown each."

Dazed and demoralised, the poor fellow gave up the idea of roses. He threw himself on the smock lady's mercy. "Would you just make up a bunch of something nice for fifteen shillings?"

He remembered that he felt embarrassed carrying flowers in the train. His hat was too small to put them in. He asked the smock lady to pack them in a box.

"Certainly. That will be a little extra, of course..."

By the way, a popular variety of rose in communist countries is Cardinal Richelieu, which has purple petals. This is so young men can go into a florist's and say: "Blue Roses for a Red Lady."



BRIDGET MAGINN (above) photographed in New York in the lightweight woollen suit she will use for travelling during her forthcoming tour. Butterick pattern number 3005.

BLUE double-breasted coat (right) in lightweight wool, worn here by Miss Maginn, will be another excellent travelling item. Butterick pattern number for it is 3438.



Bridget Maginn's travel wardrobe

● A wardrobe of 21 garments weighing only a total of 22lb. 12oz. has been selected by American sewing expert Bridget Maginn for her forthcoming Australian and New Zealand tour.

EARLY next month Miss Maginn begins a three-month sewing lecture tour in leading Australian and New Zealand department stores.

The tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, Butterick Patterns, and Singer Sewing Machines.

As she will be travelling at all times by air, her entire luggage has been carefully

planned to come within the international allowance of 66lb.

The co-ordinated wardrobe was specially designed for Miss Maginn by Butterick Patterns. The all-Australian fabrics were chosen for their easy-care qualities and to carry her through the varying temperatures she will encounter.

Materials include wool, wool-and-synthetic mixtures, linens, textured rayons, silk synthetics, and crepe.

The clothes are ideally suited to her full program of TV appearances, store lectures, and business engagements. They are:

- Three lightweight woollen coats.
- Three jacket-dress ensembles.
- Five suits.
- Two day dresses.
- Two cocktail dresses.
- Five blouses.
- One pair slacks.

All dresses are planned to be worn under coats and all five blouses are interchangeable with the suits.

For instance, one suit jacket (pictured below) can

do double duty as a blazer for weekend leisure.

As well as the 21 garments, underwear, and jewellery, Miss Maginn will have two hats and three handbags.

She will have four pairs of shoes: black, pale beige, and brown for day; and black evening shoes.

Six of Miss Maginn's outfits are shown below modelled by Sydney mannequins. Over the pictures are the Butterick pattern numbers.

In the two pictures above, Miss Maginn is photographed in New York in her travel clothes.

—ANNE OLSEN

Pattern no. 3071

3474

3443

3340

3294

3471



● Suit in synthetic, easy-care fabric designed for weekends.



● Classic suit in synthetic bone-colored fabric worn with a printed blouse.



● Longer-jacket suit in textured rayon, planned for store appearances.



● Overblouse in textured rayon teamed with floral suit skirt.



● For after-five glamor, a black crepe dress with long, flowing sleeves in chiffon.



● Ensemble of sleeveless dress and jacket in a wool-synthetic.

The Seal Summer

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

● In the spring of 1961, a young seal came to the Isle of Purbeck, on the south English coast, and quickly formed friendships with holiday-makers and local residents, perhaps most of all with Mrs. Hooke, a playwright who lives on the island. Now she continues the true story of events during that summer.

EVEN to the most biased mind it would seem that man has reached the point at which he denies the right of subsistence to any species that has the misfortune to eat the same food as himself.

Refusing to curb his own population explosion, he will attack any such species that is maintaining or increasing its numbers. If the project is feasible he sees nothing wrong in deliberate extermination.

Since two-thirds of this planet are covered by oceans teeming with fish, one would think they could support the marine carnivora as well as provide the partial diet of man. But the grey seal's liking for fish is a crime that cannot be tolerated by a civilised society.

In Britain, the grey seal is protected only in the breeding season, and even this small mercy is disregarded on many parts of the coast where seals congregate. This being so, it is likely that more than one has approached mankind with friendly intentions but has been killed or driven away before its purpose could be investigated.

No wonder that seals seek out the loneliest and most inaccessible places to haul out, the islands of the inner and outer Hebrides, remote beaches in the Orkneys and south-west Ireland, islets off the coast of Pembrokeshire, the Scillies, deep caves in the Cornish cliffs, and in unfrequented sections of the Channel coast.

There is one such cave near Seacombe Cove, running deep into the cliff and screened from above by the overhang. A tiny beach of white pebbles leads to the dark recesses of the interior. It can only be reached by boat or by swimming.

I had explored it many times. It always seemed to me an ideal haul-out for a seal and I never went there without hoping against hope that I might see one sunning itself on the little white beach or diving in the clear green water. I never did — until a memorable day in September.

I was spending the day at Seacombe. Of all the coves and inlets within the reach of my home this is the one I normally prefer. It equals

Winspit and Dancing Ledge in beauty but is less frequented. The bathing is unsuitable for any but good swimmers, as there is no shallow water.

Leaving my bicycle at Easington Farm I walked down the mile-long green and lovely valley. The sun was hot and I dawdled, pausing to look for mushrooms, spotting out of the tail of my eye a fox lope down the hill with busy pre-occupied face, picking a few early blackberries, watching a kestrel hang in the sky, listening to the churr of grasshoppers and the other small sweet summer sounds.

On the limestone terraces that give this cove the semblance of a Greek amphitheatre a few people were basking, among them a couple whose voices had a transatlantic ring. After a cooling swim I sat down in their vicinity and they got into conversation with me.

Their name was Audley. They were Canadians on a visit to this country, and had booked for a fortnight at a hotel in Swanage.

Audley was a manufacturer of machine tools with a factory in Toronto. In the midst of our talk he suddenly pointed. I looked, and saw a familiar retriever-like head nosing round a rock. It was Sammy's.

He was either fishing or he had come in search of me. Though I myself had not encountered him anywhere but at Chapman's Pool prior to this, others had seen him at Cannon Cove, Winspit, and Kimmeridge.

Having neglected him for three weeks I felt guilty.

"Excuse me," I said to the Audleys. "It's a friend of mine," and I dived in to meet him.

He nuzzled me affectionately but with a trace of impatience and then raced off in the direction of the cavern.

In view of the lapse of time since our last meeting, I had expected a far more demonstrative welcome. It seemed clear that an impulse had come into his head simultaneously with finding me and he was all eagerness to carry it out. He couldn't waste time on greetings. There was something that he wanted to show me, and it was very important.

He led the way to the little beach, hauled out and

stretched himself flat on the pebbles in the attitude in which I had envisaged a seal lying there.

Pretending to be very surprised and pleased, I walked about examining the interior of the cave, picking up bits of flotsam of all kinds, from a dead starfish to a plastic bottle. All the time I talked to him, expressing my appreciation in glowing terms.

"It's wonderful, a marvellous place. How clever of you to have found it. I had no idea it existed."

He watched me with beaming complacency. I think he was satisfied. But the cavern struck chill. Even the beach was in shadow owing to the overhang of the cliff. I needed a swim to warm me up, so I splashed into the sea and headed back past the inlet toward the little-known caves on the farther side. He came after me with his "Where are we going now?" look.

"You've shown me your secret place. Now I'll show you mine," I said.

He shot ahead, as he always did, waiting for me to catch up before repeating the move.

There are two caverns on the eastern side of Seacombe Cove, with an interlinking passage. The first is the larger and more beautiful. The interior is of smooth granite whose rosy tint permeates the light and the translucent water. Those

Now people were beginning to say, "All seals are dangerous"

who know of it call it the pink grotto. At the tideline are coralline growths nibbled by shoals of tiny silvery fish. Rising up in the centre of this grotto is a wedge-shaped rock on which the Lorelei herself might have sat combing her sea-green hair.

It is a proper place for a mermaid—and it is also perfectly adapted for a chute. The gentler incline is rough, offering good foothold, and the steep side very slippery.

I swam to the back, climbed up, and slid down feet first with a tremendous splash. Sammy's eyes opened wide with excitement. He tried to climb up the front, but could not get a grip. I

pulled him off and manoeuvred him round to the other side. He was grunting with impatience.

He could not get there quickly enough. It was not very easy for him even at the back, because the rock was coated with algae, so I had to help him. At first I shoved from behind, but this was less satisfactory than standing on the ridge and hauling him up by his flippers.

He panted with the effort, and, just when I had got him into position, blew such a blast of fishy breath into my face that I fell over backwards.

We shot down together in a tangle of arms, legs, and

flippers and had to start all over again. It did not take him long, though, to master the technique. At the third attempt he clambered up unaided and went whizzing down the slide with an expression of pure ecstasy.

I could not get him to take the slightest interest in the second cave. He was not to be distracted for a moment from this glorious game. Good manners went to the wall. I was only able to take a turn myself if I could get up while he was coming down.

Barely had he plummeted into the water than he would twist like an eel round the base of the rock and start

climbing up again. I was nearly always caught in a highly vulnerable position at the summit and butted off head first.

He was like a greedy child in a playground. He would have stayed all day and all night and gave me a look that said, "You go if you like. I'm quite happy here."

However, when I left he returned part of the way with me. But he could not be induced to accompany me into Seacombe Cove. The strenuous game in the cave had made him hungry and he went off to fish.

This was the only time I met him away from the Pool. He was showing less and less inclination to leave it. Summer was ending. Already the children had gone back to school and the flood of visitors had dwindled to a trickle. He seemed to be aware that he must make the most of the time that remained.

THE Audleys were waiting for me. Though it was long past the hour when they should have returned to their hotel for a meal, they had thoughtfully stayed to look after my belongings.

Having glimpsed only Sammy's head and shoulders before we swam off together, they were under the impression that he was a dog. They thought I was joking when I told them my friend was a seal.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get him to come and be introduced," I said. "He's busy." The big Canadian looked

at me warily. He could not seem to decide whether I was making fun of him or not.

We walked up the valley together and parted at the farm where they had left their car. They told me they were staying another week in Swanage and invited me to join them for a drink one evening and bring my husband. Mrs. Audley said she would telephone me within the next few days to arrange it.

As good as her word she telephoned me three days later—but not to invite me to the hotel. She sounded very agitated.

"I wonder if you know how foolish it is to play about with that animal the way you do?"

"Whatever makes you say that?"

"It's dangerous."

"Who says so?"

"We know it is. We've been talking to some other people staying here and they say that all seals are dangerous because they're unpredictable."

"This one isn't. He's completely trustworthy and I've never had a moment's doubt."

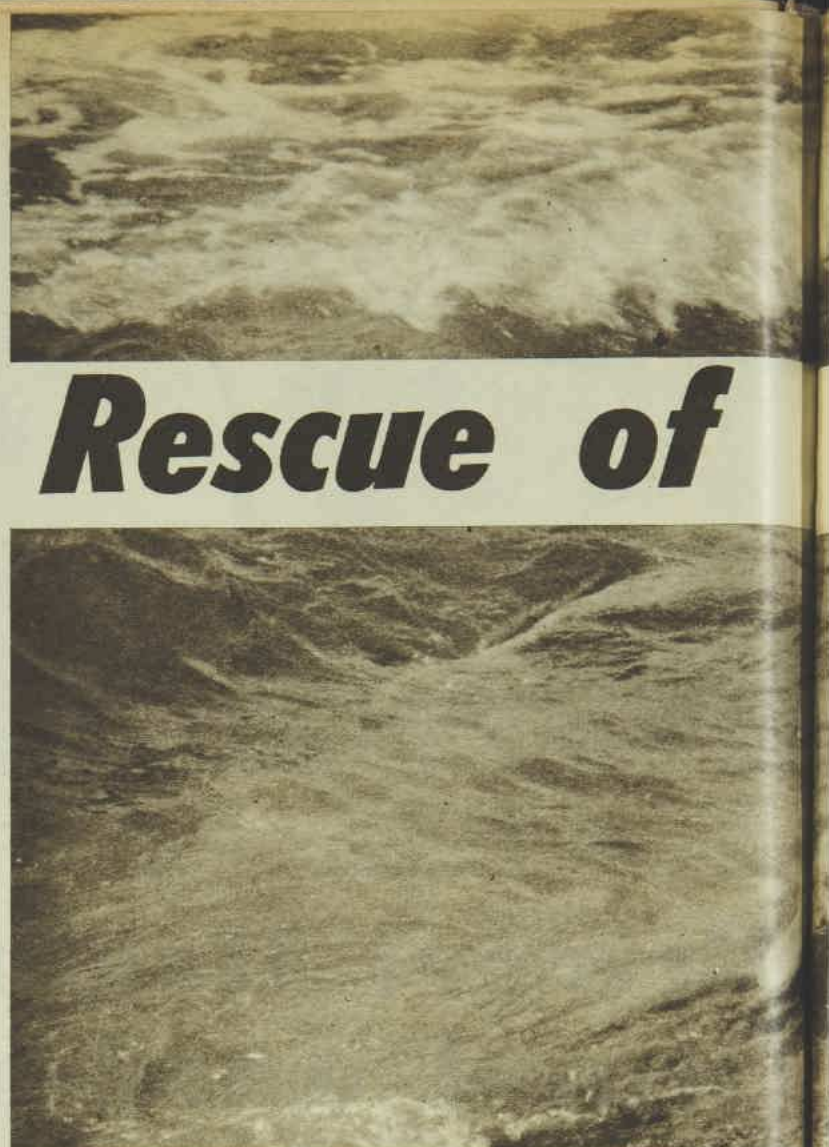
"Then you've been lucky. That's all I can say. John was attacked this morning at Kimmeridge."

"Attacked? I don't believe it."

"It was swimming in the bay and when John went in to bathe it came at him. Chased him out of the water."

"Oh. Was that all?"

I felt no alarm up to this point. I had heard all this



Rescue of

trustful Sammy

THE FRIENDLY SEAL, which became known as Sammy, lies sunbaking on a beach on the Isle of Purbeck. This was a favorite attitude — and, in the words of a young friend, he "loved having his tummy tickled."



before. Other people besides the Audleys had been under the delusion that Sammy was chasing them out of the water when in fact he was rushing to welcome them in. "He was just being friendly," I said.

"A funny way to show it then, coming at a person snarling and with bared teeth. John has a heart condition and it gave him quite a turn."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I hope it wasn't serious?"

"No, but it might have been."

"He could have been mistaken, you know. I've known Sammy for months. He's as gentle as —"

"He may be with you."

"Not only me. With dozens of people. Hundreds."

"I can't help that. John was simply walking into the sea and the thing came at him. We spoke to a man who was fishing there and he agreed that the seal is dangerous. He says it prevents people from bathing whenever it comes into the bay."

"I can't understand it."

I was getting worried. There must be some explanation, if I could only think of it. I did not know what to say.

It was impossible to mollify her. All I could do was to extract a promise that she would take no action until the matter had been "investigated." She rang off before I could explain what kind of investigation I had in mind — which was just as well, for I had no very clear idea.

If the attack she described had really taken place, and

if there were eye witnesses, I might worsen Sammy's case by going to Kimmeridge and asking questions. What had been merely an incident could be blown up into a local issue if it got into the Press.

Gil, my husband, calmed me down.

"I'm just as baffled as you are. But one thing's certain. There's no action that these people can take."

"Why not? As holiday visitors with a grievance, they can go to the police. They're very upset, especially the man. He's furious."

"I can believe it. He's been humiliated and laughed at. Few people will stand for that without turning vicious. Also, let's remember, he had a heart attack — or he says he did. Even so, there's nothing he can do about it. Supposing he'd been bitten by a shark, what could he do about that? Sue the shark?"

Though slightly comforted I felt sure we had not heard the last of this. Events were to prove me right.

NEXT day the *Bournemouth Echo* carried the story with accretions. The bather had got out of the water "just in time." Prior to this, a local man's dog had been bitten.

We knew about the dog, of course. It had got no more than it deserved. But mentioned in conjunction with the attack on a man it sounded worse. Presently I heard that a woman had come into the branch office

of the newspaper with a tale that her children had seen a seal on the rocks and having heard that it was "tame" they went to stroke it, but it had snapped and snarled at them till they ran away "terrified."

The file was growing. And so was my anxiety. The Audleys were leaving at the end of the week, but a determined man could do a lot in three or four days.

I could not imagine what had got into Sammy that he should have snapped at a child. It seemed incredible.

Then a friend advised me: "You'd better go and talk to Ed Marshall. Nothing goes on at Kimmeridge that he doesn't know about."

I found the Marshalls, father and son, varnishing the hull of their new boat. Ed's small blue eyes squinted at me from under his cap. He was rhythmically chewing a quid of tobacco and at intervals spat with deadly accuracy into an empty paint can.

"It's my belief there's two of 'em," he said when I had explained my errand.

"Good heavens, I never thought of that."

"Mind ye, I don't say it is so. I never seen a seal in the bay but twice before in the thirty-five years I bin here. Be a queer thing if there was two of 'em around at the same time."

"I'm sure you're right," I said.

"Well, I could be. 'Twould be easy to take one for the other."

"Not if you know Sammy. He has identifying marks.

Have you ever got a close look at this one, the other one?"

"Can't say I have. He's not what you might call sweet tempered. What's more, he's a big 'un."

At this point a remark was contributed by the younger Marshall.

"Mrs. Mack got near enough to take a picture of him," he said.

"When?"

A pause for rumination.

"Monday."

"That was the day the Audleys were here."

"Ah, that's right." Ed chuckled. "They spoke to me. Proper rattled they was."

The warning came: "This chap Audley plans to have it shot"

"Where does she live, this Mrs. Mack?" I was very excited.

"In the village. Anyone'll tell ye."

I hurried back to the car park and drove to Mrs. Mack's cottage. She was at home and proved both sympathetic and helpful.

"Yes, I went to the beach with my camera on Monday morning because I heard the seal was there. It was over on the far side, facing the sea. I crept toward it a few inches at a time until I was about twelve feet away. Then it growled and showed its teeth, so I took a quick snap and retreated. A few minutes later it splashed into

the sea, swam very fast across the bay toward this man who was bathing, and drove him up on to the beach."

"You were looking at the left side of the animal?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice if it had any scars on its shoulder?"

"I'm afraid I didn't. I was paying more attention to its teeth!"

"Mrs. Mack, this could be very important. Would you allow me to take this film out of the camera and get it developed? I'll replace it with a new one."

"Of course you can, if it will help to prove anything."

A friend agreed to develop the film for me. I picked it up early next morning and was inexpressibly relieved to find that the shot had come out well. The Kimmeridge seal was darker than Sammy and with fewer spots. It was a bull, considerably older than Sammy. There were scars on the head and the lower flank.

I had with me a color print of Sammy, taken by David Hawksley, in which the shoulder scars were most noticeable. Putting this into the folder with the others I hurried to the hotel.

The Audleys were out, I was informed. The proprietor, a friend of mine, invited me in for coffee.

"I was going to ring you up when I could find a minute," he said. "Knowing how attached you are to that seal I thought I'd better let you know what's going on. This chap Audley's planning to have it shot."

My heart missed a beat. I knew now why I had felt such a foreboding. It increased as I listened to the facts. According to my friend, John Audley would probably have put the whole thing out of his mind in the normal course of events. He was a businessman and shrewd enough to realise that he had no redress in the matter and had best forget it. However, he had had an encounter on the previous

was overheard to say, "There's more than bass to be had round here."

I was out of my chair and halfway to the door.

"Where is he, do you know? I've got to see him."

"Who, Audley? I can't say. They went out early saying they wouldn't be back to lunch. The fishing trip is fixed for tomorrow."

"Thanks a million for the tip-off."

"Good luck."

IVE got a letter to write," Gil said with maddening composure. "When I've written it I shall go to the post. By that time you'll have simmered down and then we can discuss this thing calmly and rationally."

Twenty minutes later he said, "Now then, we'll talk. Not about what we'd like to do, or feel we ought to do, but what we can do."

"Well, I can go and see the Audleys this evening, show them the photographs, and try to get this trip called off."

"You can't do that without revealing that someone has eavesdropped on a private phone conversation."

"I'll just produce the pictures, then. They're sufficient proof of the facts."

"Not unless you can also prove that Sammy was at the Pool on Monday morning while the Audleys were at Kimmeridge."

"Supposing he wasn't? He might have gone hunting."

"Precisely. He might have been anywhere."

"Well, at least we can find that out."

As it turned out, we couldn't. After spending the rest of that day driving from place to place we returned home, having failed to locate anyone who had seen Sammy at Chapman's Pool on Monday morning. I was sick with worry.

"What are we going to do? Can't we notify the police?"

"Of what?"

"Of suspected intention to commit an unlawful act."

"Is it unlawful to shoot a grey seal?"

"Well, only in the breeding season — in autumn, I suppose."

"Autumn begins officially on September 25th."

"So it does! What date will it be tomorrow?"

"The 22nd."

"Oh, hell! Three days short."

"Well, we can inquire. Look up the phone number of the local office of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries."

"Hullo? Am I speaking to the District Inspector? . . . Can you tell me the close season for grey seals?"

And we learnt that the close season had already started.

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INTERNATIONALLY SENSATIONAL



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY – June 30, 1965



POLY COLOR HAIR BEAUTY

By Pauline Reynolds
(Polycolor Hair Beauty
Counsellor)

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P.C.1.14:1

From page 21

THE SEAL SUMMER

"So let's tell the police," I urged Gil. "They're supposed to prevent crime, aren't they?"

"Yes, but be reasonable. How can you ask them to post a man to prevent a hypothetical assault on an animal that may not be there?"

"Well, let's round up some of the locals."

Gil sighed. "When will you ever learn that most people are not like you? They don't have your passionate spirit."

"Contentious, I suppose you mean."

"No, I don't. I mean what I say. Most people don't feel so deeply about things, and even when they do, hate taking action. Most people are onlookers, not doers. They avoid being drawn into unpleasantness, even at the cost of a few scruples."

"That's a nasty thing to say."

"But it's true. And perhaps it's just as well, or the world would be an even worse place to live in."

"But Sammy is loved by so many."

"Yes, but how many would put up a fight to save him? Please listen to me. I'm only trying to spare you from disillusion. I feel sure we can handle this perfectly well by ourselves if we go about it the right way. Now, what time do you think these characters will show up — if they come?"

Ostensibly, Audley and his friend were going fishing, and high water would be at 3 p.m. Taking no chances, we drove to the headland above the Pool after an early lunch. The weather was heavy and cloudy. Down in the cove there was a scattering of people, but no one bathing. Sammy was lying at the water's edge watching a child dig a hole in the shingle. The Pool was very calm, the scene one of late summer peace.

We now parted company, putting into operation the first part of our plan. Gil walked a little way down the ravine out of sight. I returned to the car, took out a basket, and began to look for mushrooms in the area. During the next hour three cars arrived. I scrutinised them closely as they passed me, but none was the expected vehicle.

I found no mushrooms and my legs were aching when John Audley and a short, thick-set man arrived in a Land-Rover. I walked over and greeted them.

"Hullo! This is a pleasant surprise."

Introductions were effected. The short man's name was Jones.

"I called on you yesterday, but you were out," I said to John Audley. "I wanted to show you some photographs."

From my car I took the folder with the two prints and handed it to him.

"What's all this?" he asked, frowning.

Jones was unloading rods, creels, landing nets, and haversacks.

"It turns out that there are two seals," I said. "They both move about this stretch of coast, but the one you met at Kimmeridge is of quite

a different character from Sammy. It also differs in appearance. Sammy can be easily identified. And, of course, he's perfectly safe."

Audley was comparing the pictures.

"They look pretty much alike to me. You didn't mention this on Saturday."

"I didn't know it then."

"It was the other one that killed the dog?"

"Undoubtedly."

"It's always the other one, I suppose."

I did not care for the tone of this remark, but I showed no resentment. I was surreptitiously watching the second man, who kept his back to me and blocked my view of the interior of the Land-Rover. He seemed uncertain whether to complete the unloading.

"Do you seriously mean to tell me," Audley was saying, "that the two beasts play box and cox in the bays around here?"

"Yes, apparently they do."

"And one is good and one is bad?"

"Yes."

He handed me back the folder.

"It's a nice story but it doesn't sound very likely. Anyway, to a fisherman all seals are bad. Now, if you'll excuse us, we want to catch the tide."

"Yes, of course, I mustn't hold you up on your last afternoon. I hope you have some luck. Goodbye. Remember me to your wife."

I shook hands with him and walked away. As I did so he muttered something to his companion. I half turned

The warm days ended, and Sammy went looking for his playmates. He was lonely now, and becoming moody

my head and saw Jones lift out the rifle. I walked to my car, leaned in over the steering wheel to put my basket on the seat and as if by accident pressed the horn button. This was the signal for the second half of the plan to be carried out if necessary.

Gil came into view a few moments later, puffing slightly as if he had climbed the whole way up the ravine. No sign of recognition passed between us. I stood by the car pretending to adjust the driving mirror while he walked up to the two men who were dividing their load.

There followed from Gil's side a choice example of the art of affable intimidation.

"Good afternoon."

"Afternoon."

"After the bass, are you?"

"Yes."

"Nice day for it. But you won't do much good on the beach. There's a seal in the bay. If I were you I'd go round to Egmont. Only a mile or so over the rocks. Rough walking, but no sportsman minds that. Shooting, too, I see."

"Might have a shot at something." The replies were growing terser.

"Got a licence, I expect. Excuse me mentioning it, but I'm a local councillor. Part of our extra-curricular duty, as you might say, is to check

on matters of that sort. Footpaths. Rights of way. People carrying firearms. Daft, isn't it? You'd think we'd have enough to do minding our own business."

"Yes, I would."

"Well, the police are spread a bit thin in these parts, you know. They're glad of a helping hand. But I don't know what sort of a target you'll find here for a rifle — unless you feel like taking a pot at the seal. Shouldn't blame you, of course. Keen sportsman and all that. Perfectly understandable."

"We're not likely to take a pot shot at anything," Jones said icily.

"Serious intentions, eh?"

You wouldn't be the first. Still, there's nothing to stop you having a bang if you've got a licence. But I'd better warn you that if you succeed you won't be very popular. This animal is a star attraction and brings hundreds of visitors to the cove. The toll fees they pay provide a handsome revenue to the local estate. All private property round here, you see. The steward's around somewhere, I believe. Better keep a sharp lookout for him. Smuggle the gun down under your coat. He can't stop you popping off at a seal, of course. The estate doesn't own the sea. But it does own the land. And if there are poachers about it's a bit unwise to be seen carrying a gun. If you're careful you ought to be all right. I'll stick around, if you don't mind, because if you bring this off I'll get a nice paragraph out of it. I'm a

journalist. Local correspondent of the *Sunday Telegraph*, as a matter of fact. Good headline. 'Grey seal shot in Dorset cove in close season.'

"Close season?" Jones's head jerked up.

"Oh, yes, didn't you know? The Act of 1932, and all that. Which reminds me. I'm afraid I should feel in honor bound to report you because, as I say, the local police do expect us to assist them. You've no objection to giving me your name, have you?"

"Yes, I have. I'd like to know what right —"

"Never mind. I've got the car number. Oh, yes, I was telling you about the Grey Seals Protection Act."

Audley's face was crimson with anger.

"Where I come from we don't bother about things like that. If we see a dangerous animal making a nuisance of itself we shoot it."

"Ah, well, over here we have to be more particular. Still, if you don't mind the risks, let's go down and have a bash, shall we? I won't get in your way. Well, I'd better not, had I? Ha, ha! Oh, have you changed your mind? I do hope I didn't put you off."

After they had gone away



CHILDREN play with Sammy during "that idyllic summer."

we sat in the car and talked, not jubilantly but despondently. Our small victory had been gained by indirect threats instead of an appeal to reason and pity. It had been done with subtlety and with a skilful avoidance of friction. But what did it amount to?

We had cheated two hunters of their prey. We had saved one sea creature from a rifle bullet, only to condemn him perhaps to a worse fate. We knew of the random and often illicit killings that go on continually on all parts of the coastline where seals are found, the clubbing of helpless pups, the inept gunshots that wound and blind.

We knew that many seals get caught in fishing nets and die of strangulation and drowning. We had heard that plans were afoot to exploit "seal products" on

relate human population to natural resources? What hope is there for the survival of the wild life of the continents and the seas? How long will it be before man, as sole survivor, having poisoned or slaughtered and eaten his way through the rest of the animal creation, reigns triumphant over a world in which there is little enough room even for himself?

No answers presented themselves to these sombre queries.

The grey, depressing weather did nothing to raise our spirits and after a while we drove home. Our state of mind was not helped by the reflection that we were going home to a supper of cold meat.

IN the autumn of 1961 the gales came early. Most of October was showery and cool, and before the month was out our lawns were white with frost.

I managed to get down to the Pool only once. The weather was not the only factor keeping me away. I was exceptionally busy, writing one play and producing another.

I saw little of my friends and had said goodbye to the last of the seasonal visitors. The cove was deserted save for the fishermen and occasional walkers like Ivor Lawrence and Joan Begbie.

Joan reported that the seal welcomed her — and even her dog — with extravagant delight and that she found it increasingly hard to leave him.

Alan Lander found him one day a hundred yards from the sea and forty feet above the level of the Pool. Plainly he had gone to look for the playmates who had vanished so unaccountably.

Other reports reached me from time to time, all indicating that he was lonely and unhappy. There was a hint also of a slight change of mentality which I found rather disturbing. In spite of his longing for company he had become less approachable to strangers.

I took the first opportunity to go to Worth and have a chat with Percy Wallace at the coastguard station.

"I'm glad you looked in," he said. "Is it about Sammy?"

"Yes."

Is it possible that he will come to his senses in time to

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LACTOGEN

A FIELD OF GREEN CORN

They shared a dream—a romantic story
by Valerie Watkinson

HER name was Constance Malloy. She was a model. This meant she was fair of face, possessed vital statistics which were more than adequate, was endowed with the constitution of an ox, and did not panic when photographers snarled and fashion editors had hysterics.

The life of a model is ruled by the seasons in reverse. In winter Connie Malloy lounged on windswept sands modelling beachwear for the coming summer. In summer she haughtily shrugged her way into fur coats and ski wear.

While the hot arc lights burned down, she maintained the snow-maiden image envisaged by the designers of the winter collection.

In the trade her reputation was good. She was healthy, punctual, and possessed an uncanny ability to adapt herself to the mood of a garment. Untempered herself she could interpret the needs of the temperamental, the artists, advertisers, and photographers who relied on her to launch their genius on a fashion-conscious world.

When one of the bright boys in the back rooms of advertising dreamed up the "Military Colors" craze, the natural choice of model was Connie Malloy. Connie was the girl who looked earthy in denim and luxurious in mink.

Connie was the girl who had never sailed a boat in her life, but who skimmed across the pages of the glossy magazines, clad in a striped cotton knit which cost the earth, her hand on a tiller as to the manner born.

"Give us Connie Malloy," begged the bright boys in the back room. "She is a nice, sensible girl. She can adapt to anything, even the Army."

Negotiations were carried out at high level. One of the results of these negotiations was that Connie was available. She was always available for a well-paid assignment, and this one was very well paid.

Connie was a country girl. She had seen her parents try and fail to farm successfully their portion of land. She had seen peas wither on the vine because there was a glut at market. She had heard cows bellowing in drought and seen calves sucked under flood waters.

All this had endowed her with hardheadedness which had saved her from the many pitfalls of success. In her youth (aged seventeen) she had come to the big city, because she was convinced she hated the land.

She had a blonde, corn-fed beauty which had set the photographers back on their heels. Before they had recovered from their bemusement Connie had shown the acumen to shed twenty-eight pounds in weight and take on the corresponding amount in sophistication and was firmly established.

She banked a regular amount each week. When her star began to wane she was going to invest in a dress shop and be regal in dull black and pearls. On a number of occasions she had been a little bit in love, but the objects of her interest were either married, spoken for, or perennial bachelors, and Connie Malloy was not interested in short-term liaisons.

Sometimes she was lonely. Sometimes she hankered so badly for the sight and smell of a field of green corn that she retreated from herself in disgust. When those periods of idiocy befell her she lined up the choicest examples of herself in photograph, studying them with satisfaction, but without conceit.

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Connie sat talking to the sergeant as she sipped the hot coffee he had brought her.

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BY TOURRIER



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LIGHTS OUT

A short short story

By
DONALD STEWART



"Darkness isn't a thing to be afraid of," the father told his young son.

ALL in the natural order of things, she kissed him good-night and left open his door just the way he liked it left open; her hand whispered down the banister as she descended the stairs, and he turned over on his right side to fall asleep; but when he heard an argument start between them, which was unnatural, in the living-room he got out of bed and went to the head of the stairs, where he could hear what they were saying. "When he goes away to camp next month he'll have to sleep in the dark, won't he? They put them in those little cabins," his mother said sharply.

"Yes, but there will be other boys in those cabins," his father protested, "and you're forgetting the important thing, which is how he handles himself that first night away from home. If he raises the dickens when they put the lights out he could become the laughing-stock of the whole place. It could ruin his summer."

The boy looked up to his father and depended on him to know what was right and wrong. His father was like Zeus in the Book of Myths.

"Do we really have to send him to that camp? Aren't there any nice camps?" his mother asked, Hera-like. It she changed the subject the door could stay open. The boy held his breath.

"Fairlake is a nice camp," his father replied without interest.

After a moment's silence his mother asked in a cajoling voice, "Well, is it really so awful to let him keep his door open?"

"I don't see what awful has to do with it."

"Well, is it so dire?"

"Nothing is dire. It's just time he grew up. He's eleven years old."

There was another silence and then the boy heard his father's footsteps where the carpet ended. He hurried back to bed. His father spoke again to his mother at the living-room door, gentle, questioning words, the sense of which the boy could not get, then up he came, without an answer as far as the boy could tell, and, eclipsed in the hall light behind him, sat on the end of the boy's bed.

The boy jacked himself up on his elbows. "I don't think you ought to leave your door open at night any more, son. When you go to camp next month there won't be any doors left open or lights left on in the hall," he father said.

"There won't?" the boy asked.

"You see, I don't understand how you know how you'll feel with the door shut."

"Well, I guess I'd like it open again," the boy replied.

"Do you know why?"

"Because of the dark, I guess."

"But look here, you have to be afraid of something and darkness isn't anything to be afraid of; darkness is the absence of light. It's nothing."

"It is?"

"Sure. You're afraid of nothing at all."

"Can I have it open later?"

"But you'll be asleep later."

"Oh, I'll go to sleep anyhow," the boy said.

"Fine," his father said.

The boy's morale sagged to its lowest point. "I guess

it isn't the dark I'm afraid of really, it's not having the door open so I can see the light in the hall," he said.

His father thought about that a moment and then said, "OK then, let's talk about light," and went on — the boy not really listening — about ancient man living in fear of the dark because of the animals outside his cave and magic spirits and how he worshipped the sun because it meant warmth and light.

The boy was thinking of what to say next to forestall the inevitable. His father then asked, "But you, do you believe in magic spirits?"

The boy told his father what he wanted to know.

"And do you have any animals like the sabre-toothed tiger roaming about outside waiting to jump on you?" his father asked.

Again the boy said what was expected of him and laughed and thought that perhaps his laugh would change his father's mind.

His father got up and turned on the lights and the room looked as dead as the world looked on his way to the dentist. "I don't see anything here to be afraid of," his father said.

The boy did not reply.

"Good night, son," his father said, switching off the light.

"Good night," the boy said and watched the door close him in. Instantly the bed became the centre of attention of all the horrible things in the darkness. The boy sat up and stared at the leak of home-free shine under the door, which was then taken away. His breath stuck in his throat.

He felt quite helpless, as if he were floating. As much as he wanted to get out of bed and open the door, if only to breathe properly again, he couldn't as long as his father was still out there. He listened to the footsteps going away. Perhaps they would turn back, he thought.

He closed his eyes and tried to think about the room in the daytime, in the midst of which hopped the fact that his father was sneaking downstairs. The boy's eyes opened. His father was tiptoeing, as if to avoid making any telltale noise on the stairs.

Had he done something wrong? the boy wondered, listening, disturbed. It was as if Zeus had tried to disappear and could only make it halfway.

Gracefully on one skate the dazzling answer came. His father didn't want anyone to hear him because he felt sorry about what he had just done. The boy then felt sorry about his father feeling sorry, who felt sorry about his mother, who in turn felt sorry about what his father had done, otherwise his father would not be trying to sneak downstairs.

The boy then felt sorry about his mother and about himself, who was the cause of it all, and feeling thus like everybody, beginning to feel the everlasting drama of compassion and understanding, he lay back on his pillow, feeling sad and glad at the same time and, quite without realising that he had forgotten the darkness around him, fell asleep.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 30, 1965

Exciting vistas of strange lands completely bewitched her . . . a charming short story

By G. M. GLASKIN

THE GIRL WITH THE WORLD IN HER POCKET



I SAW her almost as soon as I was on board. She was standing, obviously lost and bewildered, just a little away from the crowd of passengers and their visitors surging around in the reception hall, to where I myself had been directed by one of the stewards.

She had a crop of fair curly hair like a bunch of dry thistles just before the wind will strip away the seeds, each with their blond piece of fluff like a ballerina's tutu, and carry them off on the tumultuous air.

For her hair was indeed tousled and damp from the wind and rain outside on the docks of Southampton. Her cheeks were whipped to an unbelievable color, yet not quite so unbelievable as the clear and deep hazel of her eyes. She had a small turned-up nose that in itself was the sheerest impertinence.

She wore little make-up, if any, yet her mouth was pink as a rose. She looked about seventeen or eighteen, I decided. She was probably travelling with her parents, and in all the confusion of embarking had possibly lost them.

One large new suitcase was resting beside her; she was still clutching a handbag and what might be called a valise. I was about to ask her if I could help at all when, almost to my disappointment, she turned to one of the stewards and said:

"Excuse me, sir" — did she think him an officer merely because of his uniform? — "but could you be telling me where I might find the purser's office?"

Ah, the sweet lilt and burr of a voice fresh from Scotland!

The steward smiled and gestured obligingly: "It's right there behind you, miss."

At which a hand flew in dismay to her mouth, and —

"Oh, forgive me," she said and stifled a giggle. "I'll be needing glasses next to help me to read!"

"Can I help you at all, miss?" the young steward replied. And who wouldn't want to?

"The ship is so big, it's really e-nor-mous, I'll never be finding m' cabin!" Cubbin, she pronounced it, both b's coming like little explosions of pleasure from her lips.

The steward again smiled. "What number is it?" he enquired.

Immediately, involuntarily, I found myself shamelessly eavesdropping. How charming she'd be to invite to cocktails one evening to brighten the long voyage to Australia. But any immediate hopes in that line were soon dashed.

"Och, I'm so stupid!" she replied. "I can't even remember that much!" And the exquisite shape of her mouth was again round with dismay.

"Have you got your ticket, miss?" the steward wanted to know.

"Och, aye, I do at least have that much!" And she rummaged in her handbag, then again became confused and was soon verging on panic.

"Ohmegosh! I couldn't have left it at the hotel!"

The steward pointed to the pocket of her costume. "I think that's it there," he said.

She stared down, the panic now accompanied with mild incredulity. Then she laughed with relief.

"Of course," she said, her laugh still quivering with both fright and embarrassment. "And who shouldn't know it better than m'self? — when it was no one but m'self who was putting it there!"

And then, as she handed it to him, she said what was one of the most colorful expressions I have heard in a lifetime: "I've got the whole world in my pocket and I was nearly forgetting it!"

The steward glanced at the ticket, handed it back, and picked up her case.

"Is this all you have, miss?" he asked, arching one eyebrow.

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Pethie was most relieved to find her ticket for the voyage in her pocket.

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Paul had a vivid picture in his mind of Stogumber Pank's shop.

A WRIT FOR LIBEL

THE atmosphere in the senior partner's room of Raynham and Ryburgh, respectable solicitors of Lincoln's Inn Fields, on a morning of early June in the year 1959 was more than strained; it was painful. The usually placid brow of Mr. Raynham, the senior partner, was clouded: he hated unpleasantness.

Beyond his wide, all but unencumbered knee-hole desk there sat, in two straight-backed leather-covered arm-chairs, the stout, despondent figure of his esteemed client Mr. Bagthorpe, head of the publishing firm of Bagthorpe & Harpley, and the slim, indignant one of Mr. Paul Ronton, that firm's latest, twenty-four-year-old author. A little to one side, on an armless chair suited to his station in life, sat Mr. Croft, Mr. Raynham's managing clerk.

Had the eminent publisher and his youthful author been able to afford a moment's relaxation in which to raise their eyes to the high Queen Anne window and to the treetops beyond, the joyful air of the still adolescent foliage reflecting the June sunlight might have reminded them of their own festive mood but a few days since.

For Paul Ronton's first novel, *Under the Counter*, had been received by the critics with unanimous approval, and while commendatory cuttings came flowing into, a most satisfactory number of copies had been flowing out of, his publisher's office. But they were not able to afford it. They had been listening to Mr. Croft, and Mr. Croft's tale had been, for both of them, a knock-down blow.

Three days earlier, publisher and author (as well as a firm of printers in Edinburgh) had been served by a highly reputable firm of solicitors acting for a Mr. Stogumber Pank, of Brecon Walk, Chelsea, with writs for libel. Their first reaction was one of amusement. This must be an elaborate joke by one of Paul's friends, provoked by the outlandish name chosen by Paul, who had been a Dickensian since boyhood, for one of his minor but most villainous characters.

But a telephone conversation between Mr. Bagthorpe and the reputable solicitors acting for the imaginary Mr. Pank had been alarming.

The lawyers informed the publishers, stiffly enough, that they had taken steps to satisfy themselves that, improbable as was his name, their client did indeed keep a shop in Brecon Walk, and that the description of him, his beard, his spectacles and his shop, detailed and particular as the young disciple of Dickens had made it, corresponded in all respects with the facts.

They referred Mr. Bagthorpe to his author, as briefly and sternly as a bank refers a worthless cheque to its drawer.

The interview between publisher and author had been stormy. Mr. Bagthorpe reproached the young man bitterly for having taken this queer name from a shop-front (as is reputed to have been Dickens's habit).

"I tell you I invented it. I took Stogumber from Shaw, and Pank for the heck of it."

"But you made your Stogumber Pank keep a shop 'in one of those small streets leading out of the King's Road'—just where he does live."

"I've never been down any of them. I hardly know Chelsea. It's a pure coincidence."

"An expensive one for you, Ronton. I must remind you of Clause 3 of our agreement."

"But I haven't libelled anybody! I shall fight this to the last."

"Who'll believe you?"

"Mr. Bagthorpe, are you calling me a liar?"

Mr. Bagthorpe, who had hitherto been much impressed with his youthful author's candid and ingenious ways, looked straight into Paul's eyes and faltered. Paul must, he felt sure, be a liar; but he would prefer to have it said, in such round terms, by someone else.

"We had better see Raynham," he said, temporarily quelled.

Within a couple of hours they did see Raynham. That experienced solicitor, who avoided Paul's eyes as far as possible and addressed himself throughout to Mr. Bagthorpe, called it an "unfortunate affair," but said that since so far they had only a report of a report to go upon, he would prefer, before advising them, to make his own investigations.

He invited them to return the next morning, and sent "our Mr. Croft" to Chelsea to see for himself.

The gist of what "our Mr. Croft" had finished describing at the moment this story opens can be told shortly enough. At the end of Brecon Walk farthest from the King's Road he had found a small shop, with a single window on the right side of the door. It appeared to stock newspapers and magazines, boiled sweets, cheap stationery, birthday cards, infantile picture-books and the like.

Over the window was painted: STOGUMBER PANK. At the side of the door hung a birdcage containing a greenish canary. Mr. Croft had entered the shop and bought sevenpennyworth of sweets. He had been served by a thin, youngish, spectacled man with a sparse, bristly beard and an unexpectedly cultivated accent.

There was a closed door at the rear of the little shop. When Mr. Croft had finished his tale, Mr. Raynham opened the copy of *Under the Counter*, which lay before him at a page already marked by a paper clip. And as far as his two clients, who knew the wretched passage by heart, were concerned, but perhaps to give himself a further short reprieve from the distasteful but unavoidable moment of decision, he read aloud in a flat, disinterested tone, a few salient phrases from Paul's description of the humble shop in Chelsea in which his Stogumber Pank carried on his nefarious practices.

For Paul's Stogumber was a receiver of stolen goods, a blackmailer, a pimp, a harbinger of crooks, and only too cowardly to be a murderer as well. And although Mr. Raynham skipped—with a murmur of er-er-er—the loving, almost Balzacian care with which Paul had catalogued the trashy articles dealt in by Pank, and the pretty passage describing the soft pizzicato sounds made by the canary as he hopped from perch to perch, there had been nothing in Mr. Croft's narrative of which the exact counterpart was not to be found in Paul's.

Mr. Raynham stopped reading and looked at Mr. Bagthorpe.

"You will have to settle," he said, "and I'm afraid it won't be cheap. But he may take less than a jury would give him."

"Of course we must settle," said Bagthorpe, without glancing at Paul. "What amount would you propose?"

"Pank seems to be in humble circumstances," said Mr. Raynham. "Five thousand pounds might seem a lot of money to him."

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A dramatic short story by L. E. JONES

ROUND-THE-CLOCK STYLES

To knit and
crochet

● From early in the morning to late at night you'll be "with it" in a midwinter wardrobe that includes both knitted and crocheted designs, ranging from attractive sweaters to an adorable bedtime jacket.

MORNING SWEATER

Materials: 18 (20) balls Villawool Calypso; 1 pr. No. 1 and 2 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (36) in. bust; Length, 23in. (both sizes); Sleeves, 7in. (both sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: B.P., Berry Pattern; Z.P., Zig Zag Panel. BERRY STITCH PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): K 1, purl to last stitch, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, k 1 into next stitch, p 3 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1 into next stitch, p 1.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to last stitch, k 1.

4th Row: P 1, * p 3 tog., k 1, p 1, k 1 into next stitch, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3 tog., p 1.

Rep. these 4 rows for pattern inclusive.

ZIG ZAG PANEL

(11 stitches)

1st Row: Yarn back, slip 1 purlwise, k 4; p 1, k 3, p 1, yarn back, slip 1 purlwise.

2nd Row: P 2, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 4.

3rd Row: Yarn back, slip 1 purlwise, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2, slip 1 purlwise.

4th Row: P 4, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 2.

5th Row: Yarn back, slip 1 purlwise, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 4, slip 1 purlwise.

6th Row: P 4, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 2.

7th Row: Yarn back, slip 1 purlwise, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2, slip 1 purlwise.

8th Row: P 2, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 4. Rep. these 8 rows for pattern inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 2 needles cast on 63 (71) sts. and work Berry Stitch Pattern inclusive twice.

Change to No. 1 needles and proceed as follows:—
1st Row: P 1, B.P. 13 sts. (Z.P. 11 sts., B.P. 13 sts.), twice, p 1.

2nd Row: K 1, B.P. 13 sts. (Z.P. 11 sts., B.P. 13 sts.), twice, k 1.

Cont. as established working Berry Stitch Pattern and Zig Zag Panel until work measures 14in. (or length required) ending on 4th row of B.P.

To Shape Armholes: Next

Row: Cast off 2 (4) sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 (4) sts., k 1, patt. to last 2 sts., k 2.

Dec. 1 stitch each end of next and alt. rows until 53 (55) sts. rem. Keeping continuity of patt. with a plain stitch each end, cont. until armholes measure 6in.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: Patt. 16 (17) sts., cast off centre 21 sts., patt. 16 (17) sts.

Cont. on last 16 (17) sts. and work to neck edge.

On next and every 2nd row cast off 2 sts. 3 times, at the same time when armholes measure 7in. ending at armhole edge shape shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row 3 sts. twice, 4 (5) sts. once. Ret. to rem. stitches, join yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 4in.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: Patt. 19 (20) sts., cast off centre 15 sts., patt. 19 (20) sts. Cont. on last 19 (20) sts. and dec. 1 stitch on neck edge on next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until 10 (11) sts. rem. Cont. in patt. with a plain stitch each end until armhole measures same as back ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and every 2nd row, 3 sts. twice, 4 (5) sts. once. Ret. to rem. stitches, join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 2 needles cast on 44 sts. (both sizes).

1st Row: K 2, B.P. 40 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: P 2, B.P. 40 sts., p 2.

Cont. as established and work Berry Stitch Pattern inclusive twice. Change to No. 1 needles. Inc. 1 stitch each end of next and every 4th row until 54 (56) sts. taking all inc. stitches into Z.P. when possible.

Cont. until sleeves measure 7in. (or length required). Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 4 times, 2 sts. 12 times, 18 (20) sts. once.

YOKE

Using No. 1 needles cast

MORNING SWEATER (above) is worked in two pattern stitches — blackberry and zig-zag. Elbow-high sleeves won't get in the way when you are busy round the house or whaling into the weeds.

on 118 sts. and work in Berry Stitch Pattern for 4 rows. Change to No. 2 needles and cont. in B.P. pattern for a further 7 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * p 3 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last stitch, k 1.

Next Row: Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small back stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams. Neatly join yoke ends tog. Attach yoke to neck edge. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Set sleeves in smoothly. Press seams.



Crocheted lace for after 5

Materials: 20 (22, 24) balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; a No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22 (22½, 23) in.; sleeve seam, 13in. (all sizes).

Tension: 1 patt. measures 1in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; dc., double crochet; tr., treble; dec., decrease; inc., increase; patt., pattern; alt., alternate; beg., beginning.

BACK

Make 76 (80, 84) ch., 2 ch. to turn.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. into same ch., * 2 ch., miss 3 ch., 3 tr. into next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch. to turn. 19 (20, 21) patts.

2nd Row: * 1 dc. in centre of 3 tr., 5 tr. into space, rep. from * ending 1 dc. in centre of 3 tr., 1 tr. in turning ch., 2 ch. to turn.

3rd Row: * 3 tr. in centre of 5 tr., 2 ch., rep. from * ending 1 tr. in turning ch., 2 ch. to turn.

4th Row: * 5 tr. into space, 1 dc. in centre of 3 tr., rep. from * ending with 5 tr. in space, 1 tr. in turning ch., 2 ch., to turn.

Cont. working 3rd, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows in that order until back measures 13in.

To Shape Armholes: Slip-st. over 1 patt., work to last patt., turn.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then each end of every alt. row until 15 (16, 17) patts. remain.

Work straight until armholes measure 7½ (8, 8½) ins.

To Shape Shoulders: Slip-st. over 2 (2, 2) patts., work to last 2 (2, 2) patts., turn.

Rep. this row once.

3rd Row: Slip-st. over 1 (1, 2) patts., work to last 1 (1, 2) patts. Fasten off. (5 patts. left for neck.)

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5 (5½, 6) in.

To Shape Neck: Work across 6 (6½, 7) patts., turn. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every row until 5 (5, 6) patts. remain.

When armhole measures same as back armhole ending at armhole edge shape shoulder.

1st Row: Slip-st. over 2 (2, 2) patts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 (2, 2) patts., turn.

3rd Row: Slip-st. to end of row. Fasten off.

Leave 3 patts., unworked in centre, join in yarn and finish to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Make 40 (44, 48) ch., 2 ch. to turn and work in patt. as for back, 10 (11, 12) patts.

Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row until there are 14 (15, 16) patts. Work straight until sleeve measures 12in.

To Shape Top: Slip-st. over 1 patt., work to last patt., turn.

Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 8 (7, 8) patts. remain, ending with 2nd or 4th row of patt. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Work the following round lower edge of bodice, sleeve, and neck. Work 1in. of dc., then work picots on next row as follows: * 4 dc., 2 ch., 1 dc. in 1st ch. from hook (picot) rep. from * all round. Finally press all seams.

More designs page 31

AFTER-5 elegance in a little sweater for early-evening occasions, crocheted in black wool lace. This one you can wear to the office and straight on to after-5 parties.



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DRESS AND SWEATER

WITH this one basic pattern you can make a sleeveless dress for evening parties with friends or a long-sleeved sweater to wear during the day.

If you'd prefer the dress with sleeves, the sweater sleeves can be made up for the dress, too. In this case, you won't need the armhole facings.

Materials: Dress — 25 (26, 27, 28) balls, long-sleeved sweater — 20 (21, 22, 23) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports wool; 1 pair each Nos. 7, 8, and 9 knitting needles; 1 stitch holder.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. Length from shoulder: Dress — 40½ (41, 41½, 42) in.; sweater — 22½ (23, 23½, 24) in.; sleeve seam, 17 in. all sizes.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles for dress, No. 8 needles for sweater, cast on 88 (94, 98, 104) sts. Beg. with a knit row, work 9 rows in st-st.

Next Row: Knit into back of sts. to mark hemline.

Change to No. 7 needles for sweater. Cont. on No. 7s for dress.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 33½ in. for dress, 15½ in. for sweater from hemline, or length required.

To Shape Armhole: Right side facing, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 (3, 3, 4) alt. rows. 70 (74, 78, 82) sts.

Cont. in st-st. without shaping until armhole measures 7 (7½, 8, 8½) in. on straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Right side facing, cast off 3 (5, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 4 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 48 sts.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole measures 5 (5½, 6, 6½) in. on straight.

To Shape Neck: Right side facing, k 25 (27, 29, 31) sts., cast off 20 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: P 25 (27, 29, 31) sts. Leave rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st., casting off 2

sts. at neck edge on next and every foll. alt. row until 11 (13, 15, 17) sts. rem.

Cont. in st-st., until armhole measures 7 (7½, 8, 8½) in. on straight, ending on k row.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 3 (5, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next row.

Cast off 4 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Work other side of neck to correspond, reversing shapings.

COLLAR

Seam left shoulder. Using No. 9 needles, with right side facing, pick up and knit 48 sts. across back of neck, 26 sts. down left side front, 20 sts. across centre front, 26 sts. up right side of neck. (120 sts.)

Next Row: * K 1, p 1, k into front and p into back of next st., rep. from * to end. (160 sts.)



Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ in.

Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib for a further 5½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMHOLE FACING (dress)

Seam right shoulder and collar. With right side facing and No. 7 needles, pick up and knit 84 (90, 94, 100) sts. evenly round armhole.

Work 7 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every alt. row. Cast off loosely. Work left armhole facing the same.

SLEEVES (sweater)

With No. 8 needles, cast on 44 (46, 48, 50) sts. and work 9 rows in st-st., starting with a knit row.

Next Row: Knit into back of all sts. to mark hemline. Change to No. 7 needles.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.



NIGHT AND DAY designs in a slender sleeveless dress to wear belted or hanging straight, and a comfortable loose-line sweater — both with wide face-framing collars.

Work 6 rows st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 6th row to 72 (76, 80, 84) sts. Cont. in st-st., without shaping, until sleeve measures 17 in. from hemline or length required.

To Shape Sleeve Top: Right side facing, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 6 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth.

Dress: Seam sides. Slip-stitch hem and armhole facings into place.

Sweater: Seam right shoulder, sides, and sleeves. Set sleeves into armholes. Seam collar with flat seam. Slip-stitch hems into place. Press all seams.

Another design, page 33

Mohair bag for daytime wear

Materials: 8 balls Villawool Mohair; 1 pr. No. 7 needles; 1 mount as illustrated; silk for lining.

Size: 10 in. deep by 15 in. wide.

Tension: 4 sts. to lin.

Note: Yarn to be used double throughout.

PATTERN

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) rep. to end.

2nd Row: As 1st row.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 3, p 1, rep. from * to last stitch, k 1.

MOHAIR BAG is wide and roomy. Finished, it measures 10 in. deep by 15 in. wide and is easy and very quick to knit. Make it in any of the new season's jewel shades to blend or contrast with winter outfits.

4th Row: P 1, * k 1, p 3, rep. from * to last stitch, k 1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

7th Row: K 2, * p 1, k 3 rep. from * to end.

8th Row: (P 3, k 1) rep. to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

Using No. 7 needles cast on 62 sts. and work in patt. until 2 in. Cast on 8 sts. at end of next 2 rows. Cont. on these 78 sts. until work measures 10 in.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) rep. to end. Cast off.

Make another piece exactly the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Sew up side and lower edge seams. Press seams. Sew cast on sts. to sides of lower edge. Press seams. Attach to mount. Sew in lining.

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COMPACT MAKE-UP



5 1/2

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FREE RECIPE: If you would like the new Tulip Chelsea Layer Cake recipe, interstate and country readers write to the Daffodil and Tulip Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King St., Sydney. If you live in the Sydney area call personally at the Centre.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

PERFECT HOLIDAYS

Number FOUR



SPRING IN LONDON—Daffodils in flower near historic St. Paul's Cathedral, landmark designed by Sir Christopher Wren.



LION PEAK, seen from a cable car ascending Table Mountain, Cape Town.



SPRING BULBS in the Keukenhof, the 65-acre bulb garden, near Amsterdam.



EMERALD BAY, part of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, U.S.A.



CHENONCEAUX CASTLE, in the lovely Loire Valley, central France, photographed in early-morning sunlight.



PINECLAD CLIFFTOPS overlooking Anson Bay, Norfolk Island, which was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774.

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HOW TO USE

By G. T. CALDWELL

● Colored slides or movies are a tourist's best souvenirs. It is a great disappointment to return with faulty slides or movies — they might be too dark (under-exposure) or too light (over-exposure) or some film may have failed to go through the camera.

HOW can you avoid these mishaps? In the first place, have some knowledge of and experience with your camera before going overseas.

Buy your camera as soon as you can and put as many rolls through it as you can afford.

If there are mechanical faults, these will be discovered.

Learn to operate your camera properly. Most people take a few months

to get used to a camera and one of the most important things to learn is the correct loading of the film. It is then, perhaps risky to buy cameras at overseas ports — although you might save some money initially. And take the instruction book on your trip.

It's a good idea, too, to get used to a reasonably fast, readily available film. Films with speeds above ASA 50 are desirable, because they allow you to take shots in narrow streets, inside buildings, and in the late afternoon.

What sort of camera should you take? Most people prefer 35mm. cameras. Automatic 35mm. cameras are popular, but while these are good for most situations you may not be able to take shots from moving buses or in poorly lit conditions.

If you want to save money on film and not be bothered with a heavy camera, buy a half-frame camera—35mm. film is used and each shot is half the size of the ordinary 35mm. slide.

If you want big slides with spectacular effects, buy a 2½in.-square camera. Nearly all modern movie cameras are 8mm. with zoom lenses.

In Europe, when you have exposed each roll of film, it's wise to send it to a processor and have it returned to an address in England. A number of times I've heard of people losing exposed film. Also, if you keep film throughout your European journey it could be spoiled by excessive heat or dampness.

Film is cheap in the free ports—Hong Kong and Aden—and you should stock up there. But film, although dearer than in these ports, is quite cheap in England. Only in Sweden, Switzerland, and Gibraltar do prices compare with England's.

Photographs you take from moving buses, trains, or cars are rarely good. If you do want to take shots under such conditions, use a fast shutter speed (1/250 or 1/500) and photograph distant, rather than close, subjects.

Movie photographers fare even worse because the motion of the vehicle makes it hard for the photographer to hold his camera steady.

If you have a non-reflex camera, don't forget to take off the protective lens cap before each shot. Better still, buy an ultra-violet filter, and leave the lens cap at home. The filter, which you

should keep permanently on the lens, will not only protect it but save you from taking blank shots.

I believe it's a mistake to photograph only buildings and scenes.

If you can, photograph people. A telephoto lens is useful here. However, don't embarrass people by openly photographing them. At an English football match, I saw an interesting spectator about 15ft. away.

I focused my lens on 15ft. and then swung the camera in his direction,

paused briefly for the tripping of the shutter, and continued sweeping the camera around. You can try the same technique with success.

If you want interesting photographs, take close-ups. This is the best advice on composition I can give.

People, shop windows, English pub signs, Continental traffic signs, and statues are ideal for close photography.

Avoid trying to cram too much subject

material into each photograph. If you want to photograph an old village pump, move in close to the pump—the idea is spoiled if you include old houses, a village sign, children playing.

One invaluable hint. When you arrive at a city or town, go to a souvenir shop and look at the postcards and slides and you will see the town's interesting sights.

Also, you will see a good vantage point from which to take these sights.

By day and night

Generally, a movie camera should remain still — as still as possible. Scenes can be "panned"—the camera can be moved slowly horizontally or vertically to record a panorama or building. But one of the greatest faults of amateur movie films is that they are jerky. Panning should be done slowly and carefully.

When you photograph a scene or situation on movie, make sure that you expose for a minimum of 10 seconds, so that the audience will have time to recognise what you are taking.

It is interesting to photograph the same scene by day and by night — especially fountains, city squares, bridges, streets, etc. If you have an adjustable 35mm. camera with a film of ASA 64, brightly lit streets or buildings can be taken at f2 at 1-15th, ½, or ¼. With such slow shutter speeds, use a wall, or some firm support.

Unless you plan to sell your work, carry as little gear as possible.

Generally, a 35mm. camera, a light-meter, a telephoto lens and a wide-angle lens will meet most situations.

Finally, train yourself to think about each photograph before you take it. Ask yourself: Is it worth taking? . . . Are you taking the subject from the best angle? . . . Horizontal or vertical shot? . . . Is there too much or too little subject matter in the scene?

OUR COVER

● Chenonceaux Castle was photographed by Mr. G. T. Caldwell, whose article on taking travel pictures is on this page, with more illustrations opposite.

Norfolk Island is described in the Australian island feature, pages 7-9; Mrs. B. Mander Jones photographed the spring bulbs at Keukenhof; the London picture was supplied by B.O.A.C.; Lake Tahoe by the United States Tourist Service, and Lion Peak by the South African Government Tourist Bureau.

A CAMERA



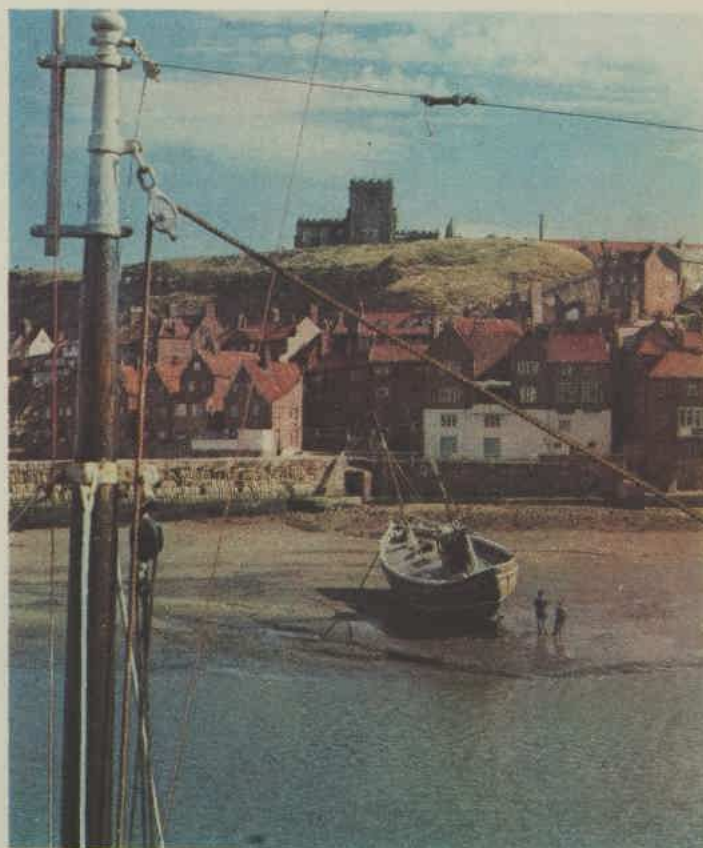
RICKSHAWS, Hong Kong (left). This is an unconventional picture, but has interest not seen in the usual rickshaw shot. On tour, a tripod is a nuisance.

TREE frames a picture (above) taken on top of the Lorelei, on the Rhine River, Germany. Framing a scene often gives completeness to a photograph.



VIKING SHIP in an Oslo (Norway) museum. Interior shots are not easy, because of the light. A flash may be handy; but its use is limited. The figure near the ship gives some idea of its size.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 30, 1965



HERE a ship's mast and rigging make the picture more interesting. The photograph was taken at the coastal town of Whitby, Yorkshire, England.

PERFECT HOLIDAYS — Page 3



WELCOME THE HAPPY SHIPS! (And sail the Young Way to Europe)

Come Spring, they come to Australia: ANGELINA LAURO and ACHILLE LAURO — two beautiful additions to Flotta Lauro's world-ranging fleet of ships.

These sleek, luxuriously-appointed vessels inaugurate a new Flotta Lauro schedule between Sydney, Europe and England — and regular trans-Tasman sailings, too. Come up the gangplank to sun-filled days, to famed Neapolitan service! On both ships, all the staterooms and cabins meet the world's newest standards of comfort (almost all have private shower and toilet facilities). There are complete decks of public rooms and lounges. You'll swim in placid pools, dance to fine Neapolitan orchestras, explore fascinating ports of call.

Always, you'll be pleasantly at ease on the Continental line that knows Australians best. Whether you travel first class or tourist, you'll remember the excellence of the cuisine, the expertly-chosen wines of the Flotta Lauro route to Europe... the extra care that created these happy ships is yours every minute you're on board.

Your travel agent will be enthusiastic about booking you on Flotta Lauro! See him soon.



PUTS A MEDITERRANEAN MOON OVER HALF THE WORLD



NEW ZEALAND?

Yes, Flotta Lauro's happy ships will begin the first regularly scheduled Tasman crossings between Sydney and Wellington. Good holiday idea?

Planning a car

● Last year, after months of planning and preparation, Mary Wilcocks, an English speech therapist, and Beth Oliver, a Melbourne nurse, spent four months driving 12,000 miles around Australia, from Melbourne north to Cairns, across the "top," then down the West Coast to Perth.

Their trip was such a success, they wrote this article to give all the help they could to other people, who, this year or next, plan a similar trip.

Here they describe the way they outfitted their car — and themselves — for the journey; on page 10, a map illustrates their route.

SO many friends have such varied ideas on what to take when travelling by car that it is possible to carry much unnecessary gear and leave the essentials behind.

We learnt first from advice and later from experience, and we offer here the total of what makes a trip around Australia economical and comfortable.

When we visited the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria offices to collect route maps and brochures, the young man behind the counter remarked, "But this type of trip needs very careful planning."

Little did he realise that we had been discussing routes since arriving in Australia from England 18 months before.

We had read books and magazine articles dealing with life in the Outback, attended lectures, and spent hours on maps.

A number of people said that we were fools to undertake such a hazardous trip, knowing nothing of car mechanics and being unable to protect ourselves in any unsavory situation.

For this reason we needed a reliable car, one cheap to run but at the same time one that could stand up to outback conditions. We eventually chose

an almost-new German 1200 sedan. For an extra £20 we had lay-back seats fitted.

At the time it seemed expensive, but by being able to sleep in the car we drastically cut hotel and motel bills, and we did not have to rely on shelter from a tent. However, we did include a cheap annexe tent, one that was high enough to stand up in and could accommodate a folding table and stools.

We chose a double-burner portable gas stove and cylinder, which was to be invaluable in wet or windy weather or when firewood was hard to find.

North of the Tropic of Capricorn we did not have to use the tent much, but camped in the open, taking care at night to cover the food box and stove with a groundsheet as protection from dew or inquisitive animals.

The lay-back seats were comfortable after the first couple of nights. We spread an old eiderdown over the seats and slept in sleeping-bags with comfortable foam-rubber pillows and a rug each in case it was cold.

Fitted flyscreens

To guard against flies and mosquitoes we made flyscreens for the side windows of the car out of fibreglass mesh strengthened at the edges with whalebone. The screens then could be fitted snugly into the rim of the open windows before we went to bed. From a power-plug fitted under the dashboard we ran a 15-watt trouble light on a long lead which went out of the vent window of the car and hung above the camping area. This saved torch batteries, and as long as the car's battery has been charged with a 50-mile run or more, it does no harm.

We switched on this light for a couple of hours each night and then, once in bed, we could read comfortably by the car's interior light.

Curtains around the windows gave us privacy. A hand torch is useful for finding your way around the bush at night; one with a strong beam often will spotlight animals.

We carried a five-gallon plastic water container on the floor behind the passenger's seat. This was left empty until we turned inland from Cairns.

Behind the driver's seat sat a four-gallon metal jerrican for spare petrol. Like the water container, this was not filled until Cairns. Plastic petrol containers are not suitable—the seams tend to split and the petrol leaks.

In addition, we had two one-gallon



AT Barrow Creek, on the way to Darwin, a signpost that speaks for itself.

tour around Australia

—Two girls tell how to drive 12,000 miles for just £2 a day

plastic water containers, kept filled from the day we left Melbourne. These are much easier to handle and some people prefer to have a number of small containers rather than a big bulky one.

We slung a canvas water-bag on the front bumper bar; in hot, dry, and dusty weather there is nothing as refreshing as the cold water from these bags.

A small plastic bucket proved more useful than a collapsible canvas bucket, because in hot weather we used it as a makeshift "Coolgardie safe." By placing perishable goods in the bucket with a little water and draping a damp tea towel over the contents, the breeze circulating in the car as we drove along kept everything cool and fresh.

We had a small axe, a spade, and a handbrush. The axe was for chopping firewood and the head was heavy enough to bang tent pegs into the ground.

The spade is essential for digging holes for rubbish and was available in case we had to dig out a bogged car. Because of possible bogging in heavy sand, we threw in an old sack to make a grip for the tyres.

The handbrush had many uses, especially in continually sweeping up the dust which seeped into every cranny in the car.

Kitchen utensils included a billy, a frypan, a little kettle with a folding handle that fitted snugly in the billy, a small grid for cooking chops, etc., over a camp fire, and a toasting fork. We each had a knife, fork, and spoon, and added a kitchen knife, serving spoon, potato-peeler and can-opener.

Other essential items:

- Plastic washing-up bowl, small mop, tea towels.
- Liquid detergent, which cuts grease from camp cooking.
- Scraper and powder to clean pots.
- Vacuum flask (for hot or cold drinks).

- Plastic or tin plates, cereal bowls, and cups.
- Set of airtight plastic bowls.
- Aluminium foil for cooking food in hot coals.
- Some plastic bags, matches, toilet paper.
- First-aid kit.
- Shopping bag, preferably of net for easy packing, and a roll of kitchen paper which had many uses, from wiping greasy pans to cleaning the car's air filter.

We carried food in a large cardboard box covered by a bigger box turned upside down over it. This kept out the dust quite adequately.

Inside were the basic food essentials: tea, coffee, salt, pepper, sugar, eggs, jam, raisins, and dates, butter, dry and sweet biscuits, canned fruit, and some flour if you want to try making dampers.

We also had a tin of fruit saline, which was refreshing and also covered the taste of inland bore water, some of which was a bit "rare."

Fresh vegetables

Once inland we bought tins of powdered milk and tinned butter labelled "For use in tropical climates." This butter is concentrated, and lasts longer than ordinary butter. We were careful to keep a supply of fresh vegetables, and found that, of all fruit, oranges carried best.

Tinned meats, beans, sardines, etc., are handy, but we made the mistake of carrying too much and putting too much extra weight on the car.

It is wiser, perhaps, to pay more for food in an outback area rather than overload the car.

But four or five days' supply of food must always be maintained in case of a breakdown, and water containers must be kept full.

We took as little clothing as possible,

but enough to keep warm or stay cool. For footwear, desert boots and thongs are enough, with perhaps a pair of heeled shoes for visiting friends.

A change of underwear, stockings, socks, a couple of drip-dry shirts, slacks, shorts, jeans, and night attire just about completed our wardrobes.

We both had a shift of non-iron material. For warmth we had a middle-weight jumper and golf jacket. Take a swimsuit and a towel; inland we sat in our swimsuits all day, delighted when we found a waterhole in which to cool off.

Hats and fly-nets are necessary, also sunglasses. Bush flies are appalling, so carry a repellent. Don't forget the washbag, and take some skin freshener.

Car essentials depend on the car. The more popular makes have the advantage that spare parts are easier to get in the more remote areas.

But we saw all sorts of cars — some very old, some very new. We were advised not to tow anything, not even a light trailer, so we were more than amazed by the number of people, some of them quite elderly, who were having the time of their lives complete with big caravans.

A big car in Tennant Creek not only had a battery-operated car refrigerator in the spacious boot but also a "washing machine" made of a large plastic dustbin filled with hot water and detergent.

Big clips ensured that the lid did not fall off as the car travelled. The rougher the road, the better the clothes stopped around in the water. By the end of the day the wash was done.

It is advisable to learn something about mechanics before starting, but not essential. As long as you carry the most necessary spare parts, some passing motorist is sure to offer help. We took a tow rope, spare fan belt, toolkit, and puncture kit.



HELMETED Beth Oliver and Mary Wilcocks, ready to inspect Mount Isa mine.

Our tyres were tubeless, which horrified the outback people, for if a rim is damaged the tyre is useless. We carried a spare tube and tyre, and extra tube, but on the 12,000-mile trip we had only one puncture.

Watch tyre pressures and drive at pressures specified by the manufacturer, and have a block of wood to stand the jack on in sandy conditions.

Tyre sleeving, a pump, and a gauge are useful. In Cairns we added a coil and condenser to the spares. In Brisbane we had a plastic windscreen fitted over the original. Flying stones are a menace, and the roads are littered with smashed screens.

We had a metal funnel to fill the petrol tank from the jerrycan, and later used a piece of hosepipe to siphon petrol from the can on the roof.

A paintbrush, old jam tin, can of motor oil, rubber gloves, and spare rags were all used each day cleaning the air filter.

Strengthening bars

If taking a small car, have strengthening bars — a frame-head reinforcing kit — fitted to the front chassis, and don't let garagemen in the south talk you out of it. They don't always understand the conditions you will experience, and the rough going and continued corrugations may crack the frame head.

This happened to our car and to many others, and not only does it make travelling slow and dangerous, it adds vastly to repair bills. Have the car serviced whenever possible.

A shelf fitted under the dashboard was invaluable for maps, brochures, camping guide, tissues, and binoculars. The glovebox contained wash-and-dry fresheners, a small tin of sweets, a pen-knife, ball-point pen, and car logbook.

A color camera is a must. Keep the camera in a plastic bag to protect it from dust and carry it where there is the least vibration.

We took a transistor radio, also a few paperbacks, including a bushman's handbook, a bird book, and a book on rocks and minerals.

Choose maps carefully. Petrol company maps and brochures are excellent.

Continued on page 10

PERFECT HOLIDAYS — Page 5



CLEANING the airfilter, a daily task on dirt roads, and a technique that should be mastered before leaving the bitumen for the outback.



KISSING the bitumen at Carnarvon, Western Australia, after nearly 3000 miles of driving on unsealed roads from the Northern Territory.



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Page 6 — PERFECT HOLIDAYS

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 30, 1965

ISLANDS—NEAR AND FAR

● From the ardent big-game fisherman to the sports-minded attracted by the thrills of a motor-racing circuit, or the family just wanting a comfortable, lazy holiday, there's an island off the Australian coast to suit all tastes. Here and on the next two pages are stories and pictures of the main island resorts.



● Seal Bay, Kangaroo Island, S.A.

Ninety miles long with an average width of 25 miles, Kangaroo Island is a few miles south of Yorke Peninsula and to the south-west of Victor Harbor, on South Australia's southern coast.

Only 30 minutes by daily air service from Adelaide, the fare is £3/14/- each way. A twice-weekly trip by the trailer-ship Troubridge accommodates passengers and cars from Adelaide.

The western end, Flinders Chase, is a flora and fauna reserve, with many wallabies, kangaroos, emus, and Cape Barren geese. Koalas are so numerous they are now being released outside the reserve.

Seal Bay is a breeding-ground for hair seals, which generally show no fear of tourists.

There are hotels, motels, and guest-houses at Kingscote, American River, and Pennewell, with coach tours to all parts of the island, and launches for cruising and fishing.

Beaches and river estuaries offer some of Australia's best beach and rock fishing for groper, salmon, whiting, flathead, and many other varieties.



● Tortoise Island, in Mackerels, W.A.

The Mackerel Islands, off Onslow, 876 road miles north-west of Perth, offer "game fishing in sub-tropical waters." A fishing lodge on Thevenard Island has normal accommodation for four to six, but can take up to eight.

There are two schedules of charges:

Service A, £72 a week, for men only, covers accommodation, air fares from Perth and return, food, use of dinghies and a fast 22-footer. Only additional cost is for fuel if the men wish to visit distant islands.

Service B is for a family or mixed party spending a week or more on the island and providing their own food. The large boat with guided fishing trips is not made available, but two dinghies with outboard motors are—with charge to the party. Tariff is a £30 minimum for two and £12/10/- a week thereafter for each person—exclusive of air fares.

There is gas cooking and refrigeration.

Fish include Spanish and Madagascari mackerel, trevally, groper, tuna, snapper, and sail fish. Turtles, dugong, crayfish, and oysters abound.



● The Basin, Rottnest Island, Western Australia.

Rottnest Island, 11 miles north-west of Fremantle, approximately seven miles long and three miles wide, has a daily launch and plane service during the holiday season.

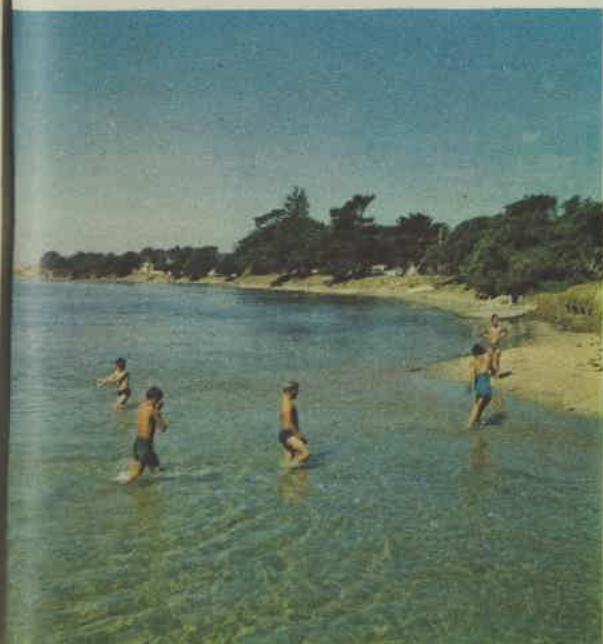
Off season the service varies, but there is rarely a day without a launch or an aircraft calling.

On-season rates at the Rottnest Hotel are £3/5/- a day; £22/15/- a week. On-season rates at Rottnest Hostel are: Suites, £2/10/- a day or £15/15/- a week; single, £2/5/- (£14/14/-); shared, £2/2/- (£13/13/-).

Furnished bungalows, flats, and brick cottages range from £11/2/6 to £19 a week in the summer season, with considerable reductions in winter. Permanent camp sites are £15 a year; temporary, £1 a week.

Rottnest's coastline is indented with many small bays, each with a sandy beach. Inland is a group of salt lakes bordered by lightly timbered slopes.

The main lighthouse is the first Australian landmark for incoming ships. The island is governed by a Board of Control, responsible to the Western Australian Government.



● Phillip Island, Vic.

COWES BEACH (left) is part of the 60-mile coastline of Phillip Island, which lies squarely across the entrance to Westernport Bay.

Golf, tennis, bowls, horse-back riding, and fishing vie with the island's motor-racing circuit for the sports-minded.

Large colonies of penguins, koalas, mutton-birds, and seals live in easily visited sanctuaries, and the nightly home-coming of the fairy penguins to their burrows in the sand-hills is an unforgettable sight.

Motorists can use the bridge which links the island with the fishing village of San Remo, 80 miles from Melbourne. A passenger ferry service connects with trains at Stony Point.

Accommodation ranges from the hotel in the island's main town, Cowes, to motels and guest-houses. Also, there are excellent camping facilities.



● Lord Howe Island (see story overleaf).

— Pictures by Adrian Day (Mackerel Islands), Vincent Serrenty (Rottnest), South Australian Government Tourist Bureau (Kangaroo), Vic. Government Tourist Authority (Phillip), Douglas Baglin (Lord Howe).

Continuing . . .

ISLANDS—NEAR AND FAR



● Old Melanesian Mission Chapel on Norfolk Island.

NORFOLK ISLAND

- A sub-tropical paradise in the Pacific, 930 miles from Sydney, Norfolk Island is covered with stately pine trees.

THIS serene, secluded island offers the tourist a "get away from it all" atmosphere in an Australian territory that has no income, sales, company, or payroll tax.

Norfolk is rich in history. Here Captain Cook landed in 1774 and 14 years later Lieut. King founded the first settlement and penal colony.

It was virtually a horror island until 1855, when the prisoners were transferred to Tasmania, and it still has relics that testify to hangings, murders, and daring escapes.

In 1856 descendants of the Bounty mutineers arrived in a British ship from tiny Pitcairn Island, which they had outgrown.

These were the religious mutineer descendants who had left Tahiti under the leadership of Fletcher Christian.

Today you may see and talk to the descendants of Fletcher Christian, Young, Adams, McCoy, and Quintal.

At Norfolk you can budget accommodation and meals from as little as £2/5/- a day, all inclusive. Dearest accommodation is £5/5/- a day.

Shopping at any of the island's 18 duty-free stores — for clothing, Japanese silks, cameras, transistor radios, watches, perfumes, fine china — is a highlight of a visit.

Marie Bailey, the Norfolk Islander in charge of the Tourist Bureau, conducts a complete island tour once a week in a vintage 1928 T-model Ford which still has one of the original tyres.

If hiking through the many bush tracks is too much like hard work for you, then hire a car or scooter. No need for a driver's licence, just £2 a day for a car, plus petrol costs. No deposit either.

For £1 a day you can hire a new motor scooter just in from Japan. This is the most popular means of transport for visitors, because there are more than 100 miles of roads.

Petrol prices — 6/- a gallon for super and 5/6 for standard—also favor using a scooter. At the south end of the island is the surfing beach of Sydney Bay and shark-free bathing in Emily Bay.

There is a twice-weekly five-hour flight from Sydney to Norfolk Island. Passengers must have a return ticket, but no passports or vaccination certificates are needed. Return fare is £52/5/-. Baggage allowance is 44lb.

Deep-sea fishing boats take visitors outside the reef for a morning or day's fishing for kingfish and shark. Gear and bait are supplied, at a total cost of less than £1.

There is a specially designed glass-bottomed boat for coral viewing and a catamaran for lagoon cruising. Guest-house accommodation varies from "bachelor" rooms with shared facilities to self-contained suites. Rates range from 18 guineas to £28 a week for full accommodation. One lodge has luxury single suites for £42 a week.

Lord Howe is serviced by flying-boat from Rose Bay, Sydney. Return fare, all first class, is £34/18/-. Baggage allowance is 45 pounds.

LORD HOWE ISLAND

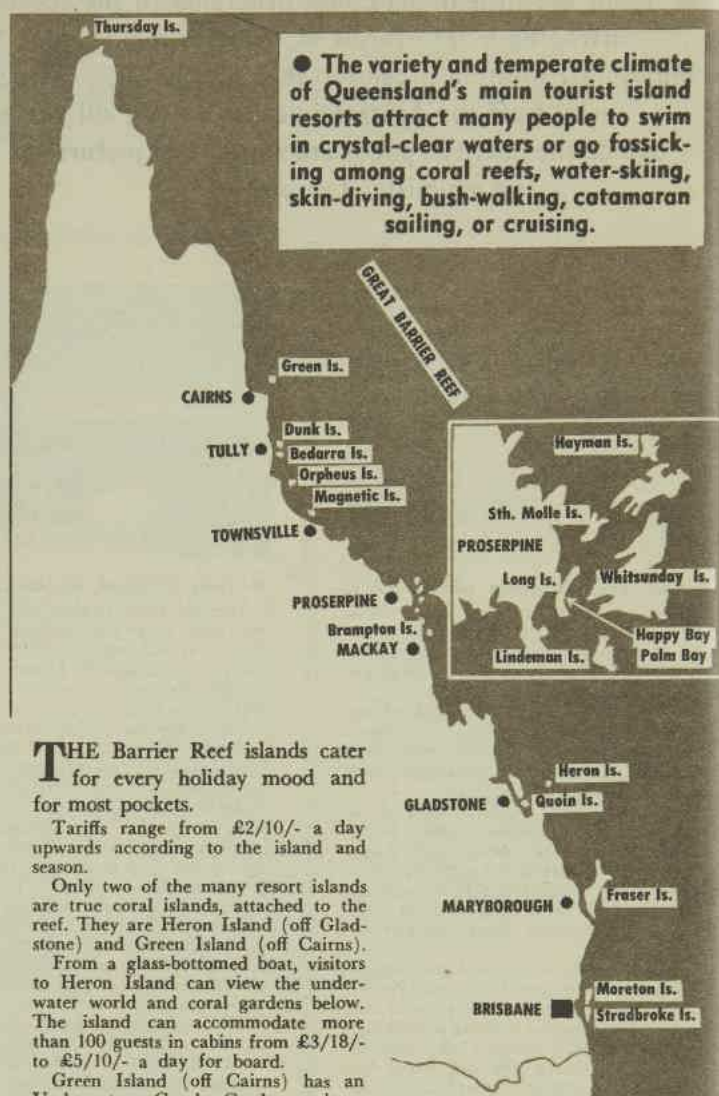
- Crescent-shaped Lord Howe Island has come a long way from its discovery in 1788 by the British ship Supply on the way from Sydney to establish a convict settlement at Norfolk Island.

NOW the 200 or so islanders are mainly occupied in the tourist industry—five guest-houses add from 100 to 200 visitors to the island's population.

Lord Howe's atmosphere is one of intimate, homely charm. Informal clothes suit the life—the first thing visitors do is hire a push-bike to get from a guest-house to the post office, bowling club, local hall, R.S.L., the two mountains at the island's southern tip, or to the ocean surfing beaches.

Lord Howe's western crescent, and the world's most southern coral reef enclose a tropical atoll, where skin-diving, water-skiing, swimming, fishing, and boating are free from shark danger.

QUEENSLAND:



● The variety and temperate climate of Queensland's main tourist island resorts attract many people to swim in crystal-clear waters or go fossicking among coral reefs, water-skiing, skin-diving, bush-walking, catamaran sailing, or cruising.

THE Barrier Reef islands cater for every holiday mood and for most pockets.

Tariffs range from £2/10/- a day upwards according to the island and season.

Only two of the many resort islands are true coral islands, attached to the reef. They are Heron Island (off Gladstone) and Green Island (off Cairns).

From a glass-bottomed boat, visitors to Heron Island can view the underwater world and coral gardens below. The island can accommodate more than 100 guests in cabins from £3/18/- to £5/10/- a day for board.

Green Island (off Cairns) has an Underwater Coral Gardens observatory where visitors can watch the fantastic life of the reef waters through large portholes. There is accommodation for about 100 at the Coral Cay Hotel, where tariff ranges from £2/5/- to £3/5/- a day.

Regarded as the most sophisticated of the island resorts, Hayman Island (off Proserpine) has a helicopter service from the mainland. Hotel tariff is from about £3/10/- to £6/10/- a day (after June 26).

Lindeman Island, where Princess Alexandra stayed in 1959, also has its own airport, with flights to and from the mainland every day except Sunday.

The tariff for the royal suite is £8/5/- a day, but there is accommodation from £5/15/-.

Dunk, Bedarra, and Orpheus Islands provide simple, good accommodation and food.

Actress Vivien Leigh chose Orpheus for a Barrier Reef holiday in 1961.

Bedarra Island, heavily wooded, and with orchids, palms, and tropical fruits, has a sandy swimming beach almost at the front door.

For family holidays and for people who want to relax, Happy Bay and Palm Bay, both on Long Island (off Proserpine), are ideal. Paradise Bay, also on Long Island, is the newest Queensland island resort, specialising

in units where visitors can look after themselves, buying food from a store.

Some other islands:

● Quoin (off Gladstone) has a rambling tropical lodge, built from natural stone. Koalas and kangaroos live on this 87-acre island.

● Bampton (off Mackay) has modern lodges in a large coconut grove, with an air service from Mackay.

● South Mollie (off Proserpine), popular with young people, has panoramic views of Whitsunday Passage.

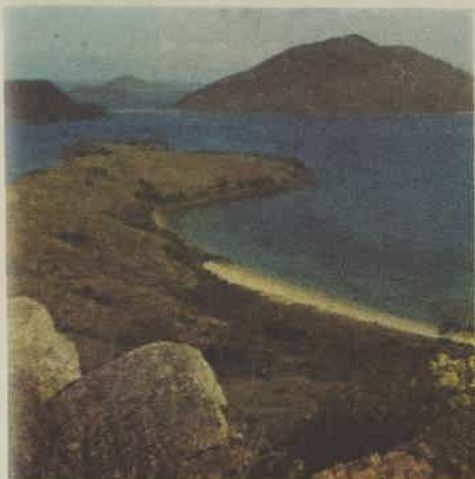
● Magnetic (off Townsville) caters for all tastes. A launch runs to the island four times a day from Townsville.

Thursday Island is a paradise for fishermen, who can get good catches even off the long jetty. It has four hotels and a swimming-pool on the seafloor. There are two flights a week to the island, on Mondays and Thursdays. Tourist fare from Brisbane is £41.

Coming south, Stradbroke Island, in Moreton Bay, and Tangalooma, on Moreton Island, are popular island resorts near Brisbane, often chosen for family holidays.

● Tasmania, the island State, pages 16, 17.

THE REEF IS WONDERLAND



LINDEMAN ISLAND, off Mackay, the view from Mount Oldfield looking to East Cape. The island's airport has flights six days a week.



HIKERS in a bush setting on Dunk Island, near Tully. It was made famous by E. J. Banfield's book, *The Confessions of a Beachcomber*.



SCENE from North Point, Moreton Island (above), which has some of the world's highest sandhills. The island is 16 miles from Brisbane. Tangalooma, formerly a whaling base on the island, is now a holiday resort.

— Picture of Thursday Island by Mr. N. Mendis; the others by the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau.



THURSDAY ISLAND (above), where fishing and pearling luggers are frequent sights. There are two flights a week from Brisbane to Horn Island, then a three-mile launch trip.

DRAMATIC GORGE (left) at Point Lookout on Stradbroke Island, Moreton Bay. Point Lookout is the main centre, with a hotel and guest houses. There are regular launch services from Brisbane to Stradbroke Island.

PALM TREE (right) frames holiday-makers at Long Island, which has three resorts, Happy, Palm, and Paradise Bays. Paradise Bay is the newest Queensland island resort, with self-contained, well-equipped units.



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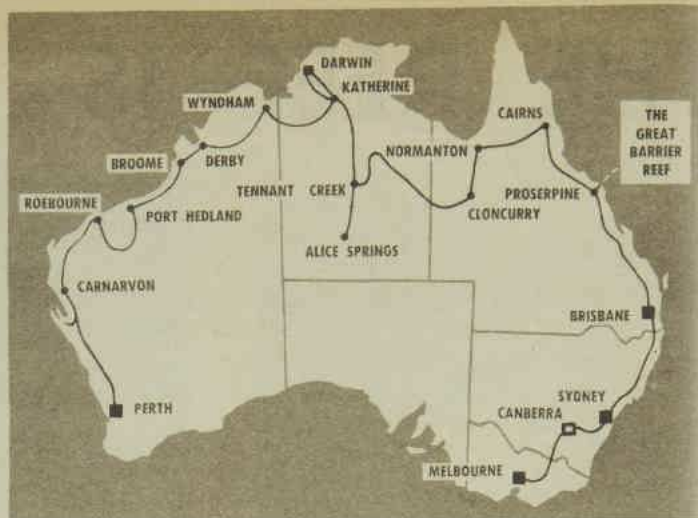
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ROUTE taken by Mary Wilcocks and Beth Oliver, who are now in Perth, saving to complete the circuit to Melbourne.

AROUND-AUSTRALIA ROUTE

• Mary Wilcocks and Beth Oliver have detailed the route they took around Australia for others wishing to follow in their car tracks . . .

WINTER—or the dry season—is the best time to travel around Australia.

We left Melbourne at the beginning of June with four months and 12,000 miles to go. We averaged about 100 miles a day, giving plenty of time to see the changing countryside.

We took the Suggan Buggan road to Canberra, continued to Sydney, then followed the east coast to Brisbane, from where a bitumen road follows the coast to Cairns.

At Cairns, we stocked up on petrol, food, and water and headed for Normanton, on the Gulf of Carpentaria, via the Atherton Tableland.

Down to Cloncurry, where it was a relief to see bitumen again, which continues to the mining town of Mary Kathleen.

One of the worst stretches of road we met runs from Mary K. to Mount Isa, but a new road is almost completed.

Bitumen runs across the flat Barkly Tableland to the road junction, where the Flynn Memorial marks its meeting with the Stuart Highway.

We drove 300 miles south to Alice Springs, through Tennant Creek.

Going north again, nearly 1000 miles of bitumen separates the Alice from Darwin.

Back to Katherine, from where the unsealed road runs for nearly 2000 miles until it reaches the bitumen in Carnarvon, Western Australia.

Free showers and ice are available

at Kununurra, the much-talked of town of the Ord, and we marvelled at the huge diversion dam.

From the deep-water port of Wyndham, we travelled south to Hall's Creek, a new town, but old Hall's Creek remains, in a heap of rubble and half-demolished buildings.

The only resident is old Jack, the prospector, who told stories of the gold-field days.

Then to Fitzroy Crossing, Derby, and Broome, where old pearling luggers lie idle in the mangrove swamps while Japanese sort pearl shell for overseas markets. From Broome, it's 400 miles to Port Hedland along the edge of the Great Sandy Desert.

Because of the cracked frame head, we crawled into Port Hedland at 10 m.p.h. Once it was welded, we continued via Marble Bar to Wittenoom, where the crack opened again.

It was an anxious weekend before two kind mechanics welded and plated the car to carry us safely to Perth.

The gorges around Wittenoom are as magnificent as those in Central Australia. Wildflowers made a fitting carpet for the beautiful Hammersley Ranges.

A scenic road runs north to Roebourne, over Mount Herbert and past Pyramid Station.

On to Onslow, passing more anti-hills and crooked telegraph lines. We kissed the bitumen at Carnarvon. By deviating to Marble Bar, we had been on rough roads for nearly 3000 miles.

Travel was easy all the way to Perth.

Continued from Planning a car trip page 5 . . .

We arranged for letters to be sent to post offices along the route and took savings bank passbooks to draw money as required.

Inland, you must inform the police if deviating off the main road, but on the highways there is no necessity as there are usually other vehicles.

Where did we put all our gear? Our car was very accommodating. On the roof-rack, covered by a tarpaulin, went the tent, tent-poles and pegs, bag of extra clothes, spare tyre, and spade.

After leaving the bitumen at Katherine, we added a four-gallon drum of petrol and a can of oil. In the boot were the tools and spares, cooking

utensils, stove, tinned foodstuffs, ground sheets, and stools. Bedding and everyday clothing went behind the back seat; the folding table and box of food travelled on the back seat.

Just £1 a day each covered petrol and car maintenance, camping fees, and food. Extra money is needed for souvenirs, postage, excursions.

For the protection so many people thought necessary, we took a small pressure-pack fire extinguisher. A blast between the eyes would deter anyone or anything; at least it gave us great comfort to think so.

But we never had to use it.

£100 HITCH-HIKE FROM SWEDEN TO INDIA

● A midnight tiger shoot in the Himalayas, feeling a bullet whiz past an ear, sleeping in the luggage racks of all-night trains are situations two girls coped with as they travelled remote areas of the Middle East to Ceylon.

JEAN DUNN, 24, of Killara, N.S.W., and Barbro Nilsson, 20, of Stockholm, decided to make the trip overland to Australia when they met in December, 1963, on an Israeli kibbutz, one of the many co-operatively run work settlements.

Jean said it was quite easy to get a job—each had applied to the head office of the kibbutz system in Haifa.

"I worked in the kibbutz kitchen and Barbro did childminding," Jean said. "We worked hard, but the Israelis took us out at weekends to see the country."

When the girls decided to make the trip, Barbro went home to Stockholm to save money in her regular job as a commercial artist.

Ferry to Germany

After hitch-hiking with two other "kibbutzniks" through Southern Turkey and Greece, Jean, a physiotherapist, went to London and later joined Barbro in Sweden to begin their trek in October.

"We took a ferry to East Germany and caught a lift to Berlin," said Jean. "After two days there, the same man took us to Bayreuth, and we went on to Vienna with a doctor."

"After four days we left Vienna for Yugoslavia."

"That was quite horrible," Barbro interrupted. "We had to sit for hours in trucks with every lift."

"The drivers stop at every little



TRAVELLERS Jean Dunn and Barbro Nilsson, who crossed the Middle East to Ceylon for £100 each.

roadside cafe and talk and drink coffee," Jean explained. "One driver left us outside Belgrade and we had to hitch into the city in the middle of the night. We couldn't get accommodation, so we went to the station."

"Now that was the most sordid place I've ever been. We caught a train to Thessaloniki, and all was sunny in Greece. We hitched along the coast as far as Alexandroupolis."

Next stop was the Turkish border, an arbitrary spot along a dust road in the desert.

"We reached the border at breakfast time," Jean said. "Some Turkish Army soldiers drove us into town and gave us some breakfast. While we waited in their barracks for another car to come along, we ate more food."

"Only one soldier spoke any English, although they knew a little German."

Polished shoes

Barbro said: "The officers were so proud they could do everything their soldiers could do—they polished our shoes, and one even brushed and styled our hair."

The officers decided to show off their firearms to the girls.

"An officer was showing us his revolver, and then past my ear went a bullet," said Jean. "The gun wasn't supposed to be loaded."

"He was quite upset, rang his colonel-in-chief and got special leave to take us to Istanbul. We stayed with his family there. They took us everywhere."

After a lifelong appreciation of Scandinavian architectural standards, Barbro was appalled at the design of Turkish homes.

"But they do have marvellous food, something like Greek food," she said.

Jean was impressed by the buffet-style restaurants.

"You take what you want, usually with yoghurt, from pots," she said. "The restaurants are very cheap and clean, and serve mostly lamb and goat."



Because Turkish buses are inexpensive, the girls caught a supermodern coach overnight to Ankara—about 19/- each.

"Sleeping in buses is nothing," Barbro said with a shrug. "We became used to sleeping on tabletops."

Jean said that once on an Indian train she woke up to find children asleep in the crook of her knees.

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"When we reached the beautiful Turkish Black Sea coast we attracted a lot of attention," Jean said. "The women wear long trousers and shawls, so two European women in swimming costumes caused quite a stir."

A succession of jeeps and trucks took them through the mountains to Iran.

"There we made the mistake of going out in slacks and shirt to register with the police, which all tourists must do," said Jean. "We were followed by a crowd, so the next day we wore raincoats and scarves."

To avoid being conspicuous, Barbro even put a brown rinse through her blond hair.

Although they visited several Iranian homes, the girls met only one woman—a grandmother—in Iran.

Jean said: "The men come and offer you the hubble-bubble pipe and cigarettes. They even bring in the food. You can hear women talking and children crying in another room."

Not just the women are hidden in Iran. Jean noted that the houses themselves are veiled.

"You can't see the houses," she said. "You have to go through a mud wall gate into a courtyard. Travelling in the desert you can hardly pick a town, because the mud walls blend with the color of the dust and rock."

Iranian homes have no furniture.

BARBRO in front of the gaily decorated truck in which they travelled from Katmandu to the Indian border. The pyjama-clad man was the driver.

"There are Persian carpets on the floor and walls—the people eat and sleep on the floor," said Barbro.

"At Ardabil we met a rich man, whose father owned 11 villages. We went to one village and were entertained in the guest house."

"Walls and floors were covered with beautiful Persian carpets, and at the back were thermal pools. We swam in the warm water while snow was falling all around us."

"The village was near the Caspian Sea, close to the Russian border," said Jean. "The authorities don't like you hanging around. The police say 'Tehran is lovely, why don't you go there tomorrow?'"

Drove through sand

Barbro and Jean reached Tehran on the Shah's birthday, when the city was decked with bunting, colored lights, and flags.

Leaving Tehran through the desert to Isfahan, Jean drove through the high drifts of sand that covered parts of the road—the driver had a headache and decided to rest.

"Isfahan was beautiful," Barbro said wistfully. "All the mosques are covered in mosaic tiles. It is the old Persian capital. We stayed with an Iranian journalist whose only English was 'OK.' Though we lived with his family, we never saw the women."

"And such amounts of food! We had to lie down to digest it. They eat shish kebab and rice and very sweet sweets."

Jean's memory of one incredible breakfast can still make her look pale. "He came in with a bowl of melted sheep's fat and some eggs. We thought, 'Goodie, eggs' until we opened them—they were raw."

Continued on page 13

PERFECT HOLIDAYS—Page 11



QUEEN'S Mosque in Isfahan, Iran, where all the women of the court worshipped.

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 30, 1965

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Continuing . . .
£100
hitch-hike

HOSTEL IN HINDU TEMPLE

Continued from page 11

In Zahedan, near the Pakistani border, the girls met a mapping company crew and went up in their helicopter. Jean said: "We saw camels and Baluchistan tribesmen, who travel the Middle East in nomadic caravans."

After 48 hours in a train, the girls were in Quetta, Pakistan.

"Amritsar is the big Sikh centre, with a wonderful temple," Barbro said.

"It is marble, covered in gold leaf outside, and a holy book is kept there," Jean said. "All day pilgrims bring holy food wrapped in leaves."

Chandigarh is the new capital of the Punjab State, designed by le Corbusier. The girls had an introduction to his cousin, the architect in charge of the building, who guided them around the forming city.

Camped along route

They had stayed in a pilgrims' hostel in Amritsar, and in Delhi it seemed natural to stay in the hostel at a Hindu temple—both are free.

An official at the Australian Embassy in New Delhi knew a man who was driving to Katmandu, Nepal, and the girls went on the three-day trip.

"We camped along the route, and every morning we looked out of the tent to see about a dozen Indians leaning on their bicycles staring at us," Jean said.

Besides seeing the pagoda-type temples in Katmandu, Barbro and Jean climbed Nagakut, the best vantage point for a view of Mt. Everest.

"Then we had to come down in a

truck around hairpin bends," Jean said. "The driver thought he was some kind of Stirling Moss — I felt sick."

On the Nepalese border, the Customs office closes at night, and the girls slept on a table in the Customs shed until the official arrived in the morning—and then he just irritatingly waved them on.

"We went on an elephant through the Corbett National Park," Barbro said. The girls were guests of Indian friends. The park is Government run, and the elephant rides are a regular tourist feature.

"The same friend took us on safari in Northern India," Jean said. "We stayed on a farm on the foothills of the Himalayas and went out at night in a jeep with a spotter and servants to carry the guns."

"We saw only wild boars, deer, and two huge brown bears, though we went through country that hunters had shot a panther in the week before. We saw the claws—seven inches long."

After visiting the Taj Mahal at Agra, Jaipur, Udaipur, Madras, Bangalore, Bombay, and the ancient caves at Ajanta and Ellora, the girls took third-class seats in trains to Colombo.

Within two days they were on a ship to Sydney. The ship fare cost just as much as the girls had spent during their five-month trip.

During the overland journey, Jean spent about £100 in travellers' cheques; Barbro about 200 American dollars.

JEAN and a camel (right)
during a tea-break along the
road near Kerman, in Iran.



BARBRO (above) outside the main entrance to the old palace in Katmandu, which tourists can visit for a small fee. Right: Pilgrims at the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, Amritsar.



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EXCITEMENT of Melbourne Cup Day. Polo Prince, 1964 Cup winner, returns to the saddling paddock.

VICTORIA: Cup Carnival gets better every year

● The visitor to Melbourne for the Melbourne Cup Carnival sees the city at its best.

WHATEVER the weather — Melbourne's spring days can be variable — the air of excitement and expectancy among the crowds at Flemington Racecourse is reflected everywhere in the city.

Spring flowers decorate pavements and window-boxes in city streets and hotel vestibules. Crowds in town are bigger by day and night.

The sight of a Melbourne Cup crowd of 100,000 at Flemington—the day is a public holiday in Melbourne—with the blazing color of flower-beds around them entrances the many once-a-year racegoers.

They put their 5/- on the favorite and are simply glad to be there.

But there's more to the Carnival than Melbourne Cup Day, Derby Day, on October 30, the Cup, November 2, Oaks Day, November 4, and the final day on November 6 will draw tourists from all over Australia.

In recent years, in keeping with the Victoria Racing Club's Carnival slogan, "Fashions, Flowers, and Favorites," an added attraction has been the Fashions on the Field contest with £12,000 in prizes.

Every woman at Flemington during the carnival has the chance of winning a prize.

Between race days, the visitor can enjoy Melbourne's spring. Easy drives to the Dandenongs and to Mt. Macedon show the beautiful scenery on Melbourne's doorstep.

If he likes more sophisticated pleasures — a play, dinner, cabaret — Melbourne's restaurants, theatres, and hotels vie with each other to present the best cuisine and entertainment at Cup time.

For more than 100 years the Cup has been Melbourne's biggest single tourist attraction — and it gets better all the time.

CAPE TOWN: City with a romantic past

● Cape Town was founded as a supply station for Dutch sailing ships in the spice trade between Holland and the Indies — and the port still has the adventurous feeling of these explorers.

SOUTH AFRICA'S first settlement, Cape Town, was built on the shores of Table Bay, where on a calm day the hulks of 300 merchantmen still can be seen through the water.

As early as 1616, Dutch ships put into the bay for water and to buy meat from the natives. They even set up a primitive post office under an inscribed stone, where passing Indiamen collected and deposited letters.

The first Dutch settlers brought their families and adopted the new land as their home.

This air of permanence is evident in the old houses, built in the Cape Dutch style of architecture.

White, gabled, with shady verandas, the Cape Dutch houses are a triumph of adaptation. Keeping the popular Dutch gable pattern, the settlers built one-storey houses in their spacious new land instead of the tall, narrow ones necessary for crowded Holland.

They kept the big windows required in a rainy climate, but shuttered them for coolness.

The Castle of Good Hope was built

in 1666 as a fortress to protect the settlement against possible attack by ships in Table Bay.

The castle later became the social gathering place, with lavish balls attended by government administrators and landowners. But the gloomy cellars tell a different story of lonely imprisonment to today's tourists.

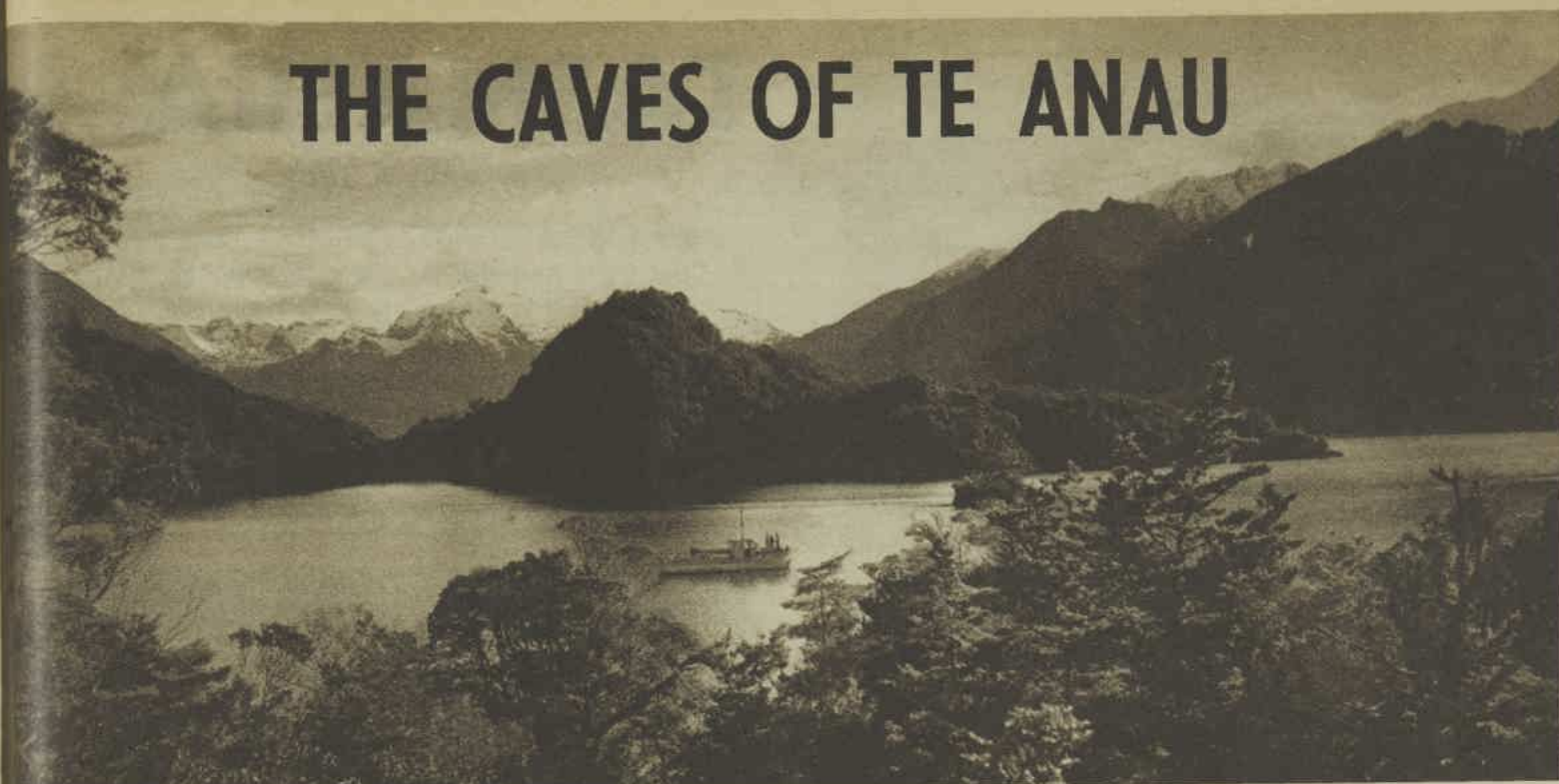
The flower market in Trafalgar Place, the cableway up Table Mountain, and the Koopmans de Wet Museum are among Cape Town's attractions.

Like other South African cities, hotels in Cape Town have varying standards. Top tariffs are about £3 to £4/10/- for bed and breakfast (with private bath). Prices are as low as £1/12/6, bed and breakfast, in medium-class hotels.

Dinner for two, with wines, in an exclusive South African restaurant costs between £1/17/- and £3/15/-. Meals in less elegant surroundings cost as little as 6/-.

Peak tourist season at the Cape is in summer — December and January.

THE CAVES OF TE ANAU



LOOKING to the shoreline of Lake Te Anau, N.Z.

● A trip through the glow-worm cave at Lake Te Anau, in the South Island of New Zealand, is fascinating.

AFTER a scenic ten-mile launch trip from Te Anau town, tourists walk through caves of cathedral grandeur, carved by water 15,000 years ago from 35-million-year-old limestone.

Then, in flat-bottomed boats, visitors glide silently along an underground river to a grotto eerily glowing blue with the lights of millions of worms.

The discovery of the Te Anau caves is the story of one man's odyssey to prove a Maori legend.

The native name for the lake is Te Ana-au, "cave with swirling waters." For many years, however, no one—including Maoris—knew where the cave was; if it did exist.

In the 1940s, local tourist launch operator Lawson Burrows decided to find it. For years he searched the shores of the lake, finding many caves, but none that fitted the legend.

In April, 1947, however, he followed a stream and found it appeared from a small opening in a rock face. Squeezing through the opening, Burrows followed a narrow tunnel—crawling and swimming, often underwater—until he found himself in a cave "with swirling waters."

Later exploration, with a helper, took Burrows 350 tortuous yards from the entrance to the glow-worm grotto.

Early efforts to "tame" for tourists the difficulties and dangers of exploring the caves failed. In 1948, a flood swept away the results of months of Burrows' building of catwalks and dams and a lighting system, and installing of boats. He started again.

The difficulty of the job is shown by the fact that all concrete had to be mixed at the lakeside and carried by bucket hundreds of yards into the caves, but the results are breathtaking.

—Robin Adair

Tips for "first-timers"

● If you plan an overseas trip — in the season or out of it — prepare for it by reading about the places you will visit.

IF you know some of the history of the sights you will see, you'll be surprised how much more interesting your trip will be.

Many tourists go to England, then tour Europe for some months.

Take as little luggage as possible, especially in Europe. Heavy suitcases soon dampen your enthusiasm.

Drip-dry shirts, blouses, socks, and underwear are a necessity. They can be washed easily each night and will usually dry by morning. Three sets of drip-dry underwear will get you through.

Take a small clothes-line with some pegs to hang up washing. Have a small cake of soap in your luggage.

Airmail postage is expensive in Europe. Buy air-letters in England (6d. each).

On the Continent, use the air-letters; put them in an envelope and mail them to a friend or agent in England, who will then send them off for you. Australian banks in London will do this.

Keep a diary

If you are touring independently, have mail sent to Australian or British consulates, who will look after it.

You will visit many places and take quite a number of photographs. You will see new sights every day, and your days will become so crowded that it is difficult to remember what you were doing a week ago.

A diary, even a brief factual account of each day's activities, is invaluable for identifying slides and is a marvelous souvenir.

No doubt you will be using travellers' cheques. A number of banks and some travel agencies sell these cheques. When cashing them, you are normally required in Europe to produce your passport.

You pass quickly from one country to another in Europe. If you are not

careful, you'll find yourself with a pile of unwanted coins. Save a couple of coins from each country (they can be used for a bracelet), but before you leave a country spend your change. Banks in neighboring countries will not always exchange coins for you.

Remember that Continental breakfasts are light, so buy some fruit in case you become peckish in mid-morning.

Occasionally you do meet language problems, but generally you can communicate. Most phrase books are useless, a dictionary is much better. If you learn the numbers, "Please," "Thank you," and "How much?" you will be able to stumble along.

No trip would be complete without some souvenirs — but don't buy cheap ones. It's better to return with

three decent trophies than a cheaply made or useless collection.

If you travel by car, the price of petrol varies greatly from country to country. In Switzerland, Gibraltar, and Yugoslavia it is inexpensive. In France it is more than double the price.

In Portugal and Gibraltar, English cars are the most common and can be repaired more quickly and cheaply.

When you leave a car, don't leave attractive belongings in full view. Always carry passports, travellers' cheques, and cameras, and insure your belongings before departure.

Except in England, Sweden, and Gibraltar you drive on the right side. British automobile clubs supply planned routes and maps for the Continent.

In the off-season . . .

● A much wider range of good accommodation—at cheaper rates—is now available in the off-season in Europe.

THIS means you can await your arrival before deciding where to stay.

Always choose a centrally situated hotel or pension within walking distance of places of interest and shopping centres. Besides saving bus and taxi fares, it saves time.

Before booking, ask to inspect your room. If you don't like what you are shown, you will probably be given a better room for the same price. If not, go elsewhere.

If traffic noises annoy you, note whether it is in a quiet section and does not overlook the street; that it is well heated; and, if you like reading in bed, that the bed lamp is bright enough.

See whether the bathroom plumbing is in good condition, that bath and handbasin have plugs.

You can't economise on accommoda-

tion by travelling at night. Besides missing the scenery, you usually feel jaded next day.

Arriving in Europe in the off-season, first buy a fur hat and comfortable, snugly lined boots. Plenty of exercise is essential for keeping fit in cold weather, so walk wherever you can.

With fur hats and warm boots, wear a three-quarter-length, very light waterproof coat, available in England for about nine guineas. Made of a silk-like material, these coats have an inner lining of foam rubber. They squeeze to almost nothing when packed, and crease marks fall out after hanging.

Don't take a suit too bulky to wear under a topcoat. You can manage well with a dressmaker suit for formal occasions, a warm, tailored woollen skirt, a collection of wool and angora twin-sets, and several blouses.



SMALL TOWER at Port Arthur, Tasmania (above), built to protect the settlement against a convict uprising. Right: The Gulch, Bicheno, on the island's east coast, which is a natural haven for fishing vessels.

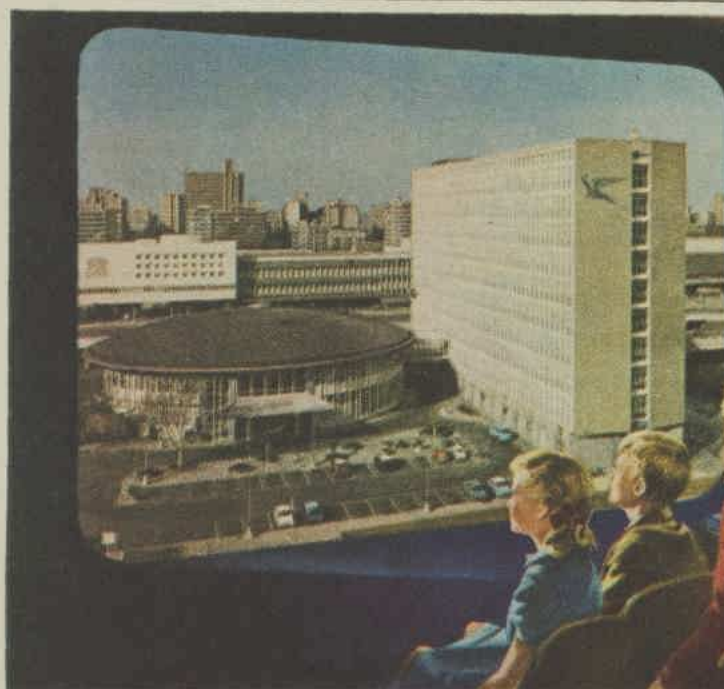
TASMANIA...

By **MARY P. LUCY**

● A television documentary introduced Tasmania as "Not Quite Australia." It was an apt title because Tasmania is not like the rest of Australia.

Its different character—part scenic, part an old colonial way of life now vanished from the mainland—is turning tourism into big business for the island State. Just as travellers find in Spain a romantic other-worldliness, Tasmania retains a nostalgic "Old Australianess" gone from the mainland scene.

● Port Arthur picture by *Adelie Hurley*; Bicheno by *Eric V. Read*.



...here's where we started
our South African safari...

... it's the air and rail terminal at Johannesburg, To Helen and me, South Africa was far and away the highlight of our world trip. It's a marvellous country, full of amazing contrasts. Almost next door to her modern cities are the vast game reserves, where we got closeup shots of lions, giraffes, rhinos, elephants and other big game.

We visited tribal villages where people like the Zulus and Ndebele still live much as they have for centuries past. Helen handled diamonds worth untold fortunes at Kimberley. We saw ostrich farms, places of historical interest like Ladysmith and Mafeking, and the world's richest goldmines. We rode rickshaws in Durban, the cable car up Table Mountain, horses through the Drakensberg Mountains.

Wherever we went, the scenery was magnificent, the people friendly and helpful, and the accommodations excellent. Take our advice — on your overseas trip, arrange your itinerary to make sure you

**SEE
SOUTH AFRICA
INSTEAD...**

To South African Tourist Corporation,
90 Pitt St., G.P.O. Box 4889, Sydney, N.S.W., Aust.
Please send me details of travel in South Africa.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STAMP HERE

If under 21, please state age ☐



Took this shot through the rear window of our car—that lioness was only three feet away! We were perfectly safe, of course...

The diamond mines at Kimberley are really something to see. Just look at those stones—I couldn't get Helen away!



That's the Voortrekker Monument at Pretoria, built to the memory of the first pioneers. You can see Zulu huts in the foreground.

A CHARM ALL ITS OWN

THIS nostalgic charm doesn't mean, however, that the tourist must expect hardship in Tasmania.

On the contrary, a network of motels has sprung up like mushrooms, and the unpaved roads, which as recently as three years ago gave mainland motorists a far from nostalgic shock, have been sealed or scheduled for early completion.

There are several ways to tour Tasmania—and in winter, of course, it's cheaper.

You can fly both ways, hiring a drive-yourself car in Tasmania or using local tourist coach services.

You can make a conducted tour from your own capital city and back, also mainly by coach.

Or you can do as I did: take your car by the sea-road, either crossing both ways via Melbourne and the overnight car-ferry, Princess of Tasmania, or travelling both ways between Sydney and Hobart in the new luxury car-ferry-liner, Empress of Australia. Or you can use one ship for the outgoing journey and the other for the return.

Demand for sea-passages and motel accommodation is so heavy in the peak season—midsummer—that you should book well in advance.

Cheapest way to see Tasmania is almost certainly by conducted tour—sea-road and coach. Tourist firms offer a nine-day tour for about £76 and a 12-day tour for £92 in autumn and winter. Summer rates are likely to be a little higher.

If you wish to fly both ways, single air-fare from Sydney to Hobart is about £19 tourist or £23 first-class; from Melbourne to Hobart, £9/11/- and £11/4/-.

By sea-road

On arrival in Tasmania, you can hire a drive-yourself, medium-size sedan for about £1 a day and 1/- a mile, including insurance, but not petrol.

If you take your own car by sea-road, freight-charges will vary with its size—and you must pay your own passage.

Charge for a popular-size sedan would be £24, return, between Melbourne and Devonport in the overnight Princess of Tasmania; about £48, return, between Sydney and Hobart in the Empress of Australia; and about £36, return, if you use a combination of the two.

People prepared to sit up all night in aircraft-type chairs can cross in the Princess for as little as £4/13/- (single). But a four-berth cabin costs only £5/7/- per person and a two-berth £6/17/-, including breakfast next morning, but not the previous night's dinner.

Prices for the Sydney-Hobart Empress are higher—up to £22/10/- (one-way) for a single or two-berth de luxe cabin with shower and toilet, or as low as £17 (one-way) for a four-berth cabin.

A list of registered motels, guesthouses, etc., is available from the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau in your State.

Average charge in motels is about £2 a night without breakfast. Breakfast costs usually range between about 4/6—for the "Continental" toast or rolls with tea or coffee—and about 9/6 for a full breakfast.

Most motels charge between 15/- and 17/6 for a three-course dinner. Lunch is presumably available on a somewhat lower scale, but my travelling companion and I didn't sample it. We filled a vacuum flask with tea each morning before leaving the motel and bought food for a picnic en route.

Choice of route is dictated mainly by the time available.

Best plan is perhaps to make a list of "must" places—such as Hobart, Launceston, New Norfolk; the charming seaside resorts on the east and north coasts; and, for the ultimate in Tasmanian otherworldliness, the old ex-Wild West mining towns such as Queenstown and Zeehan.

Then you can apportion your stay accordingly.

Having landed with the car at Devonport, on the north coast, we circled the island from there. We headed east, for Deloraine and Launceston, so it wasn't until the return journey that we reached the seaside resort we liked best in Tasmania—and our favorite motel.



ROSS BRIDGE, on the Midland Highway, is Australia's second oldest stone bridge, with arches richly carved with gargoyle-like faces.

Points of interest along the way include Hagley, a village with a historic church in English-style grounds, and the first of Tasmania's celebrated experimental area schools.

An area school is a State boarding school where country boys and girls learn rural skills as well as do normal school-work.

A few miles further on is Hadspen, site of Tasmania's most famous stately home, Entally House. Open to the public, Entally House has historic links with Sydney—a son of pioneer Mary Reiby was its owner during the earlier part of last century.

Another handsome Georgian

From Launceston you can cross a modest—for Tasmania—but splendid mountain range to the east coast by either of two paved main roads.

One road goes by Avoca and Fingal to St. Mary's; the other by Scottsdale and Derby to St. Helen's further north.

We chose the latter, reaching the seaside resort of St. Helen's with its bright blue bay and fishing boats in mid-afternoon.

By nightfall, we had arrived at the smaller but even more beautiful resort of Bicheno. There we did what every traveller should do—we stayed.

Bicheno is an old former whaling and sealing port. Today, trim little fishing boats heaped with lobster-pots ride at anchor in a narrow natural harbor called The Gulch, and artists set up easels to paint a scene reminiscent of Cornwall.

There's fine bathing, fishing, and boating.

However, mindful of the chill with which the Tasmanian seas strike mainland bodies, a Bicheno luxury motel has installed a big, open-air swimming pool filled with heated sea water.

And the motel is built around this pool on three sides sheltering it from the wind but not the view.

Beautiful bays

From Bicheno, the east coast road skirts a series of magnificent bays to Orford, where it turns briefly inland before rejoining the sea at Sorell for the last run to the Derwent River and Hobart.

First come Coles Bay and Great Oyster Bay, viewed from high above; Swansea, a fisherman's paradise; Mayfield Bay and Swanport; then Orford—a favorite camping spot for Tasmanians—on the most beautiful of them all, Prosser Bay.

Even the inland stretch is pretty hill-and-dale country. Two little towns are well worth a visit; Buckland, whose old church has a famous medieval stained-glass window said to

have been smuggled from Battle Abbey during the Cromwellian era, buried, disinterred, and packed off to Tasmania early last century; and Richmond (for which a brief detour is necessary), whose arched stone bridge, built in 1823, is the oldest in Australia.

We arrived in Hobart in late afternoon by the new bridge across the Derwent.

Stone warehouses

The city is charming, with its inner-city miniature harbor for the fishing fleet; its old stone warehouses along Constitution Dock; its historic Battery Point built in convict days. Behind the city, 4165ft. Mt. Wellington broods under a crown of mist.

Hobart has Australia's oldest theatre still in use—the 130-year-old stone Theatre Royal.

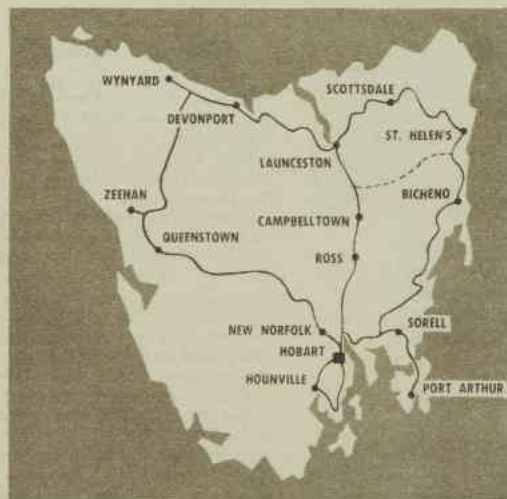
By day there are many places to visit, from an old shot-tower (which you can mount inside by innumerable steps) to Tudor Court, with its complete Elizabethan model village; from St. George's Church, Battery Point (copied by convict architect Blackburn, by memory, from London's St. Pancras), to the former stately home now restored, furnished, and maintained by the National Trust as the Van Diemen's Land Museum.

Hobart is an excellent base for one-day tours to Port Arthur, the former convict settlement on the Tasman Peninsula; the beautiful apple orchard town of Huonville on the Huon River; and, of course, Mt. Wellington.

A magnificent, paved, winding road ascends the 4165ft. to Mt. Wellington's summit—offering at the top what's probably the finest panoramic view in Australia.

From Hobart, we drove 64 miles through Sorell, and across the Forestier and Tasman Peninsulas to Port Arthur. Convict relics have become grade-A tourist material in Tasmania.

But conscience also compels local guides to point out that, as prisons went in a barbarous



MAP shows Tasmanian tour route.

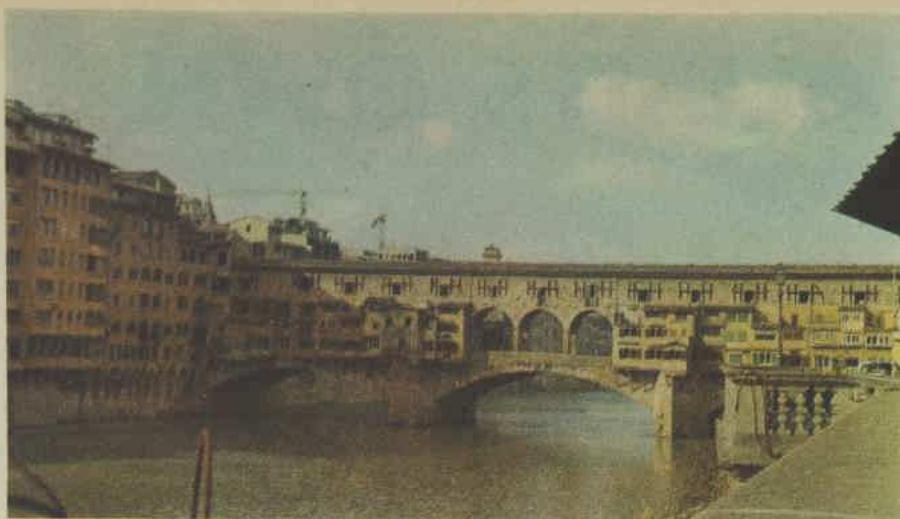
The resort is Wynyard, slightly west of Devonport, and the motel into which we had booked is small and privately owned.

The proprietress cooked delicious dinners to order for 15/- each, and we could walk straight across a road from the motel garden into the sea for surprisingly warm and completely safe, if shallow, bathing.

Sixty-five miles of good, paved Tasman Highway between Devonport and Launceston pass through beautiful hill-and-dale countryside, as well as the attractive town of Deloraine.

home, open to the public, is Franklin House, just outside Launceston. It has associations with Tasmanian early Governor and celebrated explorer Sir John Franklin.

Launceston, Tasmania's second city, is a must for tourists. Its most famous beauty spot is the Cataract Gorge, where a footway leads you above a foaming river to a public park and bush reserve which might serve as a model for any in the Commonwealth—so skilfully have they been landscape-gardened and so neatly are they kept.



PONTE VECCHIO (Old Bridge), Florence, lined with shops that are a tourist's treat in the Italian winter because visitors are made welcome in their warm interiors. The shops have jewellery displays ranging from the fabulous to the pleasant and elegant clothes for all.



SPIRED CHURCH in a village above Bolzano, in the Italian Dolomites, with wide green vineyards spreading over the hillsides. A little cog railway runs up the mountain to Collalbo to give the summer tourist this view of beautiful country and a village hanging on a hillside.



Italy — in winter or summer

By CLARE KINSELLA

● Italy is one of the most fascinating countries of Europe for travellers, who flock there in the warm weather from spring to late autumn.

BUT in winter? Snow sports in the mountains, yes.

But what do Italian cities offer Australian tourists who want to see as much of Europe as possible, and know they can't visit every country in the warm months of the year?

My sister and I arrived in Florence in January in an exceptionally cold winter, with no booked accommodation, but with a bank's list of recommended pensiones.

Soon we were thawing out with hot coffee in a pleasant, sunny room, with windows looking out on the Arno flowing swiftly under the Ponte della Grazie.

On the opposite hillside, patches of snow lay among the dark cypresses pointing up to San Miniato and to where a copy of Michelangelo's David gazes down on the tiled roofs, spires, and domes of Florence.

Elegant clothes

A few yards away on the right was the Uffizi Gallery and beyond that the Ponte Vecchio, where shop after shop on the bridge has jewellery displays ranging from the fabulous to the pleasant.

People who like shops will find plenty to interest them—elegant clothes for men and women, beautiful hand-embroidered blouses and table linen, exquisite children's clothing, and the leather goods and gilded and painted wooden articles for which Florentine craftsmen are world renowned.

But the art galleries attracted us and we went to the Uffizi (entrance about 2/6, but free on Sundays) and saw enough of Botticelli, Fra Angelico, and Giotto to make us return again and again.

One advantage of winter viewing is that even though many people wandered through the rooms—some heated, others not—the great summer crowds were missing and we could stand and gaze without interruption.

Florence, like all Italy's cities, has a wealth of galleries and churches to visit, but at the Pitti Palace we unexpectedly saw some "live" pictures.

Looking from the tall windows on to the terrace and

fountains leading to the Boboli Gardens, we saw photographers gathered round a beautiful model from one of the Italian fashion houses. Dressed in a long cyclamen evening gown, she posed against a fountain whose jets were frozen into icicles, glistening in the pale sunlight.

The fashion directors and photographers worked snug in their woollies and furs, while she stood smiling and relaxed in the cold air as though in her natural element. But how she rushed for the outstretched coat when the photographers had finished!

From Florence there are many nearby places to visit.

You can go by train to Pisa and see for yourself that the tower does have that lean. Or a local bus (about 1/3) goes up to Fiesole, past beautiful villas in terraced gardens, to the small town with its well-preserved Roman amphitheatre, museums, and churches.

There are many small restaurants where a dish of steaming spaghetti with wine, followed by delicious coffee and pastries, gives you strength for more sightseeing and bolsters you against the sharp icy air of this beautiful hill town.

Guided tours

Places farther afield are sometimes best seen on a guided tour, and in this way we travelled through the undulating, snow-covered Chianti country; the bare vines, the olive groves, and the willows beautiful against the brown earth and the light snow.

The views were breathtaking. First we explored San Gimignano, the Town of the Towers, then Siena, with its magnificent Gothic cathedral. Originally planned to be the largest in Europe, it was left uncompleted when the Black Death killed 70,000 of the city's 100,000 residents.

After a day of sightseeing, it was pleasant to return to our comfortable pensione (£2/4/- a day, including services and taxes) and dine in the large well-appointed dining-room with a wood stove beside us.

Continued on page 20

STALLS piled with fruit (left) in the Piazza Erbe or Obstmarkt, in Bolzano, where German and French are spoken. Italy has some of the world's best fruit displays.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 30, 1965



MAORI GIRL—EDITORIAL

— about NEW ZEALAND

Imagine! It's nearer to you than most parts of Australia, yet in looks, a world apart. It has boiling pools, spouting geysers, glittering glaciers and lush fern forests. Vast fiords and mountain-locked lakes, waterfalls and roaring rapids.

Maori hakas...high-speed jetboats...alpine flightseeing...gentle pasturelands. There's something new to see and do every day of your vacation in nearby New Zealand. And it need cost no more than a stay-at-home holiday. Ask your Travel Agent or The New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau* about money-saving Tiki Air-Conomy Tours, Family Fares and Group Travel.

*Sydney, 14, Martin Place (phone 25-6631). Melbourne, C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth St. (phone 67-6621). Brisbane, M.L.C. Building, Adelaide St. (phone 26-152).

What's so different —

STIVEN FALLS—MILFORD SOUND



Continuing . . .

Italy—in winter or summer

Continued from page 18

The meals were excellent — soup, meat or fish, vegetables, followed by a choice of pastries or cheeses, then a basket of fruit, nuts, and figs.

We often found it better to have demi-pension, that is, breakfast and dinner, eating a light lunch wherever we happened to be. Restaurants abound, and the bars, found everywhere, also serve food and coffee.

The winter visitor to Florence can enjoy music, too, though we left it rather late to book. We found all the cheaper seats sold and had to pay almost £22/10/- each for the last of the best seats for Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin's five o'clock recital at the Teatro Della Pergola.

This small heated theatre, encircled by four tiers of boxes, was crowded with an elegantly dressed audience. Never had we seen so many mink coats.

It was in the hot days of August that we returned to Italy, coming to Bolzano, in the Dolomites, after a long bus trip from Linz, in Austria, via the mountain resort of Cortina.

These large comfortable buses cross the mountains, picking up and setting down passengers at frequent stops, yet you can be sure of a seat booked in London months ahead at the small cost of about 37/6 for the day trip.

We travelled along valleys between towering mountains, then over the mountains on twisting roads cobbled fanwise at hairpin bends. Masses of flowers grew in the valleys, mostly yellow and white marguerites and tall, vivid purple thistles. Snow covered the mountain tops and the melting glaciers fed the milky green lakes and streams below.

For the first time here, we saw the road sign of a leaping deer warning drivers to take care. We saw no deer on the roads or in the forests, but the driver stopped to show us two small rescued orphans placed in a wire enclosure.

In the afternoon, the lower hills were covered with thousands of mauve-pink autumn crocuses, touching each other and yet not blocking out the vivid grass. Above, the bare and savage peaks of the Dolomites gleamed in the afternoon sun.

We drove into extensive conifer forests, giant trees on either side of the road for mile after mile. Once, among the trees ahead, we caught glimpses of a village, but on reaching it found it to be vast stacks of timber, taller than houses, awaiting transport.

Our hotel room in Bolzano had a balcony overlooking the garden, where an open area had tables and chairs protected by

umbrellas from the midday sun.

Here on the first night we dined on delicious soup, scaloppini of veal with cream sauce, rice, green salad, and a bottle of wine.

We had a continental breakfast in the garden, but ate a lunch of cheese and fruit, bought in the market, on our balcony.

For our large, well-furnished room we paid 3600 lira or £1/6/- each, including services and taxes. Meals, of course, depend on the restaurant and the amount eaten. We found breakfast cost about 5/- and dinner with wine or beer from 16/- to 25/- each.

From the centre of the town we caught a bus to Gries, once a separate town, now a suburb, and visited the old parish church which houses the famous altar of carved wood by Michael Pacher, a Gothic masterpiece of the period 1471 to 1480.

On a Sunday morning, we took the little cog railway train up the mountain, passing wide green vineyards spreading over the hillsides, picturesque farms, deep forests, and orchards loaded with ripe apples and pears.

The terminus, Collalbo, is a small village built on the side of the mountain, with winding streets and paths, a few large hotels, lots of houses, nearly all decorated with flowers in window boxes.

After exploring, we ate lunch of cheese, apricots, peaches, and grapes, seated on a grassy bank with superb views of the Dolomites and a tiny village hanging to the hillside below.

A band roused us from a lazy sunbake and we hurried back to see a short procession approaching the village green. There were girls in regional dress — one lot green and red, the other pale blue.

The bandsmen, all young and handsome, wore gay sleeveless jackets and jaunty feathers in their hats.

Carts drawn by white oxen carried several clowning groups. At the rear came a small boy leading two black sheep with tails tied with scarlet ribbon.

We watched the slippery pole, the "Aunt Sally," the primitive bowling alley, and the shooting gallery in action. There were swarms of orderly children, and everyone enjoyed the sunshine and the fiesta.

Wherever we went in Italy, in winter or summer, in the cities and in the country, we experienced endless enjoyment of the Italian way of life and chose, to our own satisfaction from what this country has to offer the tourist, enough to make us wish to return.

Savage peaks gleamed in afternoon sun



NEW YORK skyline, from the observation roof on the RCA Building.

Travel by bus

● Touring the United States by bus, you see the "in-betweens" — those stretches between the dots on the map marking the highlights of your trip.

THE 99 days for 99 dollars (£45) plan allows tourists to cover as many miles as they like within the time limit.

Greyhound has a 120,000-mile route system, and buses cover 1½ million miles every day of the year.

Tourists can get off and on buses as they please, stopping at any point of interest.

Many find the 300 Greyhound Post Houses convenient for a meal, shower, or overnight stop. At any Greyhound terminal there are shower facilities and light meals are served.

Besides this basic plan, travellers may select a 99 days for 99 dollars plus 6 dollars and 6 dollars.

In co-operation with Greyhound, the nationwide chain of 42 Sheraton Hotels offers a special rate of 6 dollars a day per person for double accommodation and 6 dollars for breakfast and dinner. Six dollars is about £2/12/-. Single rooms are £4 a day.

Tourists can select this accommodation and still have meals independently. Instead of breakfast and dinner in the main hotel dining-room, they can have three meals in the hotel coffee shop. Tax and tip are included in both plans.

Another tour program provides stopovers in 21 cities and

eight national parks along Greyhound routes. The stopovers are "package deals"; the price of each three-day and two-night hotel stay including a local sightseeing tour, accommodation, but not meals, except in national parks.

In San Francisco, for example, the tour offers a choice of two hotels, with a "package" price of about £8 per person double accommodation for the two-night, three-day stay at the Bellevue, and about £9 per person in a double room at the Sir Francis Drake.

By
Jude Ainsworth

If the traveller spends longer at the stopover, the additional charge would be about £3 a night for double accommodation at the Bellevue; £4 at the Sir Francis Drake.

At the Grand Canyon, the "package" includes lodging at the hotel near the park entrance on the nights before and after the tour, and a day's tour of the park for about £9 per person, including meals.

There also are organised tours.

Greyhound and Hilton Hotels have a special 16 dollars (about £7) per day plan, including transport, hotel accommodation, and sightseeing in the price.

Meals and baggage handling charges are not included.

Eight of these 16 dollars per day tours have been organised in different areas.

One is the Great American Cities Tour to New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, ending back in New York — 15 days and 14 nights for 224 dollars (about £100). This circle tour also can begin and end in Chicago.

Another tour is a 20-day, 19-night trip from Los Angeles, with sightseeing trips to Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and famous beaches, to Phoenix, El Paso, Carlsbad Caverns, Pecos, Fort Worth, Houston, New Orleans, Tallahassee, St. Augustine, Charleston, Raleigh, Washington, and New York for 304 dollars (about £135).

A shorter trip is from New Orleans to New York, 11 days and 10 nights for 176 dollars (about £78). This route is via Mobile, Atlanta, Knoxville, Natural Bridge (Virginia), a trip surveyed by George Washington, through the Shenandoah Valley to Washington, Philadelphia, and New York.

Greyhound also has arranged escorted tours timed to leave San Francisco soon after passengers disembark from several trans-Pacific sailings of the P. and O. Orient Line.

The coast-to-coast three-week tour includes 3000 miles of touring, escort, accommodation, in double rooms, portage, and baggage handling tips from £196 to £216, depending on the date of the tour. An extra £27 to £33 is charged for passengers wanting private hotel rooms. Meals are not included in this price.

HOME OF BUDGET TOURS

● Overseas tourists can see more of the United States for less money than Americans. The now-famous 99 days for 99 dollars (£45) bus tour has been matched by an air plan: 21 days of unlimited flying in the States and Alaska for 150 dollars (£67).

THIRTEEN airlines have joined to offer the new bargain — and their routes connect more than 550 cities.

Passengers have a free 66lb. baggage allowance. Children from two to 21 can travel with a parent for half fare.

This plan can be bought either outside the U.S.A. or within 30 days of arrival—for the latter a five percent tax (about £4/10/-) is added.

Also, for visitors concentrating on seeing one particular region of America, seven local airlines issue tickets for unlimited travel over regional routes.

The map illustrating connecting bus routes across the U.S.A. looks like a fine cobweb—it doesn't seem there could be any place a bus won't take you. The prospects are dizzying: one English couple logged more than 30,000 miles of bus travel during their 99-day ticket period.

After one bus line deposits travellers in a city, a sightseeing bus company is ready to take them touring within the city environs.

Two sightseeing bargain tickets are available. One, for overseas visitors only, is for 15 or 21 consecutive days of sightseeing tours valid in

90 American and Canadian cities. This ticket, sold only outside the country, is £22 for a 15-day ticket, £27 for a 21-day.

Second sightseeing plan is open to Americans as well as visitors. It offers 14 or 21 consecutive days of touring in Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Phoenix, Reno-Lake Tahoe, San Diego-Tijuana, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco.

The ticket, which must be bought before arrival in any of the participating cities, is £15/10/- for 14 days and £20 for 21 days.

Under both these sightseeing programs, half fare is charged for children aged five to 12. Children under five are carried free of charge.

Railroads also support the special plans for overseas travellers. A bargain coast-to-coast ticket, valid for a year over a wide choice of routes, costs £45, coach class; £63, first class. Any number of stopovers are permitted, and baggage allowance is 350lb.

Most Australians and New Zealanders enter America through one of the major West Coast cities. They are eligible for still another concession: a one-way coach-class ticket to New York for £36, valid for three months, with 150lb. free baggage.



REMINDER of the "old" United States, Carmel Mission, a church on the Californian coast, is seen by many tourists. Pictures by Pan-Am.

Tip to tourists whose money may be running short by Boston: for the price of a cocktail at Jimmy's you can sit all night nibbling at their buffet of hot fish hors d'oeuvres.

11th, 12th, and 13th DAYS: New York, where you can browse in the specialty shops in Greenwich Village for arty jewellery or suede coats, watch the chess players on Washington Square, eat an ice-cream and go for a ride on the merry-go-round in Central Park, or put on your best bib-and-tucker for afternoon tea in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel, meeting-place for "old" New York society.

Art treasures

If you don't feel smartly clothed, there's Bergdorf Goodman's, next door along Fifth Avenue, and Henri Bendel's and Bloomingdale's within hailing distance.

A morning's walk along Fifth Avenue will turn up almost anything anyone might care to buy—and many more things you might not realise you want until you see them.

Everyone goes to the Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Modern Art, but don't miss the Frick Museum.

An early industrial patron, Frick had a staff of specialists combing Europe for art treasures, which he used to glorify his Fifth Avenue mansion.

The magnificent furniture, china, silver, and paintings are still on display as they were in his time—a walk through the looking-glass into a past world of splendour.

14th DAY: Philadelphia, where, in Independence Hall, the Declaration of Independence was drafted and proclaimed in 1776 and the Articles of Confederation were passed in 1778.

The Constitution was written also in Philadelphia, and almost all the old buildings have some Revolutionary War significance.

15th and 16th DAYS: Washington, like Canberra, is a planned city. Everything points to the Capitol Building, the meeting place for senators and representatives from the 50 States.

You can watch the Houses of Congress in session; the White House is open to tourists.

17th DAY: Williamsburg, Virginia, an authentically restored and rebuilt colonial town, with a blacksmith's shop, village tavern, bakery, homes, and even the governor's palace, with formal gardens and a maze. Attendants dress in period costume, and visitors can watch horses being shod and old recipes being made in the traditional manner.

18th DAY: New Orleans, home of hot jazz, ironwork balconies, the Mardi Gras, and superb Creole cooking.

Mark Twain described Creole cookery as "delicious as the less criminal forms of sin."

For sea food and sauces it is hard to beat. Try a baked eggplant stuffed with shrimp and crabmeat, oysters, or Corinne Dunbar's special casserole of artichoke hearts, mushrooms, herbs, and the unknown quantity that makes it unmatched.

Dine at Antoine's—mushrooms under glass, combining cream, wine, and herbs, or a special crawfish are two of its specialities.

19th DAY: Dallas and Fort Worth, only 32 miles apart, with totally different personalities. Oil is important in both economies, but Dallas is also built on cotton and railroads, finance and insurance; Fort Worth sticks to the Texan industries of cattle and aviation.

Husbands on this tour may regret the day they let their wives enter Neiman-Marcus, one of the most extravagant of the world's great stores. From solid gold can-openers to Hong Kong junk, if Neiman-Marcus

Continued on page 23

Travel by air

● When the American continent — San Francisco to New York — can be spanned by jet in 5½ hours, the 21-day tourist flight for 150 dollars (£67) gives great scope for exploring the United States.

MOST Australians and New Zealanders have their first look at the United States in San Francisco or Los Angeles, two cities a relaxed ten-hour drive apart.

So a 21-day tour would best be started in one and ended in the other, with a final drive to complete the circle.

The £67 plan does not include accommodation. Meals and hotel costs are between £5 and £7 a day for good standard accommodation.

With the £67 air fare and an average expense of £6 a day for meals and hotels, this 21-day trip could cost as little as £193. Here is a suggested route.

FIRST DAY: North to Anchorage or Fairbanks, Alaska—still frontier towns in contrast to the super-American rush of Los Angeles or the somewhat Continental air of San Francisco.

Try the fabulous Alaska King Crab, or sourdough bread, or pancakes, the staple food of the hardy '49ers of goldrush days. Reindeer steak, fresh salmon, and wild duck—delicacies highly favored by Alaskans—are sure to intrigue the tourist.

SECOND DAY: South to Sun Valley, Idaho, a sophisticated ski resort. The snow season is

from December to early April, with the resort turning into a summer sport centre in the warmer months.

THIRD DAY: Yellowstone National Park, only a hop, skip, and a jump from Sun Valley.

The oldest and largest of America's 30 national parks, Yellowstone's 3472 square miles take in parts of three States—Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. Geyser basins contain more than 10,000 thermal springs, including the famous "Old Faithful."

Built on gold

FOURTH DAY: Salt Lake City or high-altitude Denver and Colorado Springs could be the next stop on a gradual easterly progress.

Denver, at the foot of the Rockies, was built on gold. The town began as a miners' extravaganza, where oysters and French wines were common place even before the streets were paved, and a taste for elegant living is still noticeable.

FIFTH, SIXTH, and SEVENTH DAYS: Chicago, in the heart of the productive Midwest, has one foot in Lake Michigan and arms reaching south and west through corn and wheat belts.

Sophisticated and fast paced, Chicago isn't just an industrial colossus. It has museums, like

the famous Art Institute, and some of Frank Lloyd Wright's finest architectural designs. The 601-foot Prudential Building is the city's tallest, with an observation point on top. Also at the top of the building is a cocktail lounge, "The Top of the Rock."

EIGHTH DAY: Buffalo, in upstate New York, is an industrial city, but just out of town are the Niagara Falls, making this the ideal stop for a morning or afternoon on the eighth day.

Niagara Falls are a natural wonder that impress everyone. A walk right under the falls or a trip in the Maid of the Mist ferry is a wonderful experience.

NINTH AND TENTH DAYS: Down the Atlantic coast to Boston, "home of the bean and the cod, where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God."

In this dignified and elegant city, an old-world exclusive charm still clings to the Back Bay and Beacon Street areas, with the old homes of the "first" American families.

Faneuil Hall, the old North Church (the steeple where Paul Revere hung his lantern to warn the Revolutionary soldiers that "the British are coming!"), Boston Common, the Georgian buildings of Harvard, the Charles River meandering through the city—Boston has much to offer.

New Englanders may not talk much about good eating, but they do a lot of it.

Try Boston baked beans by all means, but go a bit further to a restaurant like the Parker House, where mulligatawny soup is just as delicious.

Jimmy's Harboride is a delightful fish restaurant down among the docks, with a wonderful view over the harbor.



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Continuing . . .

HOME OF BUDGET TOURS

Continued from page 21

doesn't have it in stock, the store will accept an order. There are branches in Dallas and Fort Worth.

20th DAY: Las Vegas, whose glitter and shine light the night over the Nevada desert. With a pocketful of 50-cent pieces a visitor can watch the big wagers crossing the green baize tables in this wide-open gambling centre.

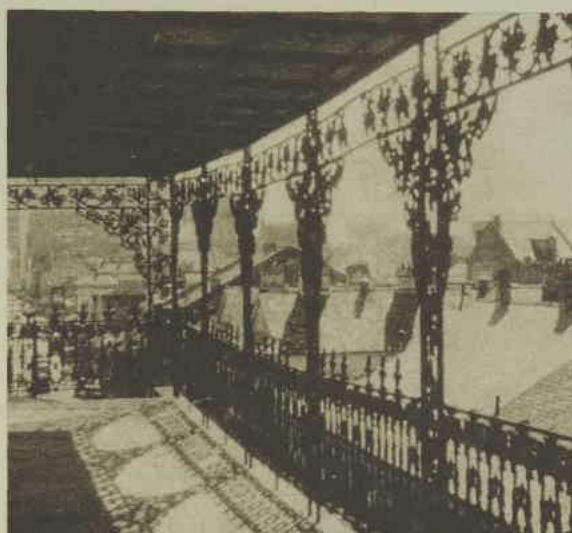
21st DAY: Fly to Los Angeles and spend the day there before ending the tour with a flight to San Francisco.

If you have more time — and money — see more of the west coast by motoring up to San Francisco.

There are California Parlor Car tours between the two cities.

A three-day trip, with nights in Monterey and Santa Barbara, including meals and sightseeing, is about £37 per person in double rooms.

Parlor Car tours also have longer trips — four days from San Francisco to Yosemite National Park, Monterey, Carmel, and back to San Francisco for about £60 in a double room; between Los Angeles and San Francisco, covering Hollywood, Beverly



IRON LACEWORK gives distinctive charm to buildings in Dauphine Street, New Orleans. This picture by U.S.T.S.

Hills, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Carmel, and Yosemite for about £75 in a double room; six days, including San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, Yosemite, Monterey, Carmel, Big Sur, Santa Barbara, Hollywood, and

Beverly Hills, for about £95 in a double room.

Old, new, built-up, untouched, America is such a tremendously varied country it offers the overseas visitor an unforgettable holiday.



AT the top of a hill in San Francisco, a trolley car is haloed by Alcatraz Prison.

Continued from page 17 . . .

Tasmania: A charm all its own

age, Port Arthur "hadn't really been too bad."

The convicts were taught trades and were often allowed to take their work when discharged.

One prisoner made, and was allowed to leave with, a grandfather clock.

The road to Port Arthur is paved throughout, offering splendid views above Eaglehawk Neck, where once fierce dogs patrolled the land, as sharks the bay, to ensure that no convicts escaped.

Other, more natural, phenomena worth seeing are Tasman's Arch, a rocky curve rising 172 feet above the sea; the Devil's Kitchen, a sort of gigantic blowhole; and the Tessellated Paving.

The paving, said by geologists to be 200 million years old, is reached from a little bush track near Eaglehawk Neck. Action of sea on sand has graven lines in what appear to be exact squares in rock just above tide-level.

From Hobart, orchard-centre Huonville can be reached in an hour or two by road through Ferntree and the apple valleys for which Tasmania is famous.

Huonville, beside the Huon river, is an attractive town whose residents have lined the roadsides with a continuous garden as you enter.

During summer this is a blaze of color — rosy morn petunias, phlox, zinnias, and, at the time of our visit, dahlias.

We returned to Hobart by the longer but rewarding route that skirts D'Entrecasteaux Channel by Cygnet and Woodbridge.

It's now almost completely paved, and the views of coast and channel and Bruny Island, where fairy penguins nest, are breathtaking.

Fertile valley

The map will show that our Tasmanian tour had already taken in much of the north coast, nearly all the east coast, fanned out south-east and south-west of Hobart, but to date had left the centre — and the largely uninhabited north-west — untouched.

But New Norfolk, a few miles north-west of Hobart, is an obvious tourist mecca. Also, on the recommendation of a Queenslander who'd told me that Queenstown was "the most extraordinary place in Tasmania," we decided to brave bad sections of the road linking New Norfolk with the north-west coast, via Queenstown.

New Norfolk, beside a willow-fringed Derwent in one of Tasmania's most fertile valleys, has Australia's oldest licensed hotel, the Bush Inn; at least two historic churches; and the Old Colony Inn — a coffee house and restaurant preserved in the colonial tradition.

At the New Norfolk bridge over the Derwent must be Australia's smallest youth hostel —

a tiny circular building once a toll-house.

Northward from New Norfolk the road is paved as far as Ouse. Then comes something of a horror-stretch, stony and often pot-holed gravel, whose only compensation is the spectacular King William Range rising like a sabre-toothed nightmare in flat country as you approach the Navarre River.

My Queensland acquaintance had insisted that we must reach Queenstown at sunset. It was only then, she had explained, that the great bare mountains encircling the town would turn green, amethyst, golden-orange, transforming Queenstown into "something like the moon."

The Queenslander had been right. We came upon Queenstown suddenly, at sunset — after a final 20 miles of paved road — in a bowl created by livid green, violet, and orange mountains without tree or leaf.

This site of the rich Mt. Lyell copper mine attracts hundreds of tourists, who are invited to inspect the mine smeltery in parties each day at 7.30 p.m.

North from Queenstown you join the Murchison Highway, part of which is new, magnificent, and paved; the rest the familiar pot-holed gravel. Old mine-workings abound; quaintly, we often saw beehives set around the shafts. It was explained that leatherweed — a purely local

native flower — yields Tasmania's most fragrant honey.

Towns and hamlets are few and far between. We detoured four miles to visit Zeehan, a former mining town now only a shadow of its old self — but with a fine Mining Museum.

Last town before you scale Mt. Murchison by the new road (paved and beautifully graded for several miles) is Rosebery.

From Rosebery north to the coast, via Parrawee, Oonah, and Elliott, the new highway, paved in stretches, passes through some lonely but magnificent mountain, valley, and, at the last, farming country.

A few miles to the east, but so far inaccessible by road, is Tasmania's finest scene — sharp-toothed Cradle Mountain, encircling Dove Lake. Tourists must make a final approach on foot from Welbheim.

Retraced way

We rejoined the north coast at Somerset, then drove a few miles west to Wynyard, where we stayed at our favorite motel.

Many tourists prefer to begin their Tasmanian journey by the original main highway, the Midland, which bisects the island right from Launceston to Hobart.

We had left this until last.

We retraced our way along the Tasman Highway to Carrick, then joined the Midland, by a brief detour, at Perth. Paved throughout, the Midland

runs through rich farm and grazing land dotted with old and interesting towns.

Great stone houses drowse behind avenues or yew hedges, with well-stocked barns, sleek cattle, pedigreed sheep, hayricks like giant beehives.

About halfway, at Campbell Town, is a house named The Grange, which Tasmania's National Trust has acquired. A doctor built it about a century ago in the style of an Elizabethan manor house with tall barley sugar chimneys.

Near Antill Ponds we saw, in a ditch beside the highway, a realistic-looking animal trimmed out of a hawthorn bush.

The 20 miles or so between Antill Ponds and Oatlands are scattered with these fantastic pieces of topiary: a group of kangaroos, a dingo, a rabbit, a dinosaur, an emu, a bear — all cut from whatever bushes happen to be growing wild beside a State highway. Afterwards, we were told that an Englishman does it as a hobby.

By Melton Mowbray, Dysart, Bagdad, and Pontville, we came again to Hobart at sunset as boys furl the sails of their skiffs on the harbor and Mt. Wellington disappeared into a crest of cloud.

That night, we left Hobart in the Empress of Australia. Our tour, including two days spent on the road between Sydney and Melbourne, had taken just under three weeks.

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PRETTY ENOUGH FOR A TROUSSEAU, the enchanting bedjacket, above, is crocheted in a shell pattern, trimmed with scalloped motifs and fluffy pompon ties. Directions, below, to fit 34-36in. bust are complete on this page.

Trousseau bedjacket

Materials: 15 Balls Patons Bri-Nylon 4-ply; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 9.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; length, 22in.; sleeve, 13in.

Tension: 3 shells equals 2in. in length and width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

BACK

Make 106 ch.
1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next st., * miss 3 ch. (3 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next st.—one shell made), * rep. from * to * to last 4 ch., miss 3 ch., 3 tr. into last ch., turn. (25 shells.)

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. into top of shell, 3 ch., * rep. from * to * ending with 1 tr. into d.c. of last row, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 22 times altogether.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. along ch. to top of 2nd shell, make 21 shells, 1 tr. into top of next shell, 3 ch., turn; 1 d.c. into top of shell 3 ch. Cont. working on rows of 20 shells until 12 rows of shells have been made from armhole.

To Shape Shoulders: Rep. 2nd row missing 1 shell at end of row, turn; work 16 shells, 1 tr. into top of next shell, 3 ch., turn; cont. as for

2nd row missing last shell of previous row, turn. Cont. as for 2nd row across to armhole edge. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Make 50 ch. Work 1 d.c. into 2nd from hook, make 12 shells along ch., working shells as for back.

Cont. in patt. as back. At beg. of 2nd row of shells make 4 ch. and work 1 extra shell on top of last tr.

Cont. inc. 1 shell each row until there are 16 shells across. Cont. as for back to armhole.

Shape armhole as for back, decreasing 4 shells instead of 3 and missing 1 shell every 2nd row at neck until 7 shells remain. Shape shoulder as back.

LEFT FRONT

Shape to correspond with right front. To make extra shell at end of row, complete last shell, 7 ch., turn and cont. as for 2nd row. At end of next row of shells make extra shell in 4th ch., 7 ch., turn.

SLEEVES

Make 98 ch. and work 24 shells across ch. Cont. in patt. as back. When 19 rows of shells have been worked, shape armhole by dec. one shell each end of row every 2nd row of shells twice, then

every row until 5 shells remain.

SCALLOPED TRIM

Make approx. 180 ch. Miss 1 ch., 4 d.c. into next 4 ch., miss 2 ch., 6 tr. into next, miss 2 ch., 3 d.c. into next 3 ch., turn. 2 tr. into each tr. of last row, miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. turn. * 3 ch. to form picot, 2 d.c. rep. from * across scallops to ch.

Rep. until 15 scallops have been made for neck-edge trimming. Make another 15 scallops on other side of the same ch. Work single row scallops around entire edge of jacket. Sleeves are trimmed with 3 rows of scallops made in the same way.

POMPONS

Wind yarn round two cardboard circles, 2½in. in diam., with a ¼in. hole in the centre. When centre hole is filled, cut yarn between cardboard and tie firmly between circles before removing cardboard. Remove cardboard and trim into a neat ball. Make a length of ch. for tie.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Join seams with small backstitch. Set in sleeves. Using a cool, dry iron, press seams. Attach scallops ch. and pompons to neck-edge and sleeves as illustrated.

More designs overleaf

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ROUND-THE-CLOCK STYLES . . . continued

Afternoon twin-set

Materials: Cardigan — 14 (15, 16) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; Jumper — 4 (5, 6) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 5, 7, and 9 knitting needles; 9 buttons.

Measurements: Cardigan — To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; Length from shoulder, 21½ (22½, 23½) in.; Length of sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17) in. **Jumper** — To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; Length from shoulder, 21½ (21½, 21½) in.

Tension: 5 sts and 6 rows to one in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; inc., increase; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; sl., slip one stitch; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; rem., remain; m 2, make 2; beg., beginning.

CARDIGAN BACK

** Using No. 7 needles, cast on 94 (102, 110) sts and work 10 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, dec. 1 st. at beg. of last row. 93 (101, 109) sts.

Change to No. 5 needles and start patt.

1st Row: K 1, * p 3 tog., then k 1, p 1, k 1 into next st. (this will now be termed m 2), rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 3 tog., k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, p 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
3rd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.
5th Row: K 1, * m 2, p 3 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., m 2, k 1.

6th Row: K 1, * p 3, k 1, rep. from * to end.
7th Row: K 1, * k 3, p 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

8th Row: As 6th row.
These 8 rows form pattern. Rep. the last 8 rows 7 times, then from 1st to 6th row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 0 (4, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Proceed thus:
1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, m 2, rep. 1st patt. row from * until 5 sts. rem., m 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.
2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., p 3, rep. 2nd patt. row from * until 6 sts. rem., p 3, k 2 tog., k 1.
3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, rep. 3rd patt. row from * until 5 sts. rem., k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p 1, rep. 2nd patt. row from * until 4 sts. rem., p 1, p 2 tog., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., rep. 5th patt. row from * until 4 sts. rem., m 2, p 2 tog., k 1.

6th Row: K 2, rep. 6th patt. row from * finishing k 1.
7th Row: K 2 tog., rep. 7th patt. row from * finishing k 3, k 2 tog.

8th Row: Rep. 8th patt. row.
Rep. these 8 rows 6 times, then 1st to 4th rows once. (31 sts.) Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 58 (62, 66) sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 to end of row, finishing k 2. Rep. this row 9 times.

Change to No. 5 needles and proceed thus:

1st Row: Rep. 1st patt. row until 9 sts. rem., turn. Slip 9 rib sts. on holder.
Cont. in patt. as for back until armhole is reached, finishing at side edge.

To Shape Armholes: Cast

**CARDIGAN
and sweater.
The cardigan
has raglan
sleeves, the
sweater is
sleeved e s s.
Directions at
left for three
bust sizes.**



off 0 (4, 8) sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, m 2, rep. 1st patt. row from * to end.

2nd Row: Rep. 2nd patt. row until 6 sts. rem., p 3, k 2 tog., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, rep. 3rd patt. row from * to end.

4th Row: Rep. 4th patt. row until 4 sts. rem., p 1, p 2 tog., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., rep. 5th patt. row from * to end.

6th Row: Rep. 6th patt. row to last st., k 1.

7th Row: K 2 tog., rep. 7th patt. row from * to end.

8th Row: Rep. 8th patt. row.

Rep. these 8 rows 4 times, then rep. the 1st to 7th row finishing at front edge. (25 sts.) **To Shape Neck:** Cast off 8 sts., patt. to end.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, m 2, rep. 1st patt. row from * finishing p 3 tog., k 1.

3rd Row: Cast off 4 sts. (k 1, p 3) twice, k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, p 1, k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 1, p 2 tog., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., m 2, p 2, k 1.

7th Row: K 3, p 3, k 2.

8th Row: K 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., k 1.

9th Row: K 2, p 3, k 1.

10th Row: K 1, p 3 tog., k 2 tog.

11th Row: K 3.

12th Row: Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., *. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 58 (62, 66) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * ending k 1.

Rep. this row 9 times, at the same time, make a buttonhole at beg. of 5th row: Rib 3, cast off 3 sts., rib to end. In next row cast on 3 sts. in place of those cast off.

Work 4 rows.

Next Row: Rib 9, slip these sts. on to holder.

Change to No. 5 needles and work in patt., as for Back to armholes finishing with a 7th patt. row at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 0 (4, 8) sts., patt. to end.

Proceed thus:
1st Row: Rep. 1st patt. row until 5 sts. rem., m 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., p 3, rep. 2nd patt. row to end.

3rd Row: Rep. 3rd patt. row until 5 sts. rem., k 2,

sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p 1, rep. 2nd patt. row to end.

5th Row: Rep. 5th patt. row until 4 sts. rem., m 2, p 2 tog., k 1.

6th Row: K 2, rep. 6th patt. row to end.

7th Row: Rep. 7th patt. row until 5 sts. rem., k 3, k 2 tog.

8th Row: Rep. 8th patt. row.

Rep. these 8 rows 4 times, then rep. 1st to 6th row finishing at front edge. (26 sts.)

To Shape Neck:

1st Row: Cast off 8 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Patt. to neck.

3rd Row: Cast off 4 sts., (p 3 tog., m 2) twice, k 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., (p 3, k 1) twice, k 1.

Rep. from ** to ** from Left Front.

RIGHT SLEEVE

** Using No. 7 needles, cast on 48 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 24 in. inc. 1 (9, 17) sts. across last row. 49 (57, 65) sts.

Change to No. 5 needles and rep. 8 patt. rows as for Back once.

Proceed thus: Inc. on every 4th and 12th rows as follows: Work 1st to 3rd row of patt.

4th Row: K twice into 1st st., patt. until 2 sts. rem., k twice into next st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 1, rep. 5th patt. row from * to * finishing m 2, p 1, k 1.

Rep. 2nd to 7th patt. row.

12th Row: K twice into 1st st., p 3, k 1, finishing p 2.

inc. 1 st., k 1. Rep. 5th to 8th patt. row.

Rep. last 16 rows 3 times, then work 6 rows straight.

To Shape Top: Cast off 0 (4, 8) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Work as Back Armhole shaping, rep. 8 rows 6 times. ** Work 2 rows. (15 sts.)

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., patt. until 3 sts. rem., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, p 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 1, p 2 tog.

Cast off.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as for Right Sleeve from ** to ** then work 1 row. (17 sts.)

Next Row: Cast off 7 sts., patt. until 3 sts. rem., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, p 1, k 1, k 2 tog.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew in sleeves, then work left front border thus: Rejoin wool at inside edge and with No. 7 needles work in k 1, p 1 rib for 120 rows, finish-

ing at inside edge. Break off wool. Slip sts. on to safety pin. Rejoin wool at inside edge of rem. 9 sts. and work 9 rows then make a buttonhole in the next row as before and on every 16th row following until 8 in. all have been worked. Work 3 rows finishing at inside edge, then with same wool pick up and knit 121 sts. round neck, then work across left border sts. Work 3 rows rib, then work a buttonhole at beginning of next row as before. Work 3 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up borders. Press work on wrong side. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons.

**JUMPER —
BACK AND FRONT
(Both alike)**

Work as for back of cardigan from ** to ** (85 sts.). Rep. 8 patt. rows twice then rep. 1st and 2nd patt. rows. (83 sts.)

To Shape Neck: 1st Row: Patt. 34, cast off 15 sts., patt. to end, turn.

2nd Row: Patt. to neck. Join on another ball of wool, cast off 4 sts., patt. to end.

3rd Row: Patt. to neck. With 2nd ball cast off 4 sts., patt. to end.

4th Row: Rep. 3rd row.

5th Row: Rep. 3rd row.

6th Row: Patt., but dec. 1 st. at each side of neck edge. (2 sets of 25 sts. on needle.)

** Work 2 rows in patt. without dec.

9th Row: Patt. but dec. 1 st. at each side of neck edge.

10th Row: Patt. to end. ** Rep. from ** to ** until 18 sts. on each side. Work 2 rows.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Join right shoulder then work neckband.

Using No. 7 needles and commencing at left shoulder, pick up and knit 66 sts. to right shoulder, then another 66 sts. to left shoulder. (132 sts.)

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and work another 4 rows. Cast off in rib.

Join left shoulder and neckband, then with No. 7 needles pick up and knit 90 (98, 106) sts. round armhole edge and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and work 2 rows. Cast off in rib.

Work another armband to match.

Press work on wrong side and sew up side seams.

More designs, page 36

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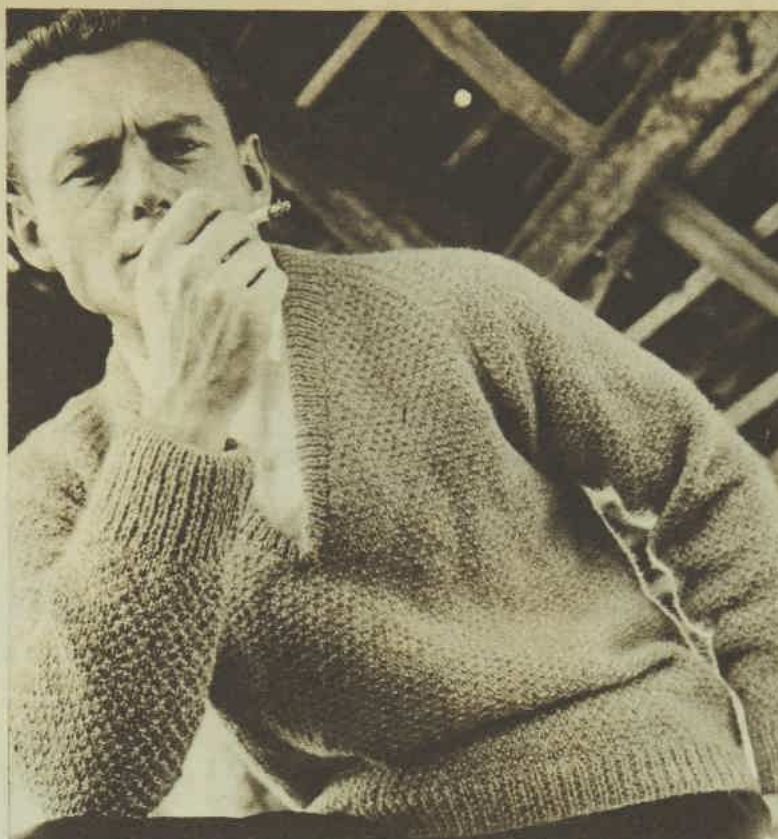
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ROUND-THE-CLOCK STYLES . . . concluded



TAPERED V-NECK, raglan sleeves and a nubby pattern stitch are combined in a handsome sweater that will appeal to every man.

The crochet look—but it's knitted

Materials: 15 (16, 17, 18, 19) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting or Emu Double Crepe or Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 8 knitting needles; No. 11 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust. Actual measurement will be 1 in. larger for easy fit. Length from top of shoulder, 21½ (21¼, 22, 22½, 23) in.; Length of sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17, 17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 6 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; inc., increase; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass sl-st. over; ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; w.fwd., wool forward.

BACK AND FRONT (alike)

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 84 (87, 93, 99, 102) sts. and k 5 rows.

Change to No. 6 needles and pattern.

1st Row (Right side): K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.

These 4 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 13½ (13½, 13½, 14, 14) in. or required length, ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of pattern, cast off 4 (4, 5, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following alternate row until

66 (69, 71, 75, 76) sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures 5 (5½, 5½, 6) in. from start of armhole shaping, ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: Pattern 25 (26, 26, 28, 28) sts., turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 8 (8, 8, 9, 9) rows. Work 5 (5, 5, 4, 4) rows straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next and following alternate row. Work 1 row. Cast off remaining 5 (6, 6, 7, 7) sts. Slip centre 16 (17, 19, 19, 20) sts. on to spare needle. Join wool at neck edge to remaining sts., pattern to end. Complete to match first side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 42 (45, 45, 48, 48) sts. and k 5 rows. Change to No. 6 needles and pattern as for back.

Inc. and work into pattern 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every following 9th (9th, 8th, 9th, 8th) row until 58 (61, 63, 66, 68) sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 17 (17, 17, 17½) in. or required length, ending with wrong side row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 (4, 5, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 42 (45, 45, 48, 50) sts. remain, then 1 st. each end every alternate row until 32 (33, 31, 32, 32) sts. remain. Now dec. 1 st. each end every row until 14 (15, 17, 18, 18) sts. remain. Cast off.

All day long at weekends

Materials: 24 (25, 26, 27, 28) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports Wool; 1 pair No. 7 and 2 pairs No. 9 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 36 (38, 40, 42, 44) in. chest; Length, 24½ (25, 26, 27, 27½) in.; Sleeve seam, 19 (19, 19½, 19½, 19½) in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 102 (108, 114, 118, 124) sts. Work 2 in. k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. in last st. of last row.

Change to No. 7 needles and work in pattern st. as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 4 rows until work measures 15½ (15½, 16, 16½) in. or length required, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 5 (5, 6, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., patt. to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 31 (33, 33, 33, 33) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back until 91 (97, 97, 97, 97) sts. rem.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 1, k 2 tog., patt. 42 (45, 45, 45, 45) sts., cast off next st., patt. to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: P 44 (47, 47, 47) sts., turn. Cont. on this side only leaving rem. sts. on stitch holder.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every foll. 4th row 14 (15, 15, 15, 15) times in all, at the same time, dec. at raglan edge every alt. row as before until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off.

Return to sts. on holder and work other side to correspond, reversing shapings.

NECKBAND

Back: Using No. 8 needles, pick up and k 19 sts. down first side of neck, k across the 16 (17, 19, 19, 20) sts. at centre, pick up and k 19 sts. up second side of neck. 54 (55, 57, 57, 58) sts. Knit 5 rows. Cast off loosely.

Front: Follow instructions for back.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth. If using Bri-Nylon, press with cool iron over dry cloth instead of damp one. Using back stitch, join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves.

CROCHET EDGINGS

Lower Edge.

Starting at side seam, join wool.

1st Round: * 5 ch., miss 4, 1 sl-st. rep. from * to end.

2nd Round: * 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd ch. of 1st round, rep. from * to end.

3rd Round: * Work 7 d.c. round 5 ch. of previous round, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Neck Edge.

Starting at shoulder seam, work as given for lower edge.

Cuff Edge.

Starting at sleeve seam, work as given for lower edge.

LACY-LOOK pullover is knitted, then trimmed with a simple crocheted edging. Directions are for five bust measurements. For a pretty effect, work the crocheted scallop trim in a contrasting color.



SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56, 58, 60) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3 in. inc. 3 (3, 3, 3, 3) sts. evenly along last row. 55 (57, 59, 61, 65) sts. Change to No. 7 needles and work in patt. as back for 4 rows. Cont. in patt. increasing 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. 6th row to 81 (85, 91, 95, 101) sts. Cont. in patt. without shaping until work measures 19 (19, 19½, 19½, 19½) in. or length required, ending on a purl row. Shape raglan as for back until 9 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join all raglan seams. With right side facing, using several No. 9 needles and beginning at centre front, pick up and knit 56 (60, 60, 60, 60) sts. up right front, 9 sts. across top of sleeve, 32 (34, 34, 34, 34) sts. across back of neck, 9 sts. across top of left sleeve, 56 (60, 60, 60, 60) sts. down left side front.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) until 48 sts., rem., turn.

2nd Row: As 1st.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) until 36 sts. rem., turn.

4th Row: As 3rd.

5th Row: Rib to last 24 sts., turn.

6th Row: As 5th.

7th Row: Rib to last 12 sts., turn.

8th Row: As 7th.

9th Row: Rib to end of row.

Cont. in rib on all sts., dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows. Work 1 row without shaping, then 4 rows inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

Cont. in rib, casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Seam sides and sleeves. Seam centre front of V. Fold neckband in half and slip-stitch cast off edge to inside. Press all seams.



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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The tailored suit illustrated below is a Vogue Couturier pattern by Michael of London. The design is published to answer a request from a Melbourne reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter with my reply:

"Can you help me with a design and pattern for a suit — something tailored, yet feminine, to fit many occasions?"

The suit I have chosen has its own overblouse, is London designed — and that means it is extremely well tailored. The easy-

fit jacket has bracelet-length sleeves with turned back cuffs, and the slim panel skirt has pockets in the side seams. Details and how to order are given under the illustration.

"What style of bra should I wear with an evening frock that has a low neck and only thin shoulder straps? The frock is fairly close-fitted."

Really depends on your figure type. A long-line strapless bra would probably be best.

"My problem is a formal wedding frock to be made in white satin with fitted wrist-length lace sleeves. Could you provide such a design in pattern form?"

Our pattern service includes a

design for a very pretty bridal gown similar to the one you described. It has a slightly raised and shaped bodice-top finished with wrist-length lace sleeves. The skirt is darted and very shapely. If you decide to order, please quote Vogue pattern 6002; the price, 8/6, includes postage. Send order to Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"My marriage is taking place next month and is at 11 a.m. I am wearing a red wool suit and would like your advice for the suit accessories — something striking. I am a brunette and have hazel eyes."

A red suit worn with a small leopard hat would look very striking. Add dark chestnut-brown shoes and gloves and a bag to match the leopard hat. The hat and bag could be made from fur fabric obtainable by the yard from dress-fabric departments.



1386.—Suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Couturier pattern 1386, price 12/- includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Can you tell me what color and type of leather shoes to wear with a beige wool frock?"

This season lizard in all shades is very much in fashion; or you might prefer calf or suede. All would be correct. A buckled shoe is very new. Dark brown or black are both smart accessory colors to wear with beige.

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WHITE suit for the girl about town

● The brilliant white suit, its origin Paris, is a new fashion to send spirits soaring from now to spring. The white suit comes in smooth and textured wools. Jacket shapes are soft and lithe; skirts often have movement. Buttons are slant and on the double. Add just a dash of black and you have pre-spring chic at its newest and best.

● Worldly white blazer suit worn with a white skimpy T-shirt and white head-hugging beret. The jacket is fastened with a double row of brass buttons.



● Dior's suit (above), made in worsted cavalry twill, has a side-buttoned jacket and skirt. The black jersey turban is matched to all-black accessories. Note glove length.

● Lanvin's suit (above) has a short double-buttoned jacket and a swirl of flying panels forming an overskirt. The brim of the white felt hat is lined in black.

● Castillo's square-cut suit (above), worn with a white roller hat and black gloves and shoes. The double row of buttons on the jacket is extended down the skirt.

TAMING THE WILDFLOWERS

By R. H. ANDERSON

MANY native plants are easy to grow, but some need special treatment. There is plenty of scope for experiment, but these plants' great natural beauty makes the work worth while.

Here are a few of the lovely natives that can be cultivated:

KANGAROO PAWS (*Anigozanthos* species). The unusually shaped flowers, clothed in a velvety mass of short hairs, are often richly colored, some with striking combinations of red and green. Found in southern parts of Western Australia. Most bloom in spring or summer.

Kangaroo Paws are usually not difficult to grow, but seem to prefer a fairly heavy well-drained soil in a warm position. Propagation is from seed or division. Species include:

Anigozanthos manglesii — very woolly flowers, green with some red or occasionally yellow; is Western Australia's floral emblem.

A. flavida — tall, occasionally 8ft. high or more; flowers vary from pale green to yellow.

A. humilis (Dwarf Kangaroo Paw) — yellow flowers, often suffused with red.

A. viridis (Green or Swamp Kangaroo Paw) — completely green, or occasionally with a touch of yellow at the base.

A. bicolor — similar to *A. manglesii*, but not so commonly found.

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FLANNEL FLOWERS grow happily among rocks in this native garden. A plot of kangaroo paws (*Anigozanthos manglesii*).



The **FLANNEL FLOWER** (*Actinotus helianthii*) grows naturally in rocky sandstone soil on the east coast and is not easily cultivated, except in similar soils. Flowers in spring and early summer.

Transplant or grow from fresh seed, lightly covered with sand.

BORONIAS are charming plants, often sweetly perfumed. Not the easiest to grow, and comparatively shortlived (3-6 years).

They need well-drained, sandy soil with good humus content and should not be allowed to dry out in hot weather. They resent root disturbance, but respond to mulching. Cutting back lightly after flowering helps for longer life.

The most commonly grown species include:

Boronia megastigma — the well-known Brown Boronia from Western Australia. A few plants will scent the whole garden. Requires a light soil in a warm, sheltered position, reasonable summer watering, and pruning after flowering.

B. heterophylla (Western Australia) — a well-shaped shrub, most attractive when covered in spring with red flowers.

B. serrulata (Native Rose) — lovely pink flowers, unusual leaves; N.S.W. native, on rocky sandstone soils. Needs careful handling, and is vulnerable to hot, dry weather.

Propagation of Boronia is from fresh seed or cuttings. Seed is sown in well-drained boxes or pans containing 1 part light sandy soil and 1 part leafmould, but germination is often erratic. Cuttings are taken from November to January from lateral shoots, using equal parts sand and sphagnum moss, preferably sterilised.

ERIOSTEMON species, known as Native Wax Plants or Native Daphne, are closely related to Boronias.

E. myoporoides accepts most conditions, except very cold districts, both in open and semi-shade. Prefers a fairly heavy soil. The pale pink buds open to white flowers and are profusely produced over a long period.

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E. lanceolata grows up to 8ft., fast growing, has large, pale pink flowers, about 1in. across, in late spring. Not so easily grown; needs light sandy soil.

Propagate with soft tip cuttings about 2in. long. Propagation from seed is usually difficult.

CHORIZEMA species (2ft. to 3ft.) have pea-shaped flowers in spring.

C. cordatum is the best known. (Red and orange flowers.)

C. ilicifolium has a spreading habit of growth (apricot and vermilion).

Both are successful in most soils, but prefer a somewhat heavy one, and need a warm and sunny position. Usually fairly short-lived.

LESCHAULTIA BILOBA is a small but lovely blue-flowered plant from W.A. Needs light soil, warm, sheltered position.

Native plants also include some interesting trailing or climbing species.

HARDENBERGIA VIOLACEA (*H. monophylla*), Purple Coral Pea, is useful as ground cover or for spilling over walls. Flowers in spring. Hardy.

HARDENBERGIA COMPTONIANA has attractive purple flowers.

There are several native species of **CLEMATIS**, but the one most commonly grown is *C. aristata* (Traveller's Joy). It has large white flowers and occurs naturally in temperate regions.

HIBBERTIA SCANDENS (*H. volubilis*), Guinea Flower, has large yellow flowers, shiny leaves; sandy soils.

KENNEDYA PROSTRATA (Scarlet Coral Pea), a trailer, makes a show with its red and yellow flowers. Light soil.

SOLLYA HETEROPHYLLA, a W.A. climber, has small brilliantly blue flowers. Good for covering small fences, banks.

CLIANthus FORMOSUS (Sturt's Desert Pea), from inland Australia, a spectacular trailing plant with red and black flowers, likes a dry climate.

In coastal areas is sometimes grown in well-drained, sunny rockeries. Cover seeds with boiling water, soak overnight. Sow in garden position.



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THE SEAL SUMMER

From page 23

"I was going to get in touch with you. He's acting queer. He gets fits of the sulks. One minute he's all over you, the next he wants to be let alone."

"It's the loneliness," Mrs. Wallace said, looking up from her knitting. "He can't stand it. It's the same with people. It makes them queer."

Percy reflected. "Maybe he wants to be off with the herd."

"The grey seal isn't a herd animal till it reaches maturity," I objected. "Sammy won't be old enough to join a breeding colony for several years yet."

"All the same, it's my belief he'll be gone afore long."

That night I dreamed about Sammy. It was a curious dream, for in it our customary roles were reversed. It was he who called and I who came. Fully clothed I waded in and swam to him, but he drew away each time I approached, farther and farther out in the sea until no land was visible and I was alone and lost in a waste of water.

Next day the weather broke in gales and thunderstorms. My thoughts reverted often to the cove and when the storm subsided I drove to Chapman's Pool.

It was a sullen day and cold. The only people on the beach were my friends the Lawrences. The tide was low but Sammy's ledge was unoccupied.

"We heard he'd gone," Joy said. "We came to see for ourselves."

"Has he?"

"No. He's out there in the Pool, behind that boat."

"It was jolly queer," said Ivor. "He saw us coming, no doubt of that, but took no notice."

"Have you called him?"

"Several times."

"Let's all try."

We cupped our hands and called in unison.

"Sa-a-a-ammy! Sa-a-a-ammy!"

After a few minutes the dark muzzle appeared round the stern of the boat and glided toward us. There was no more hesitation, no shadow of reserve in his greeting. He seemed in good spirits. We petted and played with him till the Lawrences had to leave. The wind was blowing hard. Great clouds rushed over us, trailing purple shadows over the headland.

Soon there occurred one of those abrupt changes to which the weather in this region is liable. From the edge of a pall of cloud the sun burst out. The Pool turned to blue and gold. The transformation galvanised Sammy into one of his archly playful moods.

He came to me, rolled over on to my feet, frisking, wriggling, and making mock snaps. When I stooped to fondle him he grabbed the sleeve of my jacket and began to tug in the usual direction, down toward the water.

I looked at his pleading eyes, I looked at the sea. I said, "No—" and then I



SAMMY nuzzles a friend.

thought, it will be the last, perhaps the last time ever. And I took off my clothes and slid into a pool between the rocks.

Even in this sheltered corner the water was cold, but less cold than I had expected. I stayed in for about five minutes and we played the best of the games, hide and seek, the double dive in close embrace, the whisker-tickling, the nip-and-kiss-and-streak-away, with uproarious splashing and laughter, and it was the more perfect because so short and because I knew, as he knew, that it was the last time.

NEXT day the weather worsened. Gales and thunderstorms raged for a week. My thoughts were constantly on the cove. I telephoned Percy.

"He's still there, but if you want to see him again you'd better go quick. I heard him howling last night under the Head."

As soon as I could, I drove down to the Pool. The day was grey and very cold. The sullen sky looked full of foreboding. From above, the cove looked deserted, but finally I saw Sammy mounted on a rock staring at the horizon.

The tide was high. There was a big sea running. I had to edge along close under the cliff to reach the slipway. He was so absorbed in his watching that he did not see me climb on to the slip. The noise of the sea tore my voice away when I called him. When at last he came to me he gave me a welcome that was full of affection, but his eyes were troubled.

He kept shaking his head and whining. I sensed that he was trying to tell me something, something I already knew. I sat down and took his head in my hands, kissing and stroking it till he quietened. All the time I softly talked and reasoned with him.

"Why do you want to leave us? Where will you go? What will become of you? The sea is so big. There are many dangers, not all from men. You have been with us too long and have forgotten the ways of your own kind. The old bulls have names like lions and are savage. You will not be received with love as you were here, you will be driven away, there will be no place for you, nor for many

years yet, in the autumn assemblies. Stay, then. Stay here with us."

He was heavy. My legs were cramped and the wet stones were icy cold. I got up. Directly I did so he moved away from me a little, then a little more, down toward the water, looking searchingly at me as I followed. And suddenly I was reminded so vividly of my dream that I moved back in a panic from the waves.

He gazed at me, weeping. Generally he cried noisily. It was the sound of the slow gulping sobs that affected people so deeply and brought a mist to their own eyes. But now his grief was silent. The tears, larger than human tears and of an oily opacity, spilled down his muzzle on to his chest and made dark rivulets in the fur.

While I stood irresolute a wave ran up the slip and he became waterborne, but he held his position and continued to watch me out of brimming flat black tormented eyes. The next wave licked at my feet.

I turned and ran, scrambling from rock to rock between the grey-wolf seas that crashed and tore at the shingle, till I reached the ravine. The clay, soft with rain, sucked at my shoes as I clawed my way up.

Nearing the top I looked down, muddled and gasping for breath, and saw the grey shape, small with distance, swimming through the breakers. The head, now visible, now lost, pointed westward into the haze of cloud wrack and spindrift over the centre of the Pool. There it paused and turned, and I felt its relentless gaze on me as I went on and up over the lip of the headland.

When next I looked the sea had taken it.

That was in 1961, and the seal has not come back. Sometimes our wishful thoughts deceive us and we fancy we see, far out in the Pool, his lifted head looking shoreward. But it is only a trick of sun-dappled water, or a fishing float, or a gull at rest.

He will not return—nor should we expect it, for we owned no part of him. He was lent to us for a little time. When the time was up, the sea reclaimed its loan.

Condensed from *The Seal Summer*, published by Arthur Barker Ltd., London. World copyright 1964 by Nina Warner Hooke.

A FIELD OF GREEN CORN

Continued from page 25

When the "Military Colors" craze broke, Connie was more than a little bit in love with Will Lyall, who was a brilliantly erratic photographer, specialising in fashion work and bemoaning the fact that he had insufficient time to devote to "art" photography.

He treated Connie like a favorite pair of old shoes. This she did not mind, or told herself she didn't. Will was an artist, so certain allowances had to be made.

He spent a lot of time in Connie's apartment, drinking her coffee and eating her home-made ginger biscuits. Connie loved to hear him talk. She sat at his feet and listened, not begrudging him the ginger biscuits, while she nibbled on a cracker.

Weight was her arch enemy. She loved good food and it loved her, clinging devotedly to hips and waist and all the places a top-notch photographic model could ill afford generous curves.

She ate salads and steaks grilled and pineapple out of season, good food and monotonous. Only occasionally did she fret for any other sort of food. When these occasions occurred she reacted as she did when haunted by the field of green corn.

She thought of other things, of the pretty compliments Will paid her when he was pleased with her pose, of the way she had looked on the front cover of the high-circulation magazine, of the admiring glances which followed her as, hatbox swinging from elegantly gloved hand, she presented herself punctually for assignments.

Such was the state of Connie Malloy, successful, more than a little bit in love, 28 pounds underweight and only occasionally haunted by a field of green corn, when the "Military Colors" campaign was launched and the Army moved in.

There was to be a six-page color spread in one of the national magazines. Journalistically, the magazine had always treated the Army well and the Army, after the aforesaid high-level negotiations were completed, decided to reciprocate the favor.

A beachhead was to be established. The props were to be tanks and guns and real-life soldiers. Amid this militaristic glory would be Connie Malloy, flanked by four other hand-picked models. Connie, like some latter-day Boadicea, would rise from the beachhead dressed in model gowns of "military" inspiration and colors.

"I don't like it," Connie said to Will Lyall in her apartment. "I think it's silly."

"Darling, yours not to reason why," Will assured her. "Great minds have dreamed this up. Have you ever met a real-life soldier?"

"No," Connie said. "Anyway, I had fittings for the dresses today, and they're too tight."

"You're too heavy," Will said bluntly, helping himself to sugar and cream.

He had a lean, perpetually hungry look, and Connie envied him. There was a little impatience mixed with the envy and she attributed this to the fact that her head ached and her throat was tight and there was a peculiar pain in the region of her right shoulder blade.

Printed by Compressa Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 161-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

She had caught a chill. Having acknowledged the fact, she just as quickly dismissed it. All health was something with which she was unacquainted.

"Go on a crash diet," Will advised. "Fruit juice and vitamin pills, darling. You'll be a new girl this time next week."

"Go home, Will," Connie said. "I'm tired."

He was a great, spoiled, artistic baby. It occurred to her that wanting to spend the rest of her life with a great, spoiled, artistic baby was a pretty poor ambition.

"I just wish you'd take me out and buy me a big, fattening dinner," she said. "I wish you would hold my hand and tell me you don't care if I'm too heavy."

"Darling, you'd hate me tomorrow," Will predicted. "I don't care if you're heavy, sweetie, but the camera does."

When Will had gone she went and stood on the bathroom scales. The needle hovered at one hundred and ten and crept inexorably to one hundred and sixteen. One hundred and ten was her absolute limit.

Will was right. She was slipping.

As she stepped off the scales, she caught sight of her worried face in the mirror. She poked out her tongue at the image.

"I still think it's silly," Connie said to Connie in the mirror.

"I don't like it," the sergeant said to the lieutenant, in the lieutenant's office. "I think it's silly."

"What we think doesn't count," the lieutenant said. "Who are you to object to a bevy of beautiful girls? Have you ever met a real-life model?"

"No," the sergeant said. "What heading does this come under? Public relations?"

"I guess you could call it that," the lieutenant said.

HE indicated that the sergeant should be seated. The sergeant sat, looking at his hands. His hands were big and square, and his body matched them. His eyes were very clear with the penetration peculiar to those who spend much time outdoors.

He was not old, but he had about him an air of great responsibility, which stemmed from his being mother, father, and sergeant to his squad, which consisted mainly of recruits.

It was the crack squad at the field. There was not a troublemaker in it, and when the sergeant was not giving devout thanks for this he was thinking up ways to make the squad even smarter than it already was.

He was a good soldier, but a farmer at heart. When he had saved enough money, he would seek his discharge and buy a thousand acres of good land. He would build a house and the land would bloom for him. There would be crops, and cows in the home fields. There would be a couple of good working dogs and a few cats to sit by the fire on a winter's night.

Sometimes, when the squad took five, the sergeant would think about his farm and, while the talk of his recruits eddied about him, he would smile to himself in anticipation.

He was twenty-nine years old. The members of his squad called him "Sarge" and, when they thought he wasn't listening, "Pop."

"If yours wasn't the crack squad you wouldn't be stuck with this," the lieutenant said. "Only the crack squad gets a perk like this."

The sergeant grinned. He said: "Thank you, sir," but he still thought it was silly.

Connie went on a crash diet and shed seven pounds. She looked wonderful. Every one said so. There was a feverish sparkle in her eyes and a natural flush on her cheeks. Will took her to dinner (salad, steak grilled, pineapple out of season) the night before the rendezvous at the beachhead.

He said a lot of sweet things to her, things she had wanted to hear for a long time. For some reason she headed him off. He was a great, spoiled, artistic baby, and she wanted to go home and sleep for a million years.

There was a bitter westerly whipping the beachhead. Even the tanks seemed to hunch deeper into their armor plating.

The sergeant was dour with the sourness of disapproval. He yelled orders and they were obeyed. He had already lectured his little band on the penalties of "fraternisation." This was high level and public relations, and the sergeant was not going to have his squad blot their copybook at this late date.

He was introduced to the models and he said "how d'you do" very politely. He felt all feet and hands and wished he were not so much the typical farm boy. The one called Connie Malloy smiled automatically and shook his hand. Her fingers were cold.

The sergeant shuffled his big feet and said he was sorry it was so cold, as if he alone were responsible for the elements.

Connie Malloy said, "Think nothing of it. I feel quite warm."

He believed her. Her face was flushed. She wore only a light jacket. The sergeant suspected the army was mollycoddling its men by issuing windproof clothing and gloves and caps with ear muffs. He felt overdressed.

Will told the sergeant what he wanted and the sergeant told his men. They took up positions and tried to look like men with war on their minds, which was hard to do when the models emerged from their mobile dressing-room. The models, dressed in summer-weight materials, squealed and giggled as the wind hit them, all except Connie Malloy.

Connie took up her position in silence and assumed the required pose. The wind took hold of her hair, playing hide and seek with it, and whipped her skirt around her knees. She made a wildly pretty picture.

Not a sound, not even a whistle, escaped the members of the squad. Their sergeant was proud of them.

All morning, they stuck with it. The sergeant began to think army life was easy in comparison.

Will was in one of his erratic moods. He kept changing the poses and he yelled at Connie, calling her by her surname, which was a thing he had when working and which, until now, had never bothered her.

"Don't Malloy me," Connie finally yelled back at him. "I've got a name, so use it. You hear?"

The sergeant and his men, not displeased, hid their smiles.

"Darling, I'm sorry," Will said, all contrition.

He took Connie's hand and kissed her cheek, while a sigh of mingled pleasure and envy escaped the squad. Connie jerked her head away from

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 30, 1965

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COLLECTORS' CORNER interests me very much. I would like your opinion on plates I have. The coloring is very beautiful; there is a crown on the back, and F. Morley and Son 4272. C.V. I always remember their being spoken of as "stonemason" ware. —Mrs. E. S. Andrew, Melbourne.

The plates which bear the potter's mark F. Morley and Son were made in Staffordshire before 1862.

Francis Morley was a partner in the firm of Ridgway, Morley, Wear and Company. He became sole proprietor in 1845, trading under his own name or as Morley and Co. or Morley and Son (1850-1858) or Morley and Ashworth (1858-1862).

Morley purchased the old moulds from the Mason china works in Staffordshire. He reproduced and decorated them in the Mason manner.

Miles Mason produced an ironstone china in 1813. This hard, durable ware proved so popular that it was imitated by many Staffordshire potteries throughout the 19th century.



● English pewter goblet.

I WOULD be interested to know about my pewter goblet. I enclose a photograph.—Miss N. King, Launceston, Tas.

Your 19th-century pewter goblet is English and bears the official "touch mark" used during the reign of William IV (1830 to 1837), hence the "W.R." surmounted with a crown in a shield. This mark was stamped on by law (Weights and Measures Act) on drinking vessels, etc., which were used in taverns or public houses.

OUR TRANSFER



BUSY kitten for children's place mats, etc., is from Iron-On Transfer No. 200. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

COULD you tell me the age of a piano we had in England? I have never seen one like it. It is as tall as a wardrobe, made of solid rosewood inlaid with brass. It has bow legs with brass lion claws. —Mrs. M. Smith, Tea Tree Gully, S.A.

Your upright Brazilian rosewood piano was made about 1820 to 1835. Please see my answer on this page to Mrs. G. Peart.

I HAVE an old piano in my possession and am wondering whether you could give me any information about it. It is made of mahogany and has a nameplate, "John Broadwood and Sons, Makers to His Majesty and the Princesses, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, London." Stamped inside on the wooden frame behind the fabric is the number 434.—Mrs. G. Peart, Burnie, Tas.

Your fine-quality English mahogany piano is the period of William IV, about 1835.

These early pianos do not command a high price on the open market due to lack of interest. It is worth taking care of, especially as it appears by your photograph to be in a fine state of preservation.



● William IV piano.



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long lasting shine to all the surfaces you clean. Mr. Sheen polishes furniture and plastic surfaces; cleans and protects your refrigerator, washing machine, stove; cleans venetian blinds; and makes chrome even shinier. So clean, wax and polish the easy way... with Mr. Sheen.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



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No. 280 — **SUPPER CLOTH**
Supper cloth is available cut out to embroider on a 36in. square of pink, blue, green, and lemon pure Irish linen. Lace edging is supplied. Price is 22/6 plus 1/6 postage and dispatch.

No. 281 — **LADY'S BOWLING SLIP**
Practical bowling slip is available cut out to make in white poplin, lace trim supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. £1/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust. £1/14/6; 40 and 42in. bust. £1/16/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 144/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4666, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



A FIELD OF GREEN CORN

Continued from page 42

Will and the easy possessiveness of his caress.

"Take ten," the sergeant said without waiting for instructions from Will.

He glanced at Connie Malloy, who had the look of a woman desperately needing to hurl something at someone. The sergeant recognised the expression, for he had seen it many times before.

The army called it combat fatigue.

"Put this on," the sergeant said soothingly to Connie Malloy. From a nearby jeep he handed her an army wind jacket, many sizes too big. Connie put it on. "Hot coffee and doughnuts at the mobile van over there," the sergeant said cajolingly and took her arm in what he hoped could be termed a military manner.

He had seen them like this before. Some had to be yelled at and some had to be slapped and some had to be treated as gently as a time bomb. The sergeant gauged Connie for the time-bomb treatment.

He thought it a shame that Will, all rugged up in a coat with a high collar, should yell at such a pretty girl. The sergeant had been raised in the old-fashioned tradition that women were gentle creatures who needed protecting.

He had, of course, met lots of women who were not gentle and who did not need protecting, but he believed in extending the benefit of the doubt on first acquaintance.

He handed Connie a steaming mug and laced it with two huge spoonfuls of sugar. Connie drank it unprotestingly. She made little sighing noises of gratification, and the sergeant was well pleased. He drained his own mug, but did not replenish it. He was a moderate man.

They leaned against the side of a tank, which offered some protection from the wind. The sergeant thought they must look pretty silly, he in full battle dress and Connie in a chiffon number of military color, with the wind jacket ending near her knees.

"That's a very pretty dress," the sergeant said. "I didn't know women liked to wear khaki."

Connie grinned. She curled her toes appreciatively as the warmth of the coffee began to melt some of the ice along her spine. He was nice. It was a long time since she had been treated as gently as a — her mind groped for the right comparison and finally found it — as a time bomb.

Most of the men she knew said things like "head a little to the left, darling" and "no, no, Malloy. I told you, you're a sea sprite, not a long-distance swimmer," or "Sweetie, you look divine. I'm having a little supper at my place tonight, just for us two."

"It's called Antique Gold," Connie said. "Look at that grass over there bending in the wind. It looks just like —"

"A field of green corn," the sergeant said. "What part do you come from?"

She told him where she came from and, as they talked, she forgot about the droughts and the floods and peas withering on the vine. She remembered only the barn cat and her kittens and the first spring thaw and silky ribbons of corn shimmering in the breeze.

Connie decided he must be a good sergeant. She was aware of the fact that he had talked her out of making a fool of herself. If she were a man and had to fight in a war she would sooner have the sergeant to look out for

her than anyone else. He looked as if he knew all about the business of making sure other people stayed alive.

"You should take something for that cough," the sergeant said, referring to the dry little cough she had developed over the past day.

"I bought some cough mixture," Connie said absently. "I guess you think this is all pretty silly."

"Oh, not at all," the sergeant said, remembering public relations. "I guess if you saw us on manoeuvres you'd think we were pretty silly."

"I don't think I would," Connie said. Will was gesturing impatiently in their direction. "Maybe we can talk again tomorrow."

"I hope so," the sergeant said.

He took his time in going up to Will. He let Will tell him what was required, and then he said:

"You should watch out for that girl. She is not very well."

"Connie? She's as strong as a horse. It's really going better than I expected. If Connie hadn't been so temperamental — well, never mind. Another two days should wrap it up."

The sergeant turned away and yelled at his squad to spring to it. The squad did not know what was upsetting the old sarge, but it sprang to.

On the second day, Connie and the sergeant talked some more. Will made rude remarks about her relationship with the army. They all ate lunch together in the canteen and it was warm and the food was filling and the funny pain in her back stopped troubling her for a short while.

THE sergeant told her about his thousand acres and Connie said she hated the land. It was no longer strictly true. She suspected she had a slight fever, otherwise why had she spent a restless night tramping through fields of green corn with a man who looked as if he knew how to look out for other people.

The sergeant, who usually slept the sleep of the contented, had also spent a restless night, troubled by the snores of his squad and ridiculous dreams of a beautiful girl in military-colored jeans driving a tractor.

On the third day, Connie knew what was happening and decided something had to be done so that nobody, and especially the sergeant, got hurt.

She drank her coffee with Will, but his conversation no longer fascinated her. Will sulked because of her inattention.

The sergeant knew what was happening, too, but he did not panic like Connie. He was a farmer and he knew all about how useless it was to try to stop the sun from rising or the rain from falling.

He had no idea how to go about courting a beautiful model, who was probably run off her feet with the attentions of rich and eligible men, but he was prepared to try. She had told him some ridiculous plan about a dress shop and dull black and pearls, as if these were all she had to look forward to.

In a short while he had learned more about Connie Malloy than she probably knew herself.

As the assignment neared completion, Will stepped up the pace. He was annoyed with Connie and a little bit jealous of the sergeant. Connie was reacting to direction

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clean a nose
clean an ear
clean an eye corner
clean a cut
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apply lotion
apply astringent
apply cuticle remover
remove make-up
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Diary of an expectant father

Having babies is just too much for a Dad, says this one, who sent us his diary of the fortnight his fourth child was born.

Friday, 22nd: Surely having a wife who is with child and near her time must be a man's most terrible fate. Tonight she was more irritable than I can remember.

She complained of overwork! She sent children packing to bed early. They cried. I washed and dried dishes.

She stormed into bedroom muttering about early nights—then stayed awake in bed reading for five hours! Had a thought that tonight might be the night. Asked. Was abused. When, then? Oh, when?

Saturday, 23rd: Woke late to find her already up. She talked of mowing lawns. Is this hint or does she intend to start things happening? I must mow lawns tomorrow.

At her suggestion took children out of house for three hours. They played in park. Had sudden thought that was too long to leave her by herself, and in panic returned to find house empty. No notes.

Turned out she had visited a neighbor. Perhaps tonight is the night? Asked. Was abused again. Could doctor be a month out?

Sunday, 24th: Determined to do right thing, so set alarm and woke early. Children and I made tea and toast and took it to her. Abused for waking her.

Suggested today might be her last opportunity to go to church for some weeks. She cried. Asked if I wanted to get rid of her.

Tears galore

Mowed lawn—apparently cut grass too finely. Now it will die—or so she claims. Next-door-neighbor-but-one dropped in, surprised to see her still here. She cried. Children cried. Almost cried myself. Never mind—office tomorrow. Peace.

Monday, 25th: Quiet day at office. Phoned to say I'd be late home and to check progress. Nothing happening. Had a few beers to relax. Home at seven. House chaotic.

Tuesday, 26th: It happened last night. At 2 a.m. she woke me to take her to hospital. No hurry according to her—pains at four-minute intervals.

Phoned doctor. Phoned neighbor. Phoned her mother. Her mother caught cab. She insisted on looking at children by torchlight for last time in some weeks. Neighbor came in to sit till cab arrived with her mother. Pains at three minutes when we left house.

Halfway to hospital she remembered leaving suitcase at home. Abused me. Told her I'd bring it later.

Nurses waiting—whisked her away. No thanks. No goodbye. Just "Get the suitcase."

Returned at about 3.30 a.m. with suitcase. Asked for progress report. Suggested in view of hour I might sleep in hospital waiting-room. Nurse took suitcase, was rude about sleeping in waiting-room. Told me to phone.

Went home and phoned. Was told my wife had stopped and gone to sleep.

Called early to collect wife and discovered she had started again. Told not to bother them—they'd phone me.

Phoned and checked all day. Still no news at 9 p.m.

Wednesday, 27th: A boy. Wild whirl of excitement. Phone rang 2 a.m. Children all woke. It was doctor. A boy. Left mother-in-law with screaming tribe, dashed to hospital. Wife okay. She

seemed happier but abused me. Also saw new son. He looks funny. Black hair and red skin, wrinkled. Returned home about 3.30.

Dog-tired, but her mother insisted on description of child. More tea. Bottle of beer.

To bed about 5 a.m. Children woke me at 6.30. They had all cleaned their teeth. Toothpaste all over the bathroom. Who cares? With toothpaste 5/11 a tube, I do. So what.

Broke news to children—baby brother. Tears from all. They wanted sister.

Mother-in-law so excited incapable of getting breakfast. Used our phone to send telegrams. Also placed numerous phone calls.

To hospital on way to office. Told to come back in visiting hours. Left note for wife.

Abused for being late at office. Lunch with fellows to wet son's head. After 3 when left hotel. Went to hospital but visiting hours over. Left another note.

Went home in high spirits. Chaos. Her mother is as bad as she is. Mess all over the place. Food all over the kitchen. Mess in bathroom.

Five-year-old took bath fully dressed. Very funny! Beat him well. Also beat three-year-old for refusing dinner. Having sampled it can understand his attitude.

Helped get kids into bed. Announced I was off to hospital to see wife. Hysteria. All children want to go, had to quieten. Just made hospital as bell rang. Saw wife for few moments.

She didn't abuse me. Told me I looked tired. Gave me list of things she needs. Also people to phone. Also she wants money. Had none with me.

Went home and got some money and left it for her in envelope.

Thursday, 28th: Excitement of yesterday too much for children. Also three-year-old took dummy from two-year-old. Explains why she screamed through night. Mother-in-law seemed to sleep well. Told me this morning she took three sleeping tablets. Oh, great!

Called at hospital. Wouldn't let me see them. From hospital to department store and purchased on credit vase for wife, ashtray for wife, film for camera, flash-bulbs for camera, cigars.

Passed cigars round office. Big deal. Big joke. Surprised at things people did with my 2/6-each cigars. Skipped lunch to make

school. Mix-up with clothes for children. Seems we have managed to lose half of them in three or four days. Her mother is as bad as she is. No! Worse! How can two-year-old lose slipper in bedroom?

Very hard day at office. Seems I made more mistakes than I thought earlier in week.

Another wild evening meal. Seems I was supposed to do shopping. No one told me—although mother-in-law did produce note she had left in coat pocket. Solved crisis with fish and chips.

In flurry didn't realise watch had stopped till arrived at hospital. Visiting hours over. Went to club for few drinks. Met some fellow and stayed longer than had planned. Mother-in-law abused me.

When will she come home? When, oh, when?

Saturday, 30th: Black Saturday. Three monstrous children. Did shopping with them. Mother-in-law treated me as if I had a hangerover.

Three-year-old broke TV-set knob. Two-year-old jumped on coffee table. Four legs went four ways. Whacked her. Mother-in-law objected. Doesn't believe in smacking young children. Never smacked her daughter. That explains a lot.

Visited hospital twice. Wife well. Baby still looks odd to me.

Sunday, 31st: Much like Saturday, except no shopping. When—oh, when?

Monday, 1st: Good to get back to office. Peace and quiet, wonderful. Visited wife in afternoon. Every insurance agent seems to have sent her a personal letter wishing us well and urging us to insure baby. Some have written twice.

Mother-in-law made a mess of dinner again.

Tuesday, 2nd: Mother-in-law ironed clothes—ironed all my drip-dry shirts. I suppose she means well.

When? Oh, when? Perhaps tomorrow? Maybe day after?

Wednesday, 3rd: Decided to take day off from office and straighten out house so that it will be nice when wife comes home.

Mother-in-law offended.

Thursday, 4th: Tomorrow she comes home. She's talking of moving the baby in with her at night. That leaves me on sofa in living-room.

Next time—if there is a next time—I'll take a long sea trip while she and her mother have the baby between them.

Having babies is just too much work for a Dad. If women had to stay home and look after the house and children there, wouldn't be babies. It's more than flesh and blood can stand.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 23

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, navy.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, red, silver.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 23-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



HARLOW

Great screen star or tawdry little tramp? What was the truth about Jean Harlow?

Everybody's Magazine

scoops the world with exclusive rights to the story of the controversial Paramount film.

First great nine-page instalment in

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW 1/6

WEST AUSTRALIAN readers please note that this issue of EVERYBODY'S will be on sale next week.

RIVETS



Continued from page 44

with a sluggishness unusual for her. Her movements were sloppy and she stopped frequently to cough. Will's uncertain temper flared, Connie, the untemperamental, was as temperamental as a girl in the throes of her first love affair.

When it was finally finished, everyone gave a mock cheer of relief. It was Friday and there was a weekend ahead. The squad was going on weekend leave and the models were going home to put up their feet. Will was going to ask Connie to marry him.

The sergeant, having abided by orders not to try to date the models while the project was in progress, was going to try to date Connie.

Only Connie was unaffected. She

A FIELD OF GREEN CORN

was too ill. It was not until Will said jubilantly: "That's it," that she realised how ill she was.

The niggling pain in her back was no longer niggling. It demanded all her attention. The soldiers and the tanks, Will and the cameras made a crazy marching line across her vision. The field of grass which looked like corn came up to meet her.

She was falling, and she was very cold. Then she was very hot and there were sounds of people running and someone had his arm around her shoulders. A hand, cool and callused, touched her forehead.

"She's burning up," the sergeant said.

It was the first time since her father died that she had felt calluses on a man's hand.

"At least she held out until we finished," Will said.

"How would you like a punch on the nose?" the sergeant asked, as if he really meant it.

It was too much trouble to open her eyes, so she kept them closed. She wanted a soft, warm bed. She wanted to put out a hand and caress the silky ears of corn. She wanted to lean her tired head against the sergeant and sleep for a million years.

She was back in her apartment. The bed was soft and there was a hot-water bottle on her feet. Now that she had stopped shivering she

could enjoy the all-pervading warmth.

She opened her eyes. The sergeant was standing by the window. He was talking to the doctor in low tones.

"Pleurisy," the doctor was saying to the sergeant, "and lucky it's nothing worse. She must have the constitution of an ox, or she would have gone down before this."

"Country-bred," the sergeant said, as if that explained everything.

The doctor saw she was awake. He approached the bed.

"Young woman," the doctor said, "what have you been doing to yourself?" Obviously he did not expect a reply, so she remained silent. "Emaciated," the doctor said.

"Have you lost all interest in food, young woman?"

"The camera," Connie said hoarsely. "It puts on inches all round."

The doctor seemed unimpressed. He obviously knew nothing of the world of fashion and cared less.

"Good food and careful nursing," he said. He ran a practised eye over the outline of her body beneath the covers. "Grossly underweight. Get it back on, young woman. You're too skinny for your height."

She wanted to cry, but she laughed instead. It was really funny, and nobody ever before had told her she was skinny.

"Are you this young woman's husband?" the doctor asked the sergeant.

"No," the sergeant said. "I'm in the Army, and when you're in the Army these things take time. They have to go through channels."

The doctor looked at Connie and then at the sergeant.

"I see," he said, as if he did.

"Can you arrange for proper care or will I have her hospitalised?"

"The landlady put her to bed," the sergeant said. "She's agreed to come in each day."

Connie groaned. She knew the landlady, an ample advertisement for her own cooking. She believed in red-bannel nightgowns, chest rubs, and egg flips.

"I'll take care of everything," the sergeant said. "When she can travel I'll send her up to my mother. She lives on a farm. Eggs, butter, cream."

The doctor nodded. He even smiled slightly. The sergeant helped him on with his coat.

"Young woman," the doctor said, bending over Connie, "you've got a good man here."

"Has Will been around?" Connie asked when the doctor had gone.

"He's been," the sergeant said. "He left some flowers. I think they're orchids. And a bottle of champagne."

"Poor Will," Connie said, "tell him—"

"Don't worry," the sergeant said. "I'll take care of Will."

"What will your mother say?" Connie asked.

She was not really worried. The sergeant's mother had to be the sort of woman who would act as if she were used to having strange girls handed over to her almost without warning, otherwise how could she have a son like the sergeant?

"Don't worry," the sergeant said again. "I'll tell her we have an understanding. Is that all right?"

"Yes," Connie said. "Tell her we have an understanding. Do you think I'm skinny?"

The sergeant smiled.

"I think you're nice and beautiful," he said gently, "but a few pounds here or there wouldn't matter at all. Go to sleep now."

She went to sleep then, and she dreamed sweet dreams of good food and a thousand good acres, and of a man who looked as if he knew how to take care of other people, and of a field of green corn.

(Copyright)



Good morning.

(It always is, when you follow your shower with moisture-absorbing Johnson's Baby Powder).

Best for baby, best for you. *Johnson-Johnson*

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● In the past few weeks I have taken to wondering how adults exist in a family where there are two boys close together in age. Do they develop a built-in, switch-off mechanism which allows them to become, at will, stone deaf to what is going on around them? Or do they simply practise so much Christian forbearance that they reach sainthood about the time the boys grow up?

BY one of those lucky chances, one of Mike's closest friends happens to be the son of close friends of ours. This, I've found, happens very rarely.

It would be convenient for your children to like your friends' children, but usually (for reasons which are quite incomprehensible to the parents) they simply can't abide each other. But Mike and Chris have always been as thick as thieves.

They used to get dumped into the same playpen when they were babies, they started kindergarten together, and they're at school together now. As they also choose to spend a good deal of their free time together, it seems fair enough to say that this is a firm friendship and one of their own choosing.

Now we have had Chris living in the house for three weeks, and I can honestly say that I haven't heard them exchange a civil word in that time.

When rudeness is a mark of highest esteem

WHEN Chris's father announced that he was being sent overseas for a time, we thought it was a shame that his wife couldn't go, too, because there was nowhere for her to leave Chris. Heaven help us, we urged her to go! "We'll have Chris," we said. "It won't be the slightest bother, he and Mike get on so well."

In the first few days Chris was with us I could cheerfully have killed Mike, because he was so off-hand and rude to Chris.

Chris seemed to take it without the least sign of distress, but it worried me because I thought he was probably missing his parents and making the best of what he probably thought was a bad job.

Actually, I think he was only testing the ground. After about three days the fights began. Neither boy, it seemed, could make a simple remark without the other flatly contradicting him and embroidering the contradiction with scoffs, sneers, personal abuse, and derisive laughter.

"This is obviously not going to work out well," I said sadly to Mike one night when Chris was out of ear-shot.

"What isn't?" Mike said. "Having Chris here," I said. "You fight all the time." Mike looked at me in utter astonishment. "Mum, you're mad!" he said. "It's beaut. He thinks it's beaut, too. I didn't realise how dull this dump was before."

Well, if it's beaut, all I can say is that it's getting beaunter and beaunter. The arguments get louder and more ferocious, the insults more and more scurrilous, and at times it seems likely that the walls will fly apart.

Neither calls the other by his name. One answers to Stinker, the other to Sucker, spat out of the corner of the mouth in a sneering tone.

They go to school separately, because it's a point of honor with whoever happens to be ready first not to wait one second for the other one; they come home separately—I presume for the same reason; Mike, who has never willingly put anything away in his life, complains that he can't find anything in his room because Chris is so untidy; Chris, who never stops talking and whose parents complain that he has to be practically chained to the table to make him do his homework, says that he'd like to work but can't, because Mike keeps talking to him.

If they have a game of anything, cries of "you stinking cheat" and worse echo all over the neighborhood, and meals are loud with arguments and criticisms of each other's eating habits.

Those who can argue and eat at the same time

THE man who said, "Never argue at the dinner table, for the one who is not hungry always gets the best of the argument" didn't know what he was talking about.

These two can manage eating and arguing on a colossal scale without one activity interfering with the other.

Diana doesn't help the situation. She has always felt that it's part of her sisterly duty to tease Mike as much as possible, and this gives her a golden opportunity.

This she can achieve in two ways—either by telling Chris silly things he said or did in the past (and what man of Mike's age can bear reminiscences of what he did

a million years ago when he was seven or eight?) or by ignoring Mike and paying lots of attention to Chris.

"Cut it out and let's have some peace, at least at meals," I said to her the other day.

"But what am I doing?" she said, with the most phony look of innocence. "He's a visitor—I'm only trying to make him feel at home."

So Di draws Chris out and encourages him to air his views. Mike retaliates by trying to cut him down to size

by telling us of something ludicrous Chris has done at school, and Chris hits back with an account of something appalling that Mike has done.

In the past few weeks I've learnt a great deal about what goes on at school, and I'm inclined to think that for parents, a certain amount of ignorance is bliss.

But—and this is the important part of the story—these two horribly quarrelsome, noisy boys are having a beautiful time. Mike is right.

Now that I'm more or less used to the racket I can see that even when they go off in opposite directions in what looks like a great huff there are no hurt feelings and nothing to stop them rushing back together in five minutes to boot with laughter and sbrick insults again.

Hugh's theory is that as neither of them has a brother they're cramming into a few short weeks all that proper brotherly bickering they've missed out on.

Well, good luck to them. They're certainly doing a most conscientious job!

Problem skin?

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Page 47



Sue Murray
Home Economist of the
Australian Dried Fruits
Association.



Family Fruit Cake

with sun-rich, sun-dried fruits

This is one of those traditional recipes that simply cannot be improved. Like all Sue Murray recipes, it's as simple as A.B.C. Try it soon.

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED

14 oz./16 oz. Mixed Fruit
4 oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
1 teaspoon mixed spice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry or orange juice } or 1 cup water
2 eggs
1 cup plain flour
1 cup self-raising flour
1 pinch salt
1 medium sized saucepan
7" square cake tin

FOR TOPPING

2 oz. butter
2 oz. brown sugar
1 oz. plain flour
3 oz. quick-cooking oats
1 tablespoon milk
1 medium size saucepan

Note. All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

STEP 1. Place the mixed fruit, butter, sugar, spice and liquid in the saucepan and simmer them for 4 minutes then put them aside to cool.

STEP 2. Line and grease the 7" cake tin with two layers of greaseproof paper.

STEP 3. Beat the eggs lightly and sift together the two flours and salt.

STEP 4. Gradually add the beaten eggs and the flour to the cooled mixture.

STEP 5. Pour the mixture into the lined cake tin.

TO MAKE THE TOPPING

STEP 1. Melt the butter in the saucepan.

STEP 2. Add the sugar, flour, oats and milk to the melted butter.

STEP 3. Mix them all together thoroughly and then sprinkle them over the top of the cake mixture.

STEP 4. Place the cake in a slow, moderate oven and cook it for 1½ to 1¾ hours.

Note. This cake is much better if you leave it for 24 hours before cutting.



*Australian
Sun-dried
Fruits
make the
dish*

PIZZAS



● Pizzas, served piping hot, have become a favorite food for teenagers' parties. But they fit well into family menus, and are an ideal lunch or supper dish.

A PIZZA is a wonderful snack to serve when friends drop in at the weekend. Miniature pizzas are delicious savories for a cocktail party; they can be made in advance and re-heated in the oven.

The word pizza (pronounced "peetza") means something round and flat like a pie, so it is redundant to say "pizza pie."

Traditionally, the pizza-case is made of yeast dough. It can be either a simple water dough or one enriched with eggs and milk. Recipes for both types are given below.

Shortcrust pastry can also be used for the pizza-case; this saves time — you don't have to wait for the dough to rise. A simple scone mixture can also be used as a base for a pizza topping.

SIMPLE YEAST DOUGH

Half ounce yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon olive or salad oil.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Sift flour and salt, add dissolved yeast, knead mixture thoroughly. Add oil; continue to knead dough until it can be worked into a smooth ball. Cover and set in warm place until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Roll or stretch dough into large circle about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, slightly thicker at edges. Lay on well-oiled baking sheet. Cover with filling, bake in hot oven until golden brown.

RICH YEAST DOUGH

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm milk, 2 eggs, 2oz. softened butter, oil.

Sift flour and salt, warm a little in oven. Cream together yeast and sugar, add milk and beaten eggs. Make well in centre of flour, add liquid, stir in lightly; then add butter, beat well. Cover, leave to rise 40 minutes. Spread dough on well-oiled baking tin; cover with filling, let stand 10 minutes. Glaze edges with little oil, bake in moderate oven.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Four ounces plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, squeeze lemon juice, 4 table-spoons water.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to firm dough with lemon juice and water, adding gradually. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead. Roll out to fit pie plate. Bake in moderately hot oven.

QUICK SCONE DOUGH

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Add liquid gradually, mixing to soft dough. Roll out to desired size. Bake in hot oven.

Continued overleaf

ITALIAN PIZZA (above) topped with tomatoes and cheese and (below) Ham and Swiss Cheese, Sausage Pizza (foreground), and two small Oyster Pizzas.



Recipes from our
Leila Howard Test Kitchen

PIZZAS . . . continued from previous page.

ITALIAN PIZZA

One tablespoon chopped shallots, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salad oil, 3oz. bel paese or mozzarella cheese, 2oz. stuffed olives, 8oz. shortcrust pastry.

Roll out pastry to fit greased pizza pan or 9in. pie plate. Sauté shallots, chopped tomatoes, and herbs in a little oil 3 to 4 minutes; cool, drain off excess liquid, spread over pizza pastry, cover with diced cheese and sliced olives. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Glaze with a little oil, then bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

OYSTER PIZZA

One can smoked oysters, 4 rashers bacon (chopped and cooked), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 packet cheddar cheese slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced stuffed olives, pastry or dough for pizza case.

Brush prepared pizza case with oil from smoked oysters. Place layer of cheese on base, sprinkle with chopped shallots, bacon, and parsley. Scatter smoked oysters over base, reserving a few for decoration. Cover with generous layer of cheese. Arrange remaining oysters in pattern on cheese; garnish with sliced stuffed olives and chopped shallots. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until golden brown.

NEAPOLITAN PIZZA

Three large ripe tomatoes, 2 tablespoons finely chopped anchovy fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salami, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped stoned green olives, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped

parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheddar cheese, pastry or dough for pizza cases.

Roll out pastry or dough to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, line 6 greased individual pie plates, pressing dough in neatly and trimming edges. Set aside.

Peel and coarsely chop tomatoes, coarsely chop salami, slice onion thinly, crush garlic, cut cheese into small cubes. Combine all ingredients, divide evenly among the 6 pies. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until filling is cooked and crust is nicely browned.

SARDINE PIZZA

Half cup tomato paste, 2 sliced white onions, 6oz. sliced cheddar cheese, 2 cans sardines, sliced stuffed olives, pizza case.

Brush pizza case with tomato paste. Place thin layer of onion slices over paste. Arrange cheese and sardines in alternate layers over the onions, ending with cheese layer. Garnish with sliced stuffed olives. Bake in hot oven until golden brown and cheese has melted.

RUSTICA PIZZA

Half pound ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salami, 3 eggs, 1lb. cream cheese or ricotta cheese, 1 tablespoon parmesan cheese, 1 dessert-spoon finely chopped parsley, pinch cinnamon, salt and pepper to taste, 10 to 12oz. shortcrust pastry for base and top of 8in. pie.

Cut ham and salami into small pieces. Place half of each in base of prepared pastry shell. Beat eggs well, beat into the cream cheese; when smooth, stir in the parmesan, parsley,

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes. Quantities given will serve four to six unless otherwise stated.

cinnamon, salt and pepper. Spoon over the meat in pastry shell; top with remaining meat. Cover with thin layer of pastry, trim edges, and seal. Cut 2 holes in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 45 minutes to 1 hour or until pastry is golden brown.

HAM AND SWISS CHEESE PIZZA

Eight slices bacon, 4 slices ham, 4 slices swiss cheese, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, pastry or dough for pizza case.

Cut bacon into thin strips, fry until crisp. Lay ham slices on base of prepared pizza case. Top with swiss cheese slices, then with crisp bacon. Beat eggs lightly, combine with milk, and pour over bacon. Bake in hot oven 25 to 35 minutes, until filling is set and crust is lightly browned. Cool 15 minutes; sprinkle with chopped parsley.

PIZZA SNACKS

Four muffins or small bread rolls, 3 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 16 slices salami (about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), 8oz. packet cheddar cheese slices, 1 teaspoon oregano.

Split muffins or rolls in half. Toast lightly, spread each half with butter. Brush each with tomato sauce, top with 2 slices salami and 1 slice cheese (which has been cut in half and overlapped), sprinkle with oregano. Place under grill until cheese is bubbly. Serve at once.

LUNCHEON PIZZA

Four slices cooked ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced cheddar cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 6 olives, one quantity quick scone dough.

Prepare dough, place on greased baking sheet, shape into round shape, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut ham and cheese into strips about 1in. wide, slice olives. Arrange ham pieces on dough, cover with cheese; spoon tomato sauce over top, garnish with olive slices. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

MINIATURE PIZZAS

Roll out dough, cut into 3in. circles with cutter, press down slightly in centre to hold filling. Top with desired filling (the filling for Italian Pizza is ideal for these party-size pizzas), bake until golden.

MUSHROOM PIZZA

Three tomatoes, 2oz. butter or substitute, salt and pepper, 1 packet cheddar cheese slices, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. button mushrooms, pizza case.

Sauté peeled, sliced tomatoes in 1oz. of the butter or substitute, until tender. Drain and place in base of pizza case; season with salt and pepper. Arrange cheese; cut into triangles, over tomatoes; garnish with mushrooms, which have been sautéed in remaining butter or substitute. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot.

SAUSAGE PIZZA

One pound salami sausage, 1 small can tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons oil, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, pastry or dough for pizza case.

Brown the diced salami in the oil, add a little of juice from tomatoes; cook gently, turning occasionally, about 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, simmer 10 minutes, turning occasionally. Spread over prepared pizza case, sprinkle with remaining ingredients. Bake in hot oven until golden brown (about 25 to 30 minutes). Serve at once.

PIZZA CALABRIA

Two pounds ripe tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon crushed basil leaves or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground basil, 1 small can tuna (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup halved and pitted black olives, 2 tablespoons chopped anchovy fillets, 1 teaspoon drained capers, salt and pepper, pizza case.

Remove skin from tomatoes, chop roughly. Put them in saucepan with the oil, crushed or ground basil, and crushed garlic; cook slowly to a thick consistency. Allow mixture to cool. Add tuna, olives, anchovies, capers, salt and pepper to taste. Pour this mixture into prepared pizza case and bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

PRAWN PIZZA

Three large tomatoes, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon snipped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns, salt and pepper to taste, 1 small jar cream cheese spread, pastry or dough for pizza case.

Alternate layers of thickly sliced tomatoes and onion in base of prepared pizza case. Sprinkle with parsley, season to taste with salt and pepper. Scatter prawns over parsley, reserving few for decoration. Drop teaspoons of cream cheese spread all over top of pizza. Garnish with prawns. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes or until cheese has melted and crust is golden brown. Serve at once.

TOMATO-BEEF PIZZA

Quarter cup olive oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced beef, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tomato (peeled and sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato paste, 1 egg, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheddar cheese cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes, pizza case.

Heat oil in saucepan, add meat, cook until meat just changes color. Remove from heat, add garlic, tomato, mushrooms, and paste, stir well. Return to heat, cook 2 minutes, stirring continuously; cool a little. Beat egg, add to slightly cooled meat mixture, season to taste with salt and pepper. Fold in cubed cheese. Fill into pizza case. Bake in hot oven until golden brown (approximately 30 minutes).

TOMATO-CHEESE PIZZA

Half pound cottage cheese, 3 tablespoons tomato paste, salt and pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crisp chopped bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion (browned), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrot (parboiled), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, pizza case.

Thoroughly blend together the cottage cheese, tomato paste, salt and pepper. Spread evenly over pizza case. Combine in basin the sliced eggs, cooked bacon, browned onions, parboiled carrots, chopped parsley, and celery. Beat eggs and milk, season with salt and pepper. Pour over ingredients in basin, stir to blend. Pour into prepared pizza case, bake in moderately hot oven until case is golden brown and filling is set. Serve hot, garnished if desired with anchovy fillets, sliced olives, and chopped parsley.

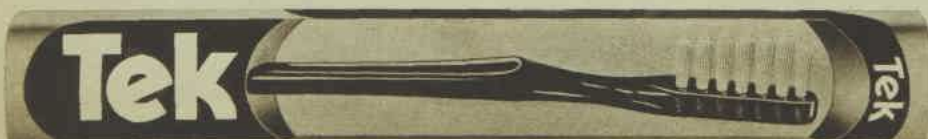
HE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK MAN



He has the twice-a-day TEK habit. Uses a TEK Anti-Germ — the only toothbrush with built-in germ fighting action to keep bristles free from germs. He knows it's smart to ask for TEK — it's the best toothbrush money can buy!

REMEMBER TO REPLACE YOUR WORN-OUT TOOTHBRUSHES REGULARLY. CHECK NOW!

Johnson & Johnson



T 3191

Shortbread wins prize

● A recipe for golden-brown shortbread with a chocolate topping wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for an economical luncheon slice and a tangy lemon pudding.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

CHOCOLATE-COCONUT SHORTBREAD

Biscuit base: Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add sifted flour, coconut and salt; mix well. Spread in lightly greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven until brown on top. Remove from oven, and while still hot, spread with chocolate topping. Allow to cool. Cut into squares.

Chocolate topping: Three tablespoons condensed milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Combine all ingredients and beat well.

First prize of £5 to Miss J. Hague, 63 Cronulla St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

SAVORY LUNCHEON SLICE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 chopped rasher bacon, 1 medium sized chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 2 cups cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit chutney, milk for glazing.

Put meat, bacon, and onion in saucepan, cook gently 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomato sauce, worcestershire sauce, and rice, stir until well mixed. Divide pastry in half. Roll out 1 portion to cover the base and sides of 7in. by 11in. cake tin. Place meat mixture evenly over pastry, spread with the fruit chutney. Cover with

remaining pastry, seal edges; glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Davies, 74 Odin Rd., Innaloo, W.A.

LEMON PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, rind and juice 2 lemons, 1 cup milk.

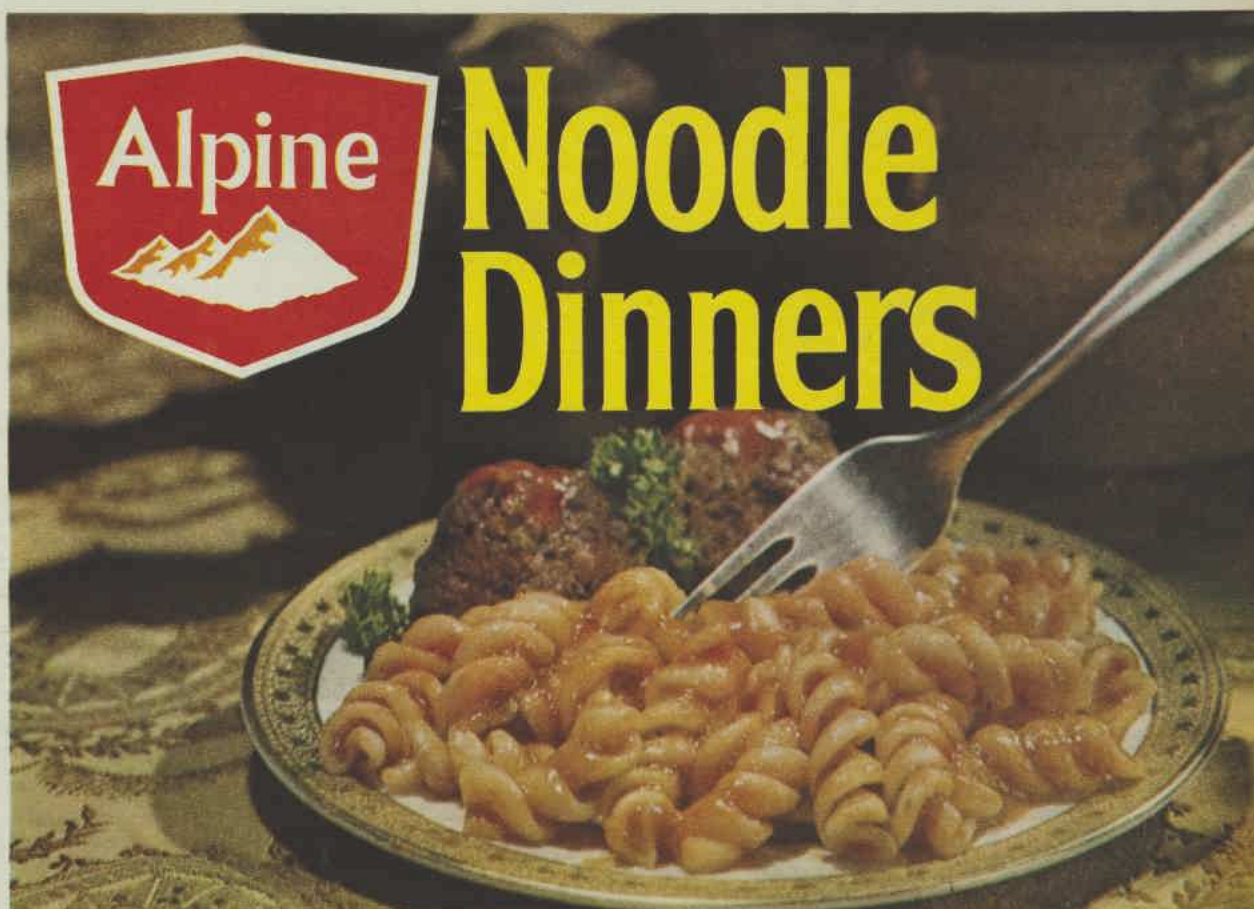
Cream together the butter, sugar,

and flour. Add juice and rind of lemons, beat well. Separate egg-yolks then add to creamed mixture. Add milk and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, stand in a dish in water. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss J. Douglass, Flat 12, 18a Mercer Rd., Armadale, Vic.



SHORTBREAD wins the main prize. See recipe at left.



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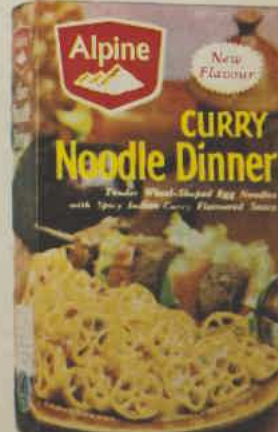
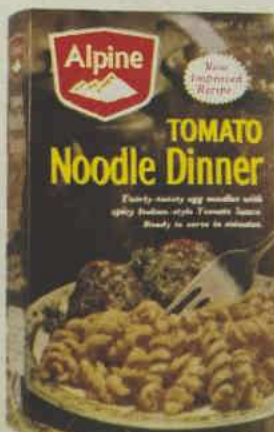
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HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

INSTEAD of rolling out the scone dough, press it into a roll. Cut off as many 1in. slices as you need to bake; the remainder can be refrigerated until required. — N. Fletcher, "Moama," Shipley Rd., Blackheath, N.S.W.

To keep baby's woollens in shape when drying them, pin them to a tea-towel then hang the towel on the line. — Miss S. A. Akenson, "Roma Downs," Roma, Qld.

Do not discard torn plastic tablecloths. The still-good sections make long-wearing, attractive covers for school books; babies' bibs can be made from the heavier plastic. — Mrs. M. Kattie, 46 Abbotsleigh Rd., Holland Park, Qld.

Patch worn or torn pillow-slips with colored cotton or linen scraps cut to animal shapes and use them in children's rooms. Embroider eyes and whiskers if desired. — Mrs. T. J. Billing, 119 Emmett St., Smithton, Tas.

To remove stains and dirt from piano keys, mix powdered talc to a paste with benzine. Apply with a soft cloth and rub well. Polish with a clean cloth. — Mrs. P. Pearce, 35 Bishop St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

Chamois leather is a great retainer of heat. Join two pieces together and line your tea cosy. It will keep the pot hot much longer. — Mrs. P. Hooper, 69 Kent Ave., Croydon, Vic.

Bagthorpe swung round to face Paul.

"What do you say, Runton? I have recourse to you, as you know."

Paul stood up, almost too furious to find utterance.

"I haven't libelled anybody," he shouted. "I made up the whole thing — and I'm not going to pay a penny!"

"That, Mr. Runton, is, if you refuse to settle, for a jury to say," said the solicitor, "and they might well make it ten thousand pounds or even more."

Paul picked up his hat and stick, which trembled in his hand.

"I've done with you both," he said. "I will not be called a liar!" And he strode, not without dignity, to the door, with which he felt angry, too, as he descended the stairs, for it had been too heavy to bang.

Enraged, and even more confounded by his predicament, Paul walked rapidly westward, receiving an occasional stab of pain as he passed the windows of bookshops in which copies of *Under the Counter* were displayed in batches of half-a-dozen or more. With what kindness, with what personal interest his dear Mr. Bagthorpe had concerned himself even with the design of that beguiling dust-cover! How paternally he had shared in Paul's triumphant excitement when those early glowing reviews had appeared.

And now, at the first menace of a storm, the old humbug was flying to cover and accusing him, his cherished young author, of cold and calculated dishonesty! It was not to be borne. Had Paul realised that in a couple of days not a copy of his novel would be found even on the back shelves of a single bookshop, his exasperation would have been even more frantic.

Paul's knowledge of the law of libel was vague. But he could not believe that any English law could penalise the innocent. He admitted to himself that the facts were extraordinary, and on the face of them inexplicable. None the less, old Raynham

Continued from page 28

had allowed himself to be terrorised by the facts against Paul and had given no weight at all to just as palpable a fact on the other side: his innocence.

The thought so infuriated him that he walked several hundred yards beyond his next turning. The necessity of retracing his steps for those several hundred yards calmed him: after all, he reflected, Raynham was not infallible. There must be other lawyers. Men who would be for, not against, their client.

It was then that he remembered meeting, at a small dinner party, a youngish solicitor called Mainwaring, with whom he had had an agreeable talk. The lawyer had struck Paul as having quality, and an open-minded attitude to things generally. Paul even remembered about him that he was a junior partner in the firm of Doughton and Tofrees, of Southampton Row.

A telephone book gave him the address, a telephone box the voice of Charles Mainwaring, who remembered Paul perfectly. If it was really so urgent, let him come at six that evening. Paul did so, and found Mainwaring, who was only a junior partner, in a smaller and shabbier, but less intimidating, room than Mr. Raynham's.

It was both more and less like a lawyer's room; more in having black, japanned boxes, with names in white paint upon their sides, stacked against the walls, and less in having a jug of flowers upon the table and golfclubs in a corner. Mainwaring himself, as before at the dinner party, once again impressed Paul as a man at whom you would look twice in any company.

"Congratulations on your book," he said to Paul, as he reseated himself after drawing up a chair for his client.

"I'm afraid condolences would be more appropriate," said Paul. "It's my book I've come to see you about." He took the book from under his

A WRIT FOR LIBEL

arm and leant forward to hand it to the solicitor, then told him, at length, of his predicament.

"I'm completely baffled," he concluded. Mainwaring did not evade Paul's gaze. He looked him straight in the eyes and, with no hint of suspicion in his tone but rather one of compassion for a young man in trouble, said: "You certainly are up against it. You must give me time to think this over. I will call you tomorrow or the day after."



After taking down Paul's telephone number, and the address of the house in Bayswater where Paul lived, as aloofly as befits a coming young writer, with his parents, Mainwaring shook his hand with a reassuring warmth. At least, Paul felt, as he walked homeward, he had found an adviser who would assume his truthfulness until it had been disproved.

Mainwaring, left alone, began his meditations on the case. He read and re-read the pertinent passages in the novel with care. He then leant

back in his chair, drove his fingers through his hair, and began to polish the bowl of his pipe by rubbing it slowly up and down the side of his nose.

Mainwaring was accustomed, very sensibly, not to let himself be bemused by such a word as "inexplicable," since everything can be explained. Nor did he, like Mr. Raynham, allow himself to be terrorised, as Paul had put it, by one set of facts until a possible, however improbable,

alternative set of facts had been duly weighed.

As a result of a prolonged meditation and pipe-polishing, a highly improbable, but not impossible, solution of the puzzle did present itself to his mind. He decided to take the next day off and to see things for himself.

At about ten o'clock the next morning Mainwaring, in a very old suit and a discolored hat, passed and re-passed the unpretentious little shop in Brecon Walk. He had rather hoped to catch the eye of the owner, but, small

as the place was, he could not make out whether the shadowed and shallow space behind the counter was occupied.

So, after chirping ingratiatingly to an unresponsive green canary, he pushed open the door and went in. An old-fashioned doorbell tinkled, and as the lanky, spectacled young man with a beard came from the inner room, Mainwaring had a glimpse of a fly-blown print of Lord Nelson hanging on the dotted wall-paper, and a ginger cat curled up on a kitchen chair.

"Mr. Pank?" he asked, removing his hat to show that he was no mere customer.

"Yes," said the young man. "I'm Pank. Anything I can do for you?"

"It's just a shot in the dark, of course," said Mainwaring, "but I've been hunting for a shop in these parts and as yours is the sort of thing I'm looking for, I thought there'd be no harm in asking whether you would care to do a deal?"

"Well, I'm not the owner," said Pank. "I've only got a lease. But, as it happens, it runs out at the end of September, and I'm not renewing. If you can wait till then I daresay my landlord would re-let or even sell."

"Business not good enough?" Mainwaring spoke sharply with a touch of suspicion.

"There's a living in it," said Pank, "but I want to get into the country."

"I suppose I could wait," said Mainwaring uncertainly. "Could you let me have the landlord's name and address?"

"It's his agents', Keyes and Flatt, that you'll have to see," said Pank. "I got the place through them and pay them the rent and so on."

"Would you mind writing that down for me?" said Mainwaring. "I've a head like a sieve."

Pank went into the back room for a piece of paper and Mainwaring followed him in far enough to see a framed photograph of King Edward VII in a white nautical cap, standing with Sir Thomas Lipton on the deck of a yacht,

hung upon the wall opposite to the print of Lord Nelson.

Pank scribbled "Keyes and Flatt, 181A Cromwell Road" on a half-sheet of paper in a bold individual hand. "Mr. Green's the man to ask for," he said.

Mainwaring took the paper and thanked him warmly. "You don't live over the shop, do you?" he asked.

"There's only what you see here. But you have the right to use the lavatory on the first floor."

"Well, goodbye, and many thanks again."

"Don't mention it." Mainwaring went at once to the Cromwell Road. His visit to Mr. Green was fruitful, but led to a further expedition to a house near Notting Hill Gate, which also proved profitable. Returning to his office on the top of a bus he found himself, to his surprise, whistling "Lillibulero."

A girl looked round, and he stopped. But in no time he was humming the *Ride of the Valkyries* under his breath. All the same, when he set the chain of facts so far verified against those which had so forcibly floored Mr. Raynham, there was a link still missing, a link which Runton alone could supply.

By five o'clock Paul was again in Mainwaring's office.

"I've had a good day so far," said Mainwaring. "But before I tell you about it I want you to answer a few questions."

The questions and answers went swimmingly enough, and a clue to the missing link was found. But to discover a possible link is one thing; to establish it as proved in a court of law is quite another. And although Mainwaring could see a slender chance of conclusive corroboration, his young client's memory failed him at the critical point.

"But surely you can remember whether it was a neat parcel?"

Mainwaring's features were tense with the effort of willing Paul to recollect.

To page 53

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A WRIT FOR LIBEL

"It must have meant a lot to you; surely you can see yourself cutting the string?" Paul laughed. "I expect my mama untied it," he said. "We were all at breakfast, you see. And she has a thing about string — she can't bear to see it wasted."

"Nor the wrapping-paper either?"

"I expect so. But honestly I don't remember."

"Ring up your lady mother now," said Mainwaring, "and ask when she can receive us."

Mrs. Runtun was at home and solicitor and client took a taxi to Bayswater.

Napoleon wanted his generals to be lucky: had Mainwaring been one of them he might have won his marshal's baton then and there. For it turned out that not only did Mrs. Runtun hoard string but, if the parcel were neat enough, the wrapping-paper as well.

A diligent search in a hall-cupboard discovered a smoothed-out sheet of brown paper addressed to Paul and bearing a postmark dated in the previous December. The conjectured missing link was now a solid corroborated fact.

Mainwaring, rewarded Paul's co-operative parent with a full account of his day's work.

"We could compel our Stogumber to withdraw the writ, of course," said Mainwaring, "but that would be too kind to him and to your friends Bagthorpe and Raynham. My advice to you is to defend the action in open court. I will try to get hold of counsel tomorrow. I know the very man if he's available." Paul was delighted.

Next morning *The Times* contained a formal statement by Messrs. Bagthorpe & Harpley, Publishers, offering a full and frank apology to Mr. Stogumber Pank, of Chelsea, for a serious libel contained in Mr. Paul Runtun's book *Under the Counter*. It added that substantial compensation had been paid to Mr. Pank and that all unsold copies had been withdrawn from the bookshops and libraries.

Paul also received a letter from Raynham and Ryburgh calling upon him to indemnify his publishers under Clause 3 of his contract in the sum of five thousand pounds plus costs incurred.

He handed it to Mainwaring, whose reply, in terms as near to impoliteness as is admissible between members of the Law Society, told that eminent firm where they got off. (They retaliated with a writ.) And on the following day Mr. Wood-Dalling, a rising junior consulted by Mr. Mainwaring, accepted a brief to appear for Paul with that rubbing of hands with which rising lawyers habitually express pleasure.

During the months that must intervene between the serving of a writ and the trial of an action, there was a good deal of pleasurable gossip about the affair in publishing and literary circles, for cases where a publisher apologises, pays heavy damages, and withdraws a book from circulation, while the author stands pat and decides to fight the action, are rare enough. And when at length the day came for the case to be tried, the public seats in Mr. Justice Pinkney's court were packed.

Peeping cautiously from a corner of the gallery, as if half-ashamed to be discovered at a scene to which he could only have come to gloat over a once-cherished client, was the large pink face of Mr. Bagthorpe. Beside it was the still larger grey countenance of Mr. Raynham.

Mr. Justice Pinkney had the appearance less of a judge than of a fox-terrier. Eager, watchful, alert, with a sharp

little upturned nose, his Lordship lacked only a pair of cocked ears to make the resemblance complete. It was clear that he loved his job.

In opening the plaintiff's case to the jury, counsel for Stogumber Pank could not, he said, find words in which to describe the cruelty, the malice, the downright wickedness of the defendant's conduct, although to Paul he seemed to have discovered plenty.

What made the libel so particularly atrocious, counsel told the jury, was the malignant care taken by the defendant through the piling of detail upon detail, all of them accurate to a hair, to leave no possible doubt in the minds of Mr. Pank's friends and neighbors, the whole of Chelsea and the world in general, that Mr. Stogumber Pank and none other, was the receiver, the blackmailer, the pimp and the coward described in the defendant's pages.

Counsel proceeded to read aloud the offending passages and said that he would call witnesses to prove that every smallest item, "down to his canary and his cat," of the novel's account of the plaintiff and his surroundings was true to life. He contrasted the gentlemanly behaviour of the defendant's publishers, in immediately withdrawing the book and paying a large sum in damages, with the defendant's own callous, impudent, and impertinent conduct in brazening it out in a court of law.

How a reputable firm of lawyers could have permitted him to do so was beyond counsel's comprehension. And they had pleaded neither justification nor fair comment — merely a general denial that the words complained of were libellous!

IN all his experience he had never heard of such a case, and he had no doubt that the jury, in assessing the damages for this outrage, would teach the defendant a lesson he would remember for the rest of his life.

The jury, consisting of ten men and two women, remained, as is the way of British juries, stolidly expressionless, but their eyes could be seen to be darting this way and that as they attempted to identify, on the benches reserved for the solicitors and their clients, a young man who could be guilty of such unprecedented wickedness.

Most of them decided upon a lanky, spectacled, bearded young man whose unperturbed, even smug demeanour, must surely distinguish him as the brazen one. There was accordingly a look of surprise in their eyes when, counsel, having called for Mr. Stogumber Pank, this very young man rose and entered the witness-box.

Mr. Pank gave his evidence quietly and clearly. His counsel took him over the whole ground, neglecting no detail of the exhaustive picture of himself and his shop drawn by the author of *Under the Counter*. Only when his evidence in chief was concluded, and Mr. Wood-Dalling rose to cross-examine, did the plaintiff affect a rather appealing air of injured innocence.

Mr. Wood-Dalling had every symptom of being as "rising" as in fact he was. His chin was firm, his upperlip long, his voice vibrant, his bearing assured, and he manipulated his eye-glasses with the forensic skill of a Carson. He looked first at the jury with an air of trust and benevolence; then stared hard at the plaintiff for a second or two before he spoke.

"Mr. Pank, your real name is Peter Bale?"

"I trade as Stogumber Pank."

"I know you do. But I'm asking for your real name. Is it Peter Bale?"

"It is."

The plaintiff's counsel and solicitor could have been seen to exchange glances.

"And you lodge in Jamaica Row, Notting Hill, with Mrs. Johnson?"

"I don't see what that has to do with this case."

"No, but I do. Do you lodge with Mrs. Johnson?"

"I do."

"And did you see your landlady in the lobby outside this court this morning?"

"I did not."

"All the more pleasure for you when you see her in the witness-box. Why do you wear spectacles?"

"My sight is bad."

"When did it become bad?"

"I — er — I don't remember exactly. Quite a time ago."

"What do you mean by quite a time? A year or so?"

"About that, I should think."

"Will you be surprised to hear from Mrs. Johnson that you wore no spectacles before January last?"

"She could be mistaken."

"We shall see. What oculist did you consult about your eyes?"

"I don't remember."

"But you must have consulted one?"

"I suppose so."

"In what part of London did he live?"

"I don't remember."

"Those spectacles of yours are rather unusual, aren't they?"

"In what way?"

"That band that goes over your nose. Isn't it unusually thick?"

"I shouldn't have thought so."

"Wasn't it made thick to hide a wart on the bridge of your nose?"

Counsel for the plaintiff rose to his feet.

"Me lud, I object. Must this witness be submitted to these irrelevant personalities?"

"I shall show, me lud, that the question is highly relevant to my case," said Mr. Wood-Dalling.

"Very well. You must answer the question, Mr. Bale," said the judge. Mr. Wood-Dalling repeated his question. "Was it made thick to hide a wart on the bridge of your nose?"

"If you must know, yes."

"And there's another peculiarity about these spectacles, is there not?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, the eye-pieces contain plain glass, don't they? There are no lenses in them."

"What good would they be to me if they were?"

"What indeed!" said Mr. Wood-Dalling. "Would you mind passing them to the jury?"

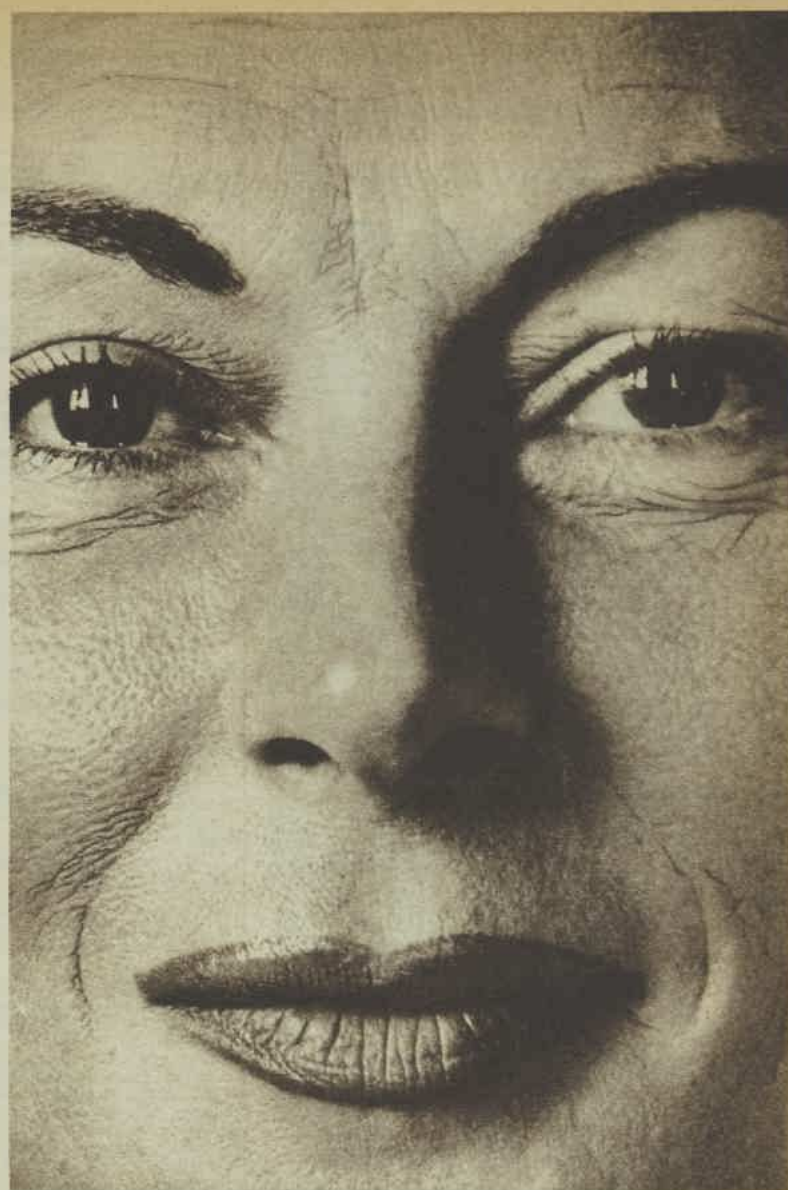
"Must I, my Lord?"

"Do as counsel asks you," said the judge.

The plaintiff removed his spectacles, revealing an unsightly wart, of a deep purple color, the sort of which it could be said "Once seen, never forgotten." An usher took the spectacles and handed them to the jury, who passed them around the jury-box, each member in turn taking a squint through them.

The usher was about to hand them back to the witness when the judge leant forward. "Give them to me, please," he said. The usher gave them to the Associate, who stood up to pass them up to the judge, who examined them briefly. "Plain glass," he said, and handed them down again. The witness, on finally

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AT CHEMISTS ONLY



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Continued from page 53

regaining his spectacles, replaced them on his nose with a hand that trembled.

"Perhaps you remember now that you did not consult an oculist?" continued Mr. Wood-Dalling with a glance at the jury. "But we will leave your plain-glass spectacles. When did you begin to grow a beard?"

"Some time last autumn, I think."

"Do you know a Mr. Green, of Keyes and Platt Ltd., the house agents?"

"I do."

"Will it surprise you to hear from him, as well as from Mrs. Johnson, when they give their evidence, that you had no beard before January last? No spectacles and no beard?"

"It's difficult to be certain about dates."

"But you remember visiting Mr. Green on January 1, to sign the lease for your shop in Brecon Walk?"

"I do."

"Was it your first venture as a shopkeeper?"

"It was."

"What was your previous occupation?"

"I am a writer."

"Had anything published?"

"Not so far."

"Why did you take the lease for only nine months?"

"I wanted to see how I liked shopkeeping."

"Are you going to renew the lease in September?"

"No."

"The shop will have served its purpose by then?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do. But never mind. Now tell me, did you, on a day in December last, find a parcel on a bus?"

"Certainly not!" The reply came sharp as a pistol-shot. The plaintiff's solicitor and counsel shifted in their seats. In the gallery the pink face of Mr. Bagthorpe turned toward the grey one of Mr. Raynham.

"Why did my question startle you so?"

"I am not in the least startled."

"Wasn't it because you did find a parcel left on a bus?"

"I tell you I did not."

"You, who couldn't remember the name of your oculist or the date when you took to plain spectacles and began to grow a beard, are positive about an insignificant incident that can hardly have made any impression on you?"

"Positive."

"Then let me jog your memory. Just look at this. Usher!" Mr. Wood-Dalling drew from under the papers on the desk a piece of brown wrapping-paper and handed it to the usher, who carried it to the witness-box.

"Is not the handwriting on that brown paper yours?"

The plaintiff examined the paper, that shook a little in his hand.

"I wouldn't swear to it," he said.

"But surely you must know your own handwriting?"

"It varies so."

"It hasn't varied much between the script on that brown paper and the script on this white one, has it?" Mr. Wood-Dalling held out to the usher the half-sheet of paper on which the plaintiff had written the address of Keyes and Platt for Mainwaring.

"You recognise that as your own, don't you? And you recognise, sitting here below me (counsel pointed at Mainwaring) the gentleman for whom you wrote it, don't you?"

"Let me see those pieces of paper," said the judge. They were duly handed up, the judge gave them a glance, and passed them down again.

"Give them to the jury," he instructed the usher. The plaintiff did not at all like

the way the jury looked at him after their inspection of the two pieces of paper. Besides, his nerve was going.

"Let me ask you again," said counsel. "The handwriting on both these pieces of paper is yours, is it not?"

"I suppose so."

"Why suppose? Is it or isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And the address written by you on the brown paper is that of the defendant at his home in Bayswater?"

"It seems to be."

"You mean it is?"

"Yes."

"And the postmark on the brown paper is of some date in December last?"

"I didn't look at the postmark."

"Please look now." The usher again took the brown paper to the witness.

"Well?"

"It seems to be."

"I think the ladies and gentlemen of the jury must by now realise that 'it seems to be' is your way of saying 'it is'." This got a smile from the jury which made the plaintiff's counsel and solicitor again exchange glances. Mr. Wood-Dalling went on.

"So you agree you addressed a brown paper parcel to the defendant at his home on some day in December last?"

"I suppose I must have."

"What was in the parcel?"

"I can't tell you. I didn't look inside it."

"Is Mr. Runton a friend of yours?"

"I never met him in my life."

THE BOYFRIEND



"Oh, yes — you are growing a moustache!"

"Are you telling the jury that you wrapped up an unknown something and posted it to a total stranger?"

"I didn't wrap it up. I found it and returned it to its owner."

"A few minutes ago you sharply denied that you had found it. Was that a lie told on oath?"

"I said I had not found it on a bus. And I didn't."

"I see. Where did you find it?"

"Lying in the road."

"Which road?"

"I really can't remember."

"And what did you do?"

"Picked it up and returned it to the owner."

"How was it wrapped up?"

"In this piece of brown paper."

"Look at that paper again, please. Is not the only writing on it the defendant's address in your own handwriting?"

"It looks like it."

"So, how could you know the address of the owner?"

"I remember now. The parcel was so muddy I had to re-wrap it."

"But to unwrap it first?"

"I suppose so."

"And what did you find?"

"It felt like a book."

"So you only felt it. Were

you able to 'feel' the owner's address?"

"It was written on an inside wrapping."

"What sort of wrapping?"

"Paper."

"But you looked inside that inner wrapping, didn't you?"

"I did not."

"So it will be a surprise to you to hear from the defendant and others, when they go into the box, that the only place where his name and address were written was on the corner of the typescript which the parcel contained?"

"That won't be correct."

"When you found the muddy parcel in the road, did you take it home with you?"

"No, to a post office."

"Where they gave you a nice clean piece of brown paper and string?"

"I suppose so."

"Let me suppose for once that you leave off supposing. Did they?"

"Yes."

"Where was the post office?"

"I really can't remember."

"I don't wonder. Now, Mr. Bale, remember that you are on your oath. Did you not take that parcel home, or to some place where you could examine it at leisure, discover that it was the typescript of a novel called *Under the Counter* with the defendant's name on the corner, begin to read it, come across the Stogumber Pank passages, and conceive the brilliant idea that if you could contrive to be living the life of Stogumber at the time the novel was published you would be in an unassailable position to win

he said. "I now call the defendant."

Paul left his seat and entered the box. But the jury's heads had been already put together. They gave one look at Runton and resumed their whispering. Before counsel had got further than asking Paul his name and address the foreman of the jury was standing up, facing the judge.

"My lord," he said, "we have all heard enough of this case. May we return our verdict now?"

"Not unless the defence agrees," said the judge. "Mr. Wood-Dalling?"

"We shall be content, me lud."

"What do you say, Mr. Speke?"

Mr. Speke stood up. "I can only say, me lud, that should this case go on, I shall not trouble to cross-examine my learned friend's witnesses."

The pink and grey faces in the corner of the gallery disappeared from view.

"Very good," said the judge. He turned to the foreman of the jury. "You have heard what counsel have said. In these circumstances you may return your verdict now."

The Associate rose and formally asked the jury for their verdict.

"We find for the defendant," said the foreman, "and that is the verdict of us all."

The judge no longer looked like a fox-terrier. He looked like a judge. He said: "Judgment for the defendant with costs. And, I direct that all the papers in this case, including the shorthand report of the evidence, be impounded and sent to the Public Prosecutor."

On that the Court rose.

An hour later, Paul and his parents were sitting in Mainwaring's office, sipping champagne. Mainwaring lifted his glass to Mrs. Runton. "It was your love of hoarding brown paper and string that won us the case," he said.

"Nonsense," said that practical woman. "But do tell me, Mr. Mainwaring, what inspired you to see through that young man's scheme?"

"It wasn't inspiration," said Mainwaring. "Plain commonsense. If Paul was telling the truth, and I believed that he was, I had to find another explanation for the correspondence between Paul's book and Pank's life. There could be only one — that Pank had read the book and had shaped his life to fit it."

"I confess that when I first saw STOGUMBER PANK over the shop, and the green canary, I had a horrid feeling that Paul must have seen it, too, forgotten it with his conscious mind, but stored it up in his subconscious one. It's a thing that can happen. But when I got into the back room and saw Nelson and King Edward VII, I knew my guess was right."

"Paul could hardly have forgotten a visit to the back room of a sweetshop, whereas Pank, with his thoroughness, would have left no detail to chance. My worst moment was when Paul took so long to remember how any outsider could have had a leisurely look at his typescript."

"I was on my way home from Bagthorpe's," said Paul, "and forgot the thing on the bus from sheer elation. And since it was returned next day, I soon forgot all about it. In any case it was only the second copy. I left the top one with Bagthorpe."

"It's nice to think, isn't it," said Mainwaring, "that Bagthorpe's five thousand pounds will enable Stogumber to pay our costs?"

They all agreed that it was very nice indeed.

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THE GIRL WITH THE WORLD IN HER POCKET

"And quite enough it is," came the retort, "when you must carry it yourself!"

At which the steward turned, perhaps to conceal yet another of his smiles.

"Come along, then, he said, "and we'll soon have you settled."

It took me a great deal longer to have my own formalities arranged. Quite understandably. A far from famous author of forty, who could just as easily be mistaken for a vacationing banker, could never hope to attain anywhere near the same entree . . .

Much as I looked for her, it was several days before I saw her again. It had been pretty rough going through Biscay, and many of the passengers had found it prudent, if not necessary, to remain in their cabins. I could only presume that she was one of them.

But once we had rounded Gibraltar, the ship found itself in the calm and incredibly deep blue of the Mediterranean. Passengers appeared like birds newly fledged from their nests. Seagulls circled the funnel and masts; over the throb of the engines we could hear their sad cries, as though in frustration at not being able to join in with the deck sports and frivolity at the swimming-pool below.

Yet that was not where I found her. Nor had she appeared in the dining-salon to my knowledge, unless she was in the other sitting. It was after dinner one night when I saw her sitting alone in the lounge, sipping her coffee.

POOR

thing, I thought to myself, if that was all she could still venture to swallow. But how wrong I was, as I soon found out once I had plucked up the courage to introduce myself.

"Oh no!" she immediately protested. "Me sick? That'll be the day, touching wood!" Which she immediately did.

She hadn't been at all embarrassed at my introducing myself, and I came to the conclusion that she was probably lonely. You see, I had already verified that she was travelling alone, in a cabin by herself. And she wasn't seventeen or eighteen as I had surmised; she had turned twenty-two, though one might never believe it. But now—

"Oh, no," she said again, "and thank goodness for that. Though I must admit I was a wee bit squeamish for a while. But I soon got myself busy, and that put an end to it."

"Busy?" I inquired, rather mystified, for I hadn't seen her anywhere on the ship among those who had bested the rough weather.

"I've been down helping the ship's nurse with the children," she told me. "Poor thing, she had her hands more than full, what with so many of them seasick, the poor wee bairns. So while she looked after the sick ones I took over the others with good stomachs and supervised their games in the children's room."

"Ohmegosh, I've never before had so many children on m' hands at the one time! I had no idea they could be so exhausting. I was always glad of m' bed when the day was done. I can tell you!"

"But I haven't seen you

in the dining-salon, either?" I ventured.

"Och, no! I take m' meals with the wee ones—they're so much more fun than the adults." And then, immediately afterward, her hand flew to her mouth in the gesture I remembered so well. "Och, I'm so sorry," she said. "I didna mean to be rude."

"Not at all," I replied. And when I couldn't quite manage to keep my smile to myself, she complied with a giggle.

"And I think you know what I mean, Mr. Mitchell," she whispered, giving me a nudge of complicity. "You'll be wearin' your fingers to the bone with all that bridge playing!" So I hadn't gone unobserved, after all. "Would you be carin' for a wee game of draughts?"

I hadn't played it in years, and she beat me twice before I was any match for her. And I found myself thinking: Of all things, draughts! And enjoying it, too, so much more than many things and places I cared to remember. And that wasn't all; there were also ludo and radio rummy and a game she called old maid.

In return I taught her double patience. She played them all like a fiend, so much so that I soon thought to myself: If she did play bridge, which she didn't, she'd probably play the game with a knife on the table . . .

One night, amusing myself

There were several younger male passengers who had watched her approach and who obviously resented her now accepted attachment to me, whom, I suspected, they regarded as an old fogey who shouldn't have even been considered as competition.

I looked around the crowded lounge for a chair for her, but she immediately protested:

"Oh, no, I'm very comfy here, thanks very much. And, besides, I can watch better. Now keep your mind on what you're doing. He just called two little ducks—twenty-two—and that's on your card. See? Second number, middle line." And she picked up a button and covered the number for me.

When the round was over, she watched as cards were exchanged or retained and paid for at each round. Then she remarked:

"Och, some people are right greedy! They take two and sometimes more cards. It's a wonder they don't find themselves getting cross-eyed!"

"I think I'll try it myself," I said. "After all, it will double my chances—and I haven't won anything yet, nor come anywhere near it."

But this only resulted in my almost missing more numbers.

"You'd better let me watch one of your cards for you," she suggested, and I gladly handed one over.

"Why don't you play for yourself?" I countered, wondering if she included this



by trying to copy her accent, I asked her: "Would you be carin' for a wee bit of interest with your rummy?" She looked horrified.

"Och, nay! I've never been one to gamble," she said firmly. "You see, I not only believe it to be wicked, but I can't bear to lose and I only feel guilty if I win. I just like games for the fun of them," she said, and then added: "And you soon lose that, I'm thinkin', once you let gambling come into it."

"You're all the time thinkin' of the money, I'm sure. And, besides," she chided gently, all in the same breath, "try as you may, Mr. Mitchell, you'll never get yourself a genuine Scots accent—just as I couldn't talk like an Australian, as you do, not in a month of Sundays."

I never tried either again, accent or gambling, with her.

And yet at one stage, on an evening when the purser had organised Bingo (or do you call it Housie-Housie?) for the passengers, I thought she came pretty close to relenting. The game was already in progress when she came and perched on the arm of my chair.

nation-wide institution in her category of gambling. And she certainly did, for—

"Ooch, nay? Didn't I tell you I don't like to gamble! But I don't mind watching one of your cards for you. After all, the money doesn't concern me at all then, does it?"

And then shortly afterwards: "Ohmegosh, Bingo!" she shouted, both hands flying to her cheeks, hazel eyes open wide. "I've won for you, tish and tosh if I haven't!"

"You could have won it for yourself," I suggested as she handed over my winnings. "But again—"

"Never in my life, not if I live to be a hundred!"

How surprised I was then when shortly afterwards she asked me: "Och, can y' gi' me a wee loanie till the mornin'—I'm afraid I've forgotten m' purse."

It was almost a sadness, thinking she had relented. But no—

"It's you who's always buying the drinks. Now I want to buy you one, in way of a wee celebration," she said coyly.

I protested, but she would have none of it.

"It's my pleasure," she insisted, "so would you be deprivin' me of it?"

And so I accepted. Besides, who could deny that it gave her pleasure indeed when she called the steward and said: "A lemonade and a cognac, if you please."

The last touch of all came when I told her: "You don't have to pay for it now, you know. You just sign the chit and you'll get your bill at the end of the voyage."

Again she looked at me horrified. And—

"Never in my life!" she said, even more firmly. "I pay as I go—always have, always will. It's a crime to be indebted," she informed me. And I surmised that her crisp little homily was sprung from a Presbyterian upbringing. But if indebtedness is indeed a crime, I found myself reflecting, then how guilty I was for the so very pleasurable debt of her company.

Her name was Elspeth—Elspeth Carruthers. It didn't at all seem to suit her. It had rather a cold sound, prim, more a name for an old maid than a girl of her spirit and beauty. To my surprise, she adored dancing—for I thought that this, too, might come under the same eschewed category as gambling and indebtedness. But not a bit of it.

SHE waltzed like a dream. She did the Twist and the Shake the Madison, and the Swim whenever younger men asked her. It was joy just to watch her, even more when she would look back at me over her shoulder now and again to make a small moue of bemusement. It was especially at moments like those that she didn't look at all like an Elspeth.

"M' frienas call me Pethie," she admitted, suddenly lowering her eyes over a faint little blush. "And I'd like you to be includin' y'self among them, if you will."

"I'd love to, Pethie," I said. But, of course, as I might have expected, to her I was still Mister Mitchell.

"It doesn't seem right," she said, again coloring slightly, "to call you anything else." Whenever she lowered her eyelids, the light caught the fair lashes that had, of course, never once known a touch of mascara, nor needed to.

"I suppose your family also call you Pethie," I said.

This time, I wasn't prepared for her reply.

"I don't have any family," she said quietly.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Not even brothers and sisters?"

"Not that I know of," she replied, a little mysteriously.

"But how could you not know a thing like that?" I persevered, when I suppose I should have known better.

Then she said, quite clearly and firmly, yet just loud enough for only me to hear: "I never knew my parents, and still don't know who they might have been. You see, I was born illegitimate. I was brought up in a home. I mean, a home for— for that kind of children. I—I hope it won't make any difference to—to our friendship. You see, I've been meaning to tell you . . ."

"Pethie," I protested. "Why on earth should it make any difference to me? I'm not sure that that's very kind of you, you know. I'd hoped you'd think better of me than that. Besides, wherever you were brought up, I don't

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think anyone could have done a better job of it."

And she suddenly smiled, taking my hand quickly for just a second or so, just the one little pat.

"I did think well enough of you," she said quietly. "That's why I've told you. Oh, there's another waltz. You won't think me forward if I ask you this time, will you? You're not tired at all, are you?"

"I'm not all that old," I retaliated.

"I didn't mean that," she said, again quietly but firmly.

"All the same, Pethie," I suggested, "wouldn't you rather spend

more time with — well, people more of your own age? I mean, don't you want to dance more with the younger blades on the ship?"

To my amazement, she looked almost hurt, regarding me with dismay.

"Oh, forgive me," she said suddenly, quickly. "I've been selfish, taking up all of your time. It should have occurred to me that perhaps you'd prefer to be with other people sometimes. I'm sorry, I—"

She was confused and embarrassed, just as on the first day I had seen her; at the same time, she was again lost and bewildered. I couldn't hasten quickly enough to reassure her. After Pethie, how

dull was the prospect of time spent with any others.

It was a friendship, I realised — and yet no more than that, a friendship, from either side — which I have found all too rarely. There were no complications, no involvements. It was one of the most satisfying relationships I've ever had the pleasure of knowing. Yet it was her next remark which I found the more touching.

"You see," she said, "I find the young ones a bit — well, a bit fast for me, if you know what I mean. You see, I've thought about myself a good bit, and I think I'm still really much of a child at heart. I suppose that's why I like being with

the children all day, here aboard ship."

"Or with an old fogey like me," I countered, just for a joke.

But she looked me straight in the eye at that one and said:

"Would one old fogey care to be having that waltz I've already mentioned, and not be wasting all this wonderful music . . ."

She was a nurse, as I suppose I might have guessed. She came from Perth in Scotland, where she had been brought up in the home and then trained in a hospital. And if it seemed a bit of a puzzle as to how she could afford such a trip all around the world in a cabin to herself ("I was terrified to share

with someone I didn't know," she said. "They'd probably think me a half-wit!") then she soon cleared that up for me, too.

"It all seems a bit of a fairytale, really," she said. "You see, there was a rather old lady brought into the hospital one night with pneumonia, and the poor thing nearly died. But she did get over it, thanks be to God. And while she was in the hospital I noticed that she never had any visitors.

"She was one of my patients whenever I was on duty, so I suppose I got to spending a bit more time with her than all the others, though I try not to have any favorites. But she had no relatives; she was all alone, just as I was. I suppose you might say it gave us something in common, neither of us having anyone else.

"Although she had been married and had had a son. But both husband and son were dead. Even when I was off duty and it was visitors' hours, I used to go and see her just so that she'd have someone, if you know what I mean. It got so that I could never have disappointed her.

"And when she eventually got better and had to go home, well, even if she hadn't asked me, I still would have gone to see her. It was such a wonderful change from the hospital, and we were friends for — for just over two years.

"And then she died. No, not pneumonia this time — heart. It was — well, almost like losing my own mother when she went. I can't tell you how much I missed her. But I think it was even more of a shock when I found she'd left me all she had, in her will. Not that it was so very much, mind you — though it seemed a fortune to me. She had a wee cottage that was mortgaged. But when that was sold and the mortgage paid off — well, the lawyer said the rest was for me.

"I was struck dumb, I can tell you. And at first I didn't want it. Why, it was just over five hundred pounds! I wondered what on earth I could do with it."

FROM THE BIBLE

● Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

— Galatians 6:1.

Here I smiled to myself, thinking of the countless things most other young girls of twenty-two might do with even that sum. But Pethie went on:

"Then I remembered some of the things she used to say to me. She'd travelled a lot, you know, when her husband had been alive. He'd been in the colonial service, or something. She lost both her husband and her son out in India, poor thing. But before that, she'd seen a fair bit of the world.


"Pethie," she used to say to me, 'there are some who say what a small world it is. But to those who have the right eye for it, it's enormous — and so beautiful. There are so many wonderful places to see.'

"And, so you see, that's what I decided to do with the money. I'm qualified now, so I was able to take three months off from the hospital — without pay, of course — and I saw this trip advertised in the paper. I felt like Her Majesty herself, I can tell you, the day I walked into a travel agency and told them to buy my ticket. I had just enough money for it, with a little left over for spending — and the time to do it in."

She breathed in deeply. And then again she said that one expression I found so colorful and touching:

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WINTER TIME IS
PINEAPPLE PIE TIME



make this
delicious
winter-time

Coral reef Pie

the very latest from Golden Circle Test Kitchen

Have ready baked short pastry shell. Heat contents of 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple in saucepan. Blend 2 level tablespoons cornflour in cold water, stir into hot pineapple mixture and bring to boil. Remove from stove, stir in 2 beaten egg yolks and 1 tablespoon butter. Turn into pastry shell, top with pink coral macaroon, and bake in moderate oven till firm.

CORAL MACAROON: Beat 2 egg whites with pinch salt till frothy. Gradually beat in half cup castor sugar, beating until meringue is stiff. Fold in 1 cup coconut and a few drops pink food colouring. Flavour to taste.

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Sunset afterglow on Sydney Harbor

● The colors of a dying autumn day glow on the Sydney Harbor Bridge, the Garden Island Dockyard, and (left) the boats anchored off Elizabeth Bay and Rushcutters Bay. The picture was taken from the Jean Colvin Hospital, Darling Point, by staff photographer Barry Cullen. (For other photographers' interest: He took it at 5.15 p.m. with an exposure of 4sec. aperture F.11 on 50 A.S.A. film.)

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

"I've got the whole world in my pocket. And except maybe for a trip one day to Edinburgh, I never thought I'd see the outside of Perth."

"Just think of it! Already I've seen Edinburgh and all the way down to London. Then London itself, and, afterwards, Southampton. This wonderful ship. Then Gibraltar for my first port overseas. Tomorrow, Naples! Then Suez — I can't wait to see all that canal! And Port Said — though I'm a bit afraid of the Egyptians!"

"You will come ashore with me, won't you? I mean, I won't dare to if you don't. And I can't bear to miss any of it. And then Aden and Bombay — in India, you know, where my friend used to live, though a long time ago. So I want to see that very much. Then Colombo, Singapore. And all the way down to Australia and — Ohmegosh!"

Once again her hand had flown to her mouth as it seemed to do so often.

"What now?" I asked, for she had turned to me suddenly, her eyes round with alarm. And slowly, quietly, she said:

"You'll be getting off there somewhere, won't you." It was more a statement than a question. "That's where you live, isn't it, when you're not travelling. I mean, after Australia, I shan't have any more. It—it won't seem the same . . ."

"Come now, Pethie. You'll soon make plenty of friends."

BUT she didn't seem to hear me any more.

"Where do you get off?" she asked suddenly. "Sydney or Melbourne? All Australians seem to live in one or the other. Aren't there any other places to live there?"

"Perth," I told her. She looked at me in astonishment.

"You mean, you're doing

the whole trip, too? You can't mean that, afterwards, you're going to live in Scotland and in the very same town!"

I shook my head. "Perth, Western Australia," I told her. "It's our first port of call there, I'm afraid."

"Perth! In Western Australia!" she repeated, even more incredulous. "Do they have a Perth out there, too?"

"Oh, yes," I told her, unable to help smiling. "It was named after your Perth."

"Show me," she demanded.

"Show you what?"

"Why, Perth, of course. Your Perth, I mean. Come on, there's a map at the purser's office! Come and show me where it is."

And so down we went to the purser's office, and I placed my finger on the chart — on what is perhaps the most isolated city in the most isolated region you can find anywhere in the world.

"Well, never!" she said. "So there is! And to think I've never heard of it. You must think me terribly ignorant!"

"Not at all," I assured her. "You'd be surprised at how many people one assumes to be knowledgeable who haven't heard of it either."

But again she didn't seem to be listening.

"Is it cold there in the winter like it is in our Perth?"

"No," I told her. "Cool. But you can say we have almost nine months of summer. You must come ashore and I'll show you what I can of it in just the one day before the ship sails again."

"Oh, would you?"

She was so eager, even though still wistfully regarding this other Perth which had had the effrontery to present itself so suddenly to her own little world, that I couldn't dream of refusing her, no matter the inconvenience to family and friends who might expect me to spend my first day home, after nearly four years away.

Besides, what could be

more delightful than showing this other Perth to Pethie.

I had plenty of practice. In between Naples and Perth, there were all those other ports. I had seen them all several times before, and yet I had never really seen any of them, I now realised, until showing them to Pethie and seeing them through her eyes; for I realised how jaded my own eyes had become.

It even occurred to me that, had I had the time, I could have written a travel book about it. After all, I was practically seeing all those places for the very first time, it was all such a joy and a wonder to her.

Then the ship turned

where I can stay for a while," she told me. "And I'll get a refund of the rest of my passage money from the shipping company to live on while I find work somewhere."

She stopped suddenly, possibly because she had caught me looking dismayed or bemused — quite probably, both.

"You do think I'm daft, don't you?" she said.

"How will you ever get back if you don't like it and you've spent all your money?"

"I'm not thinking about that," she said. "It's not necessary. I've already told you; being a nurse, I can work anywhere, on land or sea. Oh, I won't be a nuisance to you,

my growing amazement she seemed all the more content. One didn't have to read between the lines to see that the Pethie I had known aboard ship was no longer the child she'd then been. She was growing up, quickly. There was now a quiet maturity in all that she wrote.

Apart from her love for her work, which was so obvious without her ever saying so, I began to wonder if she had also fallen in love with whomever might be there on the mission, and might also be eligible. I couldn't have wished it more for her — and I wasn't far wrong.

"It's a pity you're still away," she wrote, "because

as well. Pethie, in her forthright Scots fashion, had lost no time in starting a family of her own — to add to that so much larger and more formidable family of her aborigines, about sixty all told.

And now I come to the real joy of this story — perhaps the very reason for my writing it at all. I've just had another letter from Pethie:

"I've never told you this before, but at times it has been quite a struggle to keep the mission going, funds not being quite what they should be. To tell you the truth, Rob and I were feeling pretty desperate last time we trucked all the way into Derby to buy our supplies.

"We hadn't quite managed to pay off the previous lot, and headquarters couldn't tell us when we might expect our next funds. I'd kept a bit to myself, from what had been left over from that refunded passage-money, remember? But once the baby came (and another on the way, I must tell you!), that soon went, too, I'm afraid."

THE letter continued. "Still, we didn't worry. The mission, more or less, supports itself, so far as food is concerned. It's medical supplies, books, clothes we have to buy. There's never quite enough from the mission funds and the government. So this time when I went in to Derby, it was rather embarrassing having to ask for credit from one place to another.

"And all I had left of my own money was — don't laugh — one two-shilling piece and a sixpence. That was all that was left from my legacy. Well, do you know what I did with it? I saw a sign at a store saying 'Western Australian Charities' or something, and it looked as though it was asking for donations of just two-and-sixpence.

"Now, I asked myself, why two-and-sixpence? It was too much of a coincidence, me having just that amount in my purse and in all the wide world. So I gave it. I must admit that I was half hoping that if I gave it to a charity, then charity would come back to us — 'boomeranging,' as we Aussies might say!

"Well, I got my credit from the store, so considered that my small gift to charity had worked. The storeman gave me the bills for all that I had ordered and told me just to pay when I could.

"But what seemed the craziest thing, he also insisted that I keep what I thought was a receipt for my donation to charity, little enough as it was. Thank heavens I did keep it. You see, it wasn't a receipt, as I suppose you, being an Australian, have already guessed. And it wasn't exactly just a charity I'd donated to, either.

"It was the Western Australian Charities Consultation — of all things, a lottery! And we won it! All eight thousand pounds of it! We can make the mission a paradise on half as much. So this time when you come back, you simply must come up and see it. If you don't, you'll have to reckon with Your ever-loving Pethie.

"P.S.: But I'm still not sure as to whether I can ever bring myself to try gambling again. Do you think God will ever forgive me? But, yes, I suppose He already has — for I've now got all the world I'll ever want right here in my pocket."

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



south to Australia. "It'll soon be time to say goodbye," I said, not without difficulty.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "Well, we do have tomorrow, when I show you around Perth."

"Oh, you mustn't give up your first day at home to me." "There's only the one day to do it, I'm afraid," I reminded her. "The ship sails again the same evening."

"I'm getting off," she said. "You're what?"

"I'm getting off."

"Oh, you mean you're going to spend a few days in Perth and then fly across the desert to rejoin the ship at Adelaide? A good idea. The ship takes three days to reach Adelaide, and the Great Australian Bight can be even rougher than Biscay."

But then came the surprise.

"No, I'm getting off and I'm staying off."

"I thought I was going from Perth to Perth. Well, so I am. But to a different Perth, very different from what I ever dreamed of. Why not? If I've got the whole world in my pocket, why shouldn't I keep it there? And I suppose I can always get a job nursing anywhere."

"True enough. But what about friends, Pethie?"

She looked down at her hands, folded in her empty lap. And how well, I thought to myself, had I come to know that downcast gaze of hers.

"I've never been very good at making friends," she said quietly, "until now."

"But you may not like it there," I suggested.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall," she said quite decisively. "You see, ever since you told me about it, I've been reading all I can find about it in the ship's library. And the purser, some of the stewards, and the ship's nurse have also told me something about it.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I'll like it, all right. Besides, I've got a queer sort of feeling — if you don't think me quite daft altogether — that I'm, well, meant to go there, the way things have been happening."

I could only guess at what she meant. In any case, I couldn't deter her; it was obvious that she had already made up her mind.

"I've got a list of hotels

I can assure you, I may seem a half-wit at times, but I can look after myself. And that's all I have to look after — just myself. So say what you like, Mister Mitchell, I'm still getting off."

She did. We had not the one, but three days in Perth at the loveliest time of the year, September, when it is spring in that upside-down part of the world. Then on the third evening she phoned me.

"I've got a job," she said.

"Nursing?"

"Sort of."

"What do you mean, sort of?"

"You won't think I'm daft, will you?"

"Pethie, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going up north," she told me, "to work on a mission. I don't suppose I'll be seeing so much of you after all, it's a bit far away. How on earth can just the one State, let alone a whole country, get to be so big!"

She wasn't exaggerating. She was travelling fifteen hundred miles — most of it desert, some of the most fearsome desert in the world — to work on a mission perched up high in the Kimberleys. Apart from the mission staff, such as there might be, and the aborigines and their children, it might be months before she would see another soul.

She couldn't have chosen a place more unlike the one little world she had known hitherto if she had tried. When she rang off I put down the phone with both amazement and misgiving.

The mission was over eighty miles from its nearest neighbor, a cattle-station. It was just over two hundred miles from the nearest township of Derby.

And yet in her several letters she wrote me it was obvious that she had taken to it — mission, isolation, desert, the heat, loneliness, and all — like, as she herself wrote, a Scotch duck to water. Except that in those regions, water, like mission funds, can be all too scarce.

I tried not to, telling myself there was no real reason for me to do so, but I worried about her.

A few months later, I went overseas again. But her letters still followed me, and to

I'm going to be married. And if you were back in Perth — your Perth, and mine too now — you'd still have to come up here for the wedding. We can't afford to go south for it, it's hard enough making ends meet on the mission as it is. So we're being married in Derby, if the old mission truck can still get us both even that far!

"Yes, you've guessed it — my future husband is also here on the mission. What's more, and what you mightn't have guessed, he's also a Scot. A small world, isn't it. Oh, no, I've just remembered that I shouldn't say that — it's a big, wide, truly wonderful world. But that's probably because I'm so happy . . ."

"His name is Rob — Robin Stewart. But no, the coincidence doesn't stretch that far. He's not from Perth, my Perth. Of all things, he's a Glaswegian. My, the fights that that leads to at times. No, not really."

"But I can't help wondering if it won't seem a bit strange when, perhaps one of these days, a few more people start coming to these parts, and they'll find the local tribe of aborigines all speaking English with a broad Scottish accent."

"Och aye, and all that! Remember? Must go — Midgimidjan, aged six, and black as the ace or any other spade, has just found the honey-jar. Send me your good wishes, as I do to you."

Your Pethie."

I thought that was the end of the story, but not quite. From later letters, I began to worry for them again. It was obvious that they were both devoted to their mission and their aborigines, to a life of isolation and loneliness from which most other people in the world would shrink away with horror.

Yet in all the letters she wrote she never once complained of, or even mentioned, loneliness or privation. Yet somehow I sensed it, although I suppose there was never time for such a thing as loneliness anyway — which might also be one way of keeping love and marriage a little more permanent than it so very often is these days.

Apart from that, I soon had not only a wedding present to send them, but another

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Vivian

School was like a holiday

—NO ONE MISSED THE SKI LESSONS

Teenagers
WEEKLY



PINK AND PURPLE make a bright twosome in this knitted suit Claudia bought in Florence. With Claudia is her black poodle, Louis.



● For ten months last year, school for 18-year-old Claudia Conrick, of Vacluse, N.S.W., was really a wonderful holiday.

Claudia boarded at La Chatelaine, a school at the ski resort of Montana Crans, in Switzerland.

Once a luxurious hotel, the building was recently converted to La Chatelaine, "The International Institute For Jeunes Filles."

"This," said Claudia, "is the correct name. It wasn't called a finishing school. Only Australians refer to it as a finishing school."

Claudia said La Chatelaine had 70 boarders. She and Virginia Faye, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., both ex-students of Kincoppal, Elizabeth Bay, were the only Australians among French, German, Italian, and American students.

School hours were from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., with two afternoons a week free. Claudia's "schoolgirl French" was put to the test at first, because all the girls had to speak French all the time.

"Lessons, meals—even the TV—were in French," she said. "It felt strange to speak French with one of the girls when both of you could speak perfect English."

Languages, social studies, commercial studies, and cooking were among subjects taught at La Chatelaine. A series of International Dinners prepared by the cooking class, to which Claudia belonged, were keenly sampled by the rest of the school.

Jeans and jumpers were the unofficial uniform, but each evening the girls had to dress formally for dinner. When asked about the food, something most students at boarding school grumble about, Claudia answered "divine."

Ski instructors are on the teaching staff—and these were lessons no one missed.

La Chatelaine overlooks Montana Crans, which is made up of two separate centres—Montana, the old village, and Crans, a new tourist resort.

Montana Crans has one of the largest ski runs in Switzerland, and in winter the girls

OFF TO CLASSES the French way, in grey flannel skirt, green skivvy top, and knee-length socks. "This type of outfit was very popular with students," Claudia said. The jacket, of pony hair, was bought in Spain.



TRULY MOD, this dress is made from old-fashioned curtain lace and was bought in a London store. The shoes, not unlike a ballerina's dancing slippers, are of pink satin, a popular style with mods.

THIS SKI OUTFIT was bought in a shop in Crans, which has many boutiques to cater for the tourists who flock there.

spent most of their weekends skiing. They often made trips to nearby villages and resorts. Claudia voted the one to fashionable Zermatt, at the bottom of Mt. Matterhorn, the most exciting of all.

The end of May finished the skiing season, but in summer the girls enjoyed hiking, horse-riding, water-skiing, and golf.

During the long summer holidays most of the girls took the opportunity to travel in Europe. Claudia combined sight-seeing with shopping, visiting London, Paris, Italy, and Capri, collecting an international wardrobe on the way.

London was her favorite shopping centre.

"It is ideal for the young look, especially Chelsea," she said. "Everywhere you go, you notice the strong influence young people have on fashion."

In Italy, Claudia indulged in a pet weakness—buying shoes.

"The chunky look in shoes and handbags was too much to resist. I have had many comments on them since I returned home. There doesn't seem to be anything like them here in the shops."

Claudia found Paris "just too fabulous." Knee-length socks, jackets, and suede skirts were favorite wear for teenage students there.

Capri, the centre for holiday clothes, lived up to its reputation in the slacks and matching jackets Claudia bought there. Suede and velvet were the two most popular materials used for winter sportswear, especially for after-five clothes.

Back home, Claudia is doing Arts at the University of N.S.W.

—DENISE LOVE



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Letters

Seven boosts to studying

OVER my years at school I collected these sayings, which provided me with a necessary boost when I didn't feel like studying.

1. The only remedy for indecision is to begin.
2. The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step. (Chinese.)
3. What most people lack is not strength but endurance. (Victor Hugo.)
4. Do your best today, then perhaps you'll be able to do better tomorrow. (Newton.)
5. The battle is not lost until you give up.
6. You are not only responsible for what you do, but for what you don't do. (Moliere.)
7. Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools. (Napoleon.) — "Working Student," Surrey Hills, Vic.

Other interests

IN English all you study are poems, novels, essays, and plays. No attention is paid to newspapers, TV, and radio, which are much more influential. It would be best if we were taught how to appreciate and understand these media. We should be taught their technical problems, too. I am sure other teenagers could be as interested as I am. — Rosalind Reines, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.

Ignorance

I AM shocked about the ignorance of Australian life in England. I recently started correspondence with a girl in England. She told me she felt sorry for me because I had no records or mod clothes. She even thought we had dirt roads,

She was honestly shocked to hear Australians have records, mod clothes, and proper roads. She is now well informed about life in Australia, but just think of those who see us riding around on emus. — "Aussie," Glen Iris, Vic.

Stockings

A HINT to girls who, like me, don't particularly like the colored patterned stockings at present in fashion: First buy some ordinary stockings and colored dyes. Then dye the stockings with the various colors you want. By doing this you can pick your own shades to match your wardrobe. These look very effective and look much nicer than patterned stockings. — "Matchmaker," Couira, N.S.W.

NEXT WEEK

• Juanita Holloway, a 20-year-old Brisbane girl who cannot hear or speak, is beginning to make her name in high-fashion modelling. Story and color pictures.

English reader

I read your magazine when my grandmother sends it to me. The letters page is particularly interesting.

In England we have four types of teenagers — mods, rockers, beatniks, and stylists. Mods wear modern clothes. Their name is actually derived from the word "modern." The girls wear fairly long skirts and flat or stubby-heeled shoes. Their hair, either short or long, must be straight. The boys have coats known as "parkers," which they wear when riding scooters. If the boys have a car it is usually a baby car. They like rhythm and blues and blue beat music.

Money isn't everything

• Finance determines the whole pattern of our existence, wrote "Frustrated," forcing us to struggle in dull circles from pay day to pay day. Readers didn't agree.

POOR "Frustrated" must have a dreadful existence if he believes that the only happiness in life is to be gained through money. The Pursuit of Happiness isn't easy by any means—but it would be impossible if we approached it in his negative way. Instead of sitting home and feeling sorry for himself, he should start planning how to get out of his present situation which he finds so boring.

Travel is very cheap these days and there are endless opportunities for everyone in Australia if he is young and willing to work to have a full, interesting life. — Ruth Feist, Norton Summit, S.A.

I TOTALLY disagree. Admittedly, money determines opportunities to a certain extent, but this can be put to advantage. I am

a 4th year university student and in three and a half years have had some interesting part-time jobs. I have saved £190 in these years, and when I graduate as a teacher will get about £25 a week. I intend to travel in a few years, after some concerted efforts at saving and working at many jobs in the holidays.

I have not been helped by my parents at all and pay board at home. This should prove that if one really has the will to save it can be done, but some sacrifices are inevitable. Part-time jobs can contribute to making a more interesting personality. — "Travel Bug," Randwick, N.S.W.

"FRUSTRATED" complains about money determining the pattern of our existence. He says that

if we are among the unfortunate who do not have money we must "resign ourselves to a future of struggling," hoping that someday, by some stroke of luck, we will magically become a success. The notion that "all things come to him who waits" and its myriad ramifications are, no doubt, the catch-phrases of those who have already "arrived" and do not wish the success train to be too crowded. Success, and money, is not something that comes only to special people. It is within the grasp of everyone.

"Frustrated" need only start thinking ambitiously and he will have achieved a certain degree of success—success over his feelings of failure. — Phillip Williams, Hobart.

BEATNIK



"A gas pad, man, but I can't say much for your furniture."

Rockers have their hair long and greasy. They wear skin-tight jeans, high black boots, and studded leather jackets. They like hanging around coffee bars and listening to the pop music from jukeboxes. The girls' hair is usually long and back-combed. They wear high-heeled shoes and short skirts. Their form of transport is always a motor-bike.

Beatniks are mostly college people who can't afford the latest gear. They go in for sloppy jumpers, long hair (not greasy), and beards. The girls have long straight hair, and they don't wear much make-up. They like folk-singing, and usually haven't any transport. They usually thumb lifts to parties, college, and dances.

Stylists are very modern mods. They would rather have one real leather bag

than several plastic ones. Their hair is always neat, clean, and shining, but they are individualists.

I have heard some mention of jazzers and surfers, but don't know which is which. — L. Knowles, Hertfordshire, England.

Man's challenge

HAVE you, like me, wondered why man must do dangerous things, such as climb Mount Everest, explore space, and dive into the depths of the ocean? There is nothing like a challenge to excite men's interests and to heighten their joy in living. Men want problems to solve and obstacles to overcome. A society where everything worked beautifully and smoothly on oiled wheels would be boring beyond belief. A life of cushioned ease would not satisfy many of us for long. Man sets himself a goal, but when he has achieved it he finds it has opened up new vistas, new worlds to conquer. — "Keep Striving," Caulfield, Victoria.

Mission ten-ager

I AM only a ten-ager, but I enjoy reading the letter column.

I live on a native mission 35 miles north of Meekatharra in Western Australia. The name of the mission is "Karulundi," which means crystal brook. Although the country surrounding the mission is dry and barren, we are lucky to be situated on a river bed and are able to have a beaut swimming-pool. Even though many people said that nothing much would grow, our gardens and orchards flourish.

Often there are moments when I crave the companionship of other white girls my own age, but I realise that not every young person has the opportunity of helping the natives of our sunburnt country.

My mother and father have taught me to value this experience. — Nicole Mannes, Meekatharra, W.A.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Former booster

AS a (former) booster that I had "been around," I decided to write a short story for my own amusement. To my utter amazement I discovered I could not find a plot to fit a certain character or a suitable character to fit an imagined plot, owing to the fact that I did not know enough about one or the other.

Reasoning that I knew my own life well enough to write about it, I ventured on this. I found trying to compose a story, with a smattering of knowledge on various things, extremely difficult, and came to the conclusion that until I am 99 and have seen and done everything I will not profess to have been around.

Try writing a story. You will realise how very little you know of people and places. It may come as a shock to discover your own personal life makes uninteresting reading. — "Former Booster," Liverpool, N.S.W.

Beauty in brief:

PICK UP YOUR LOOKS

• There's nothing like a cold in the head to make natural good looks fly away like Cinderella's glamor.

MORE than likely your mirror reflects a wan face brightened only by a flaming nose-tip, dull eyes, hair that has mysteriously changed to straw, dreary skin, and a weary air of lassitude.

So, after the cold is over, after the last sneeze is sneezed, it's time to devote a little extra effort to yourself, and so transform this low point into a starting point for a new degree of good looks.

Night and morning make a ritual of washing and creaming your skin; use warm water, mild soap, and a soft cloth, then cream gently.

Deep cleanse with cream at other times, and flake away roughness with a simple beauty mask.

A suitable mask will stir up surface circulation, help banish pale but not interesting wanness.

Hand cream or lotion that is inseparable from hand-washing and bath oil in your tub will ensure that every inch of your skin is smooth as silk.

Generally speaking, the idea is to give your hair a shampoo that will make it look finespun and shiny, not just clean. Brush those locks solidly, add a touch of dressing for a fresh shine.

For bright eyes and renewed energy, take liberal helpings of fruit juice and water, eight hours of sleep every night. — CAROLYN EARLE

Everything's upside down when you have growing-up-itis

● I've just made the startling discovery that I've developed symptoms of that dreaded and incurable disease — "growing-up-itis." I thought I was immune. Me grow up? Never! I was wrong! Like all those before me, I, too, have succumbed.

SUDDENLY everything is topsy-turvy, and the other way around. All my fast-held ideas and feelings are

undergoing a tremendous upheaval.

The symptoms did not arrive all at once, but crept up slowly and are now attacking me with the

ferocity of a wounded lion.

The symptoms are: Teachers, once loathed and detested, are now appreciated. Unfortunately too late, because this symptom doesn't appear until after you leave school.

School loyalty, once only dying embers, is now fanned to a fierce blaze.

Knowledge, which you scorned at school, is now like a luxury food; it's exciting, valuable, and you can't get enough of it. How you wish you'd discovered it before, when you had time to savor and appreciate it.

Even fashion ideas change. When younger, you've got to be in the fashion and wear the same as everybody else; sneakers, bows in the hair, lacy blouses, and pedal-pushers. Now you learn to distinguish between fashion and what suits you.

Young children aren't messy little tyrants now, but people with fresh outlooks on life, who see things differently from our "adult minds" and often renew our faith in human nature.

Because they were captains of football teams, or handsome, or had flashy cars, boys were valued and worth "catching." Now it's their character, their sense of humor, and their manners which have appeal.

Beatle fans (and such like) scream and heap praise on their idols as you look on fondly, remembering way back to when you did the same for Crash Craddock, Fabian, and Bill Haley.

Dances other than the Watusi, Mod's Nod, Shake, or Swim, are suddenly just as much fun.

Greenbottle and radio serials such as *Superman*, *Sea Hound*, *Hop Harrigan*, and *The Search for the*



EVERYTHING'S topsy-turvy, upside down, and the other way round when you are suffering from the dreaded growing-up-itis.

Golden Boomerang are nostalgically remembered and preferred to modern TV shows.

Even your way of talking is a symptom. To you, rockers are bodgies and mods are teddy-boys.

Your feelings change. The embarrassment you felt when you arrived at a casual party all dressed up to the nines is replaced by joking.

By
JENNY BOYAN

No longer do you feel "all wrong" and "out of place" when in a crowd at a party.

Instead of racing round in shorts in mid-May, the blood in your veins turns to ice-water, and in mid-April you find yourself in jumpers, coats, and long sleeves.

You find that handbags are growing smaller. Or is it that all those "necessary" items are increasing?

Your attitude toward people undergoes a subtle change, too.

You find yourself less critical of others' faults. You learn to accept people for what they are, not what they might be.

Elderly relations are suddenly interesting to talk to. It is a great shock to learn, as I have, that they are often

less critical of our generation than our parents are.

All at once, parents are human and sometimes even fun. They listen to your jokes and laugh, without replying, "I fell out of my cradle with that one."

Adults now treat you as equals, and the realisation that you're not infallible comes home to you. More often you admit to being wrong and not knowing everything. You begin to admit that parents might sometimes be right.

Help! I didn't realise that my symptoms were as many or as obvious when I started to put them on paper. I must be absolutely riddled with the disease. If I'm as infected as this at 17, what will I be like at 30?

Every night I wish on the evening star that I might find a temporary cure for myself. I don't want to lose youth too quickly.

These days, when I discover other people, their points of view, their attitudes toward life, and most important of all, the joy of living, are all too short.

I want to enjoy them before I become enmeshed in the snares of maturity.

The eagerly awaited adulthood brings with it a new knowledge and understanding—but also a yoke of care and responsibility.

ROCKING ROUND THE CLOG

ROUND
ROBIN

● I see that the Dutch claim they invented rock-'n-roll.

AREPORT from Amsterdam says that the rock beat comes from a traditional village dance.

Apparently this means that the Mersey Sound is, in fact, the *Zuider Zee Zound*.

The Dutch, of course, are very musical people. The widespread building of dykes points out their great interest in High Cs.

They also have produced a musical much more lavish than *Damn Yankees*. It is called *Dam Everything*—and stars Amsterdam, Rotterdam—and every other dam thing. And what about the famous Dutch singing group, The Windmills Brothers? They had a very big van club.

There is a story that the Dutch are very angry at the exploitation of their rock music.

So angry, in fact, that when the Beatles toured, an official pointed to Ringo's drum and told him to beat it.

Is there any truth in this story?

I asked a leading Dutch manufacturer of packaged plants, but he was cagey. "My tulips are sealed," he said.

If you have any doubts about the Dutch pioneering of rock, consider the legend of the little boy with his finger in the dyke wall.

Was he holding back the water by stopping a hole where a rock had fallen out? Not at all.

He was obviously a rock-'n-roll star's understudy.

Wasn't he filling in for a Rolling Stone?

Footnote: A feemy—my new award for classic examples of crazy feminine behaviour—goes to the Argentine girl who twice slapped Frank Sinatra Jr.'s face—explaining that she disliked his father!

—Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



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Louise
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Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Unwanted pal

"WE are five school friends who share common interests and get on very well together. Another girl has started hanging around us. None of us likes her, but at first we tried to be nice to her. Now she refuses to leave us. She knows we don't like her, as other members of the form have told her so, but she replied we were stuck with her. She doesn't like anything we like, and we don't think she even likes us."

"Pestered," Vic.

I can't help feeling sorry for the girl, who mustn't like herself much better than she likes anyone else, since she's so scared of being alone. It must be irritating for you, but try to be charitable.

She may meet a group she fits in with better and leave you alone. Meanwhile, continue doing the things your group likes to do, and she may drop you in exasperation.

Another interest

"I AM a girl of 17 and have been going steady with a boy for two years. We plan to get engaged when I am 19. Recently he has been neglecting me to play in a teenage band. We have discussed this and he says he still feels the same and doesn't realise his neglect. I don't want his new interest in the band to interfere with our marriage, but I wouldn't want him to give it up because of me."

"Worried," Vic.

What do you mean by "neglect"?

Does he play with the band every night? Or do you still see him sometimes? It is necessary for any man to have interests outside his romance and to spend some time "with the boys." If you really like him well enough to marry, you won't grudge him his hobbies. But you have two years in which to make up your mind.

Toothy problem

"I AM 15 and have a very embarrassing problem: my teeth. I am afraid to smile or enjoy myself as my teeth are big and stick out a lot. When I am out with boys they get the impression that I don't like them or I am not enjoying myself and that I am thinking of some other boy. Some boys ask me to smile and I go all funny and don't know what to do. All my friends have nice teeth and are always smiling."

V.L., Vic.

Your dentist is the only person who can help you. Perhaps you are over-emphasising your problem—girls magnify faults which others do not notice. Your dentist will tell you if he thinks your teeth should be corrected and will know how to advise you. Meanwhile, try to forget them—and DO smile.

She's losing him

"I AM 16 and go out regularly with a boy of 18. My girlfriend also likes him, even though she will not admit it. When we are out on a date and my girlfriend has no partner (which happens often), she flirts with my boyfriend. Now I see that he has begun to show a slight interest in her. I am afraid that if she continues in this way I will lose his affection."

M., S.A.

Be philosophical about it. You are both very young and either you or your boyfriend would probably have taken an interest in someone else sooner or later. It has happened sooner, that is all. You could have delayed it (by not including your girlfriend on your dates), but you couldn't have prevented it. At least you know where you stand now and you can start taking an interest in other people yourself.

Mum's a pessimist

THERE is something worrying me greatly. My mother is very pessimistic. Anytime I suggest anything Mum always says, "Don't worry, we'll be dead then." I am aware of the world situation and the possibility of getting bombed. Mum is getting me so scared. I've tried to shake it off, but it preys on my mind. I am known as an optimistic person, but if Mum doesn't stop saying this, I am afraid I may end up saying it, too. It gets me down so much I feel like committing suicide, so I won't feel the radioactivity when the time comes, although this is cowardly. What can I do? She says it so much I think she doesn't realise she says it so much.

J.F., N.S.W.

Your mother probably doesn't realise what effect the things she is saying has on you. If you cannot talk about it with her, ask your father, or a close friend of your mother's, to explain to her that her attitude is depressing and frightening. I'm sure that she will stop as soon as she realises how she is upsetting you. If this doesn't work you will just have to take a realistic attitude. Most people agree that the chances of atomic war are very remote. Read as much as you can about this and allied subjects and then discuss it intelligently with your mother. She will agree that her comments are morbid and harmful.



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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

LAST WEEK Mandrake solved the mystery of The Mole. This week a new adventure is starting in Greenland. NOW READ ON ...



HE WAS LUCKY FELLA. IN HIS TIME, WHOLE EARTH TO EXPLORE. NOW--IT'S ALL KNOWN.

ALMOST TRUE, LOTHAR. SPACE IS NOW THE GREAT UNKNOWN--BUT WE HAVEN'T RUN OUT OF DISTANT PLACES HERE--



THERE ARE STILL MYSTERIES AND UNDISCOVERED CRANNIES ON THIS PLANET--AND WILL BE--FOR YEARS TO COME--



ONE OF THE EARTH'S "DISTANT PLACES"--SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND, A PLACE OF "ETERNAL" ICE AND SNOW--



--A MINOR EARTHQUAKE--DISTURBING A FEW RABBITS AND WOLVES--AND TUMBLING ICE INTO THE COLD SEA--



--LATER, A POLAR BEAR CLIMBS UPON A NEWLY-MADE ICEBERG OF THE ANCIENT ICE--AND FINDS SOMETHING OF INTEREST--



TWO HUNTERS--IN ANCIENT CRAFT BUT WITH MODERN WEAPONS--ON THE TRAIL OF THE BEAR--



ONLY WOUNDED HIM--?



BEAR FOUND SOMETHING HERE--MAYBE FISH CAUGHT IN ICE?



!?

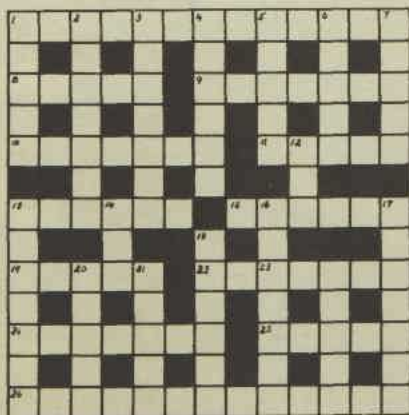


BEGINNING: THE TRAVELER'S TALE

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A familiar pest (anagr., 13).
8. Fragrance of a Queensland town (5).
9. Air a leg in the insignia of royalty (7).
10. One of these tradesmen is well known to be mad (7).
11. Edible freshwater fish (5).
13. Felines swallowed the Sun god for weights (6).
15. Red ant could be eager (6).
19. Pears you can get for a Turkish coin (5).
22. Compel obedience in a citizen for cents (7).
24. As a substitute (7).
25. Frees from pain (5).
26. Promise Thomas a change of form (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. One way of cooking an egg (5).
2. A horse, yet a pig walks on it (7).
3. Substance which helps to detect the presence of another substance about a deputy (7).
4. Athwart a religious symbol (6).
5. A mass of cast metal entered (5).
6. Eskimo dome-shaped house (5).
7. War in holy surroundings of dark color (5).
12. Color of an irregular edition (3).
13. Where the brain is located (7).
14. Beer used in legal examinations (3).
16. Invigorate again (7).
17. Locks, but not for fastening doors (7).
18. Others follow him (6).
20. To assume as fact I spot (5).
21. He is swallowed by a spirit to produce catarrh (5).
23. Their war ended in 1485 (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



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3407

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3407.—Warm double-breasted box jacket with fake pocket flaps. Contrast pleated skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.



3012

3012.—Raglan-sleeved dress and attractive jacket (above). Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

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